

JOHN AND IRENE

BY

W. H. BEVERIDGE



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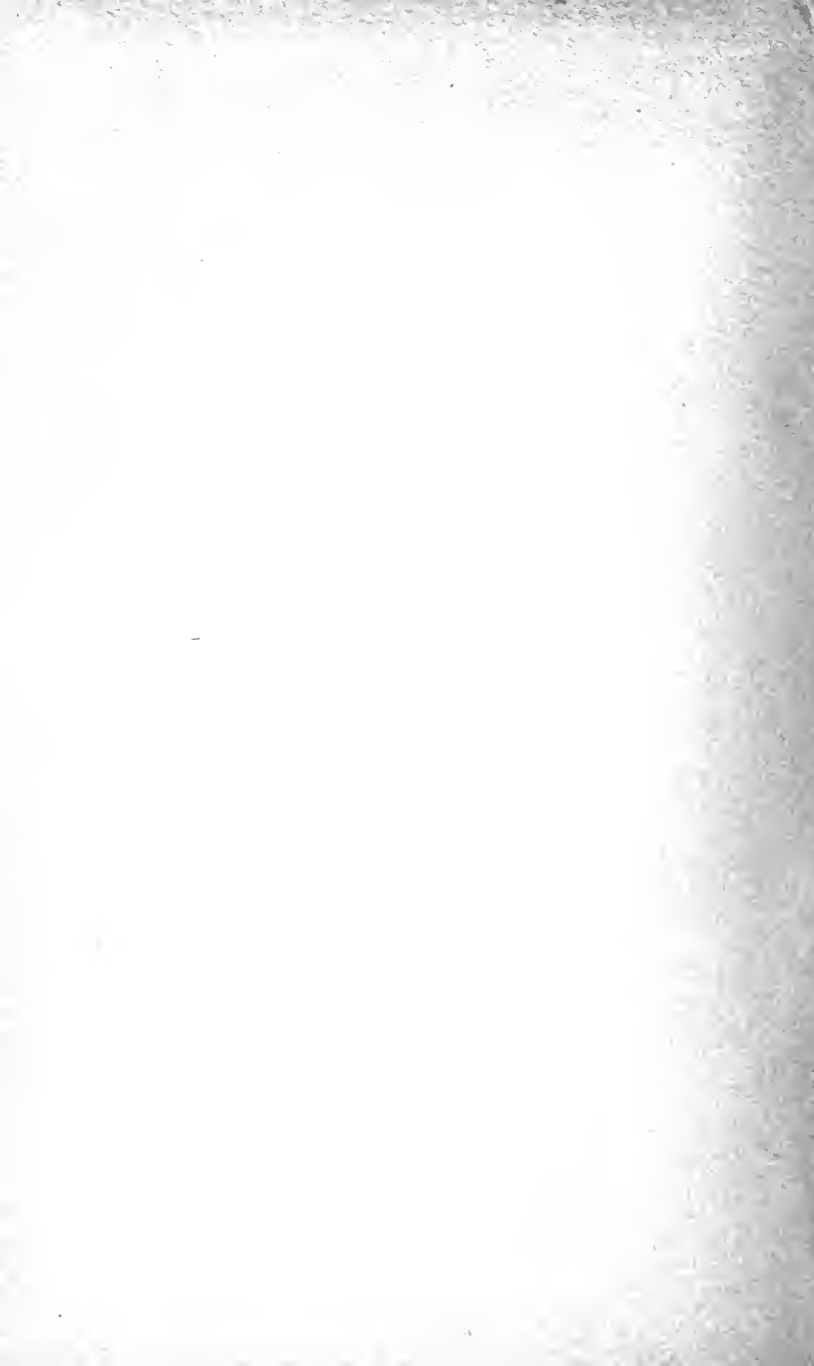
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JOHN AND IRENE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

# UNEMPLOYMENT

A PROBLEM OF INDUSTRY

*(Third Edition)*

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# JOHN AND IRENE

## AN ANTHOLOGY OF THOUGHTS ON WOMAN

BY

W. H. BEVERIDGE

AUTHOR OF "UNEMPLOYMENT: A PROBLEM OF INDUSTRY"

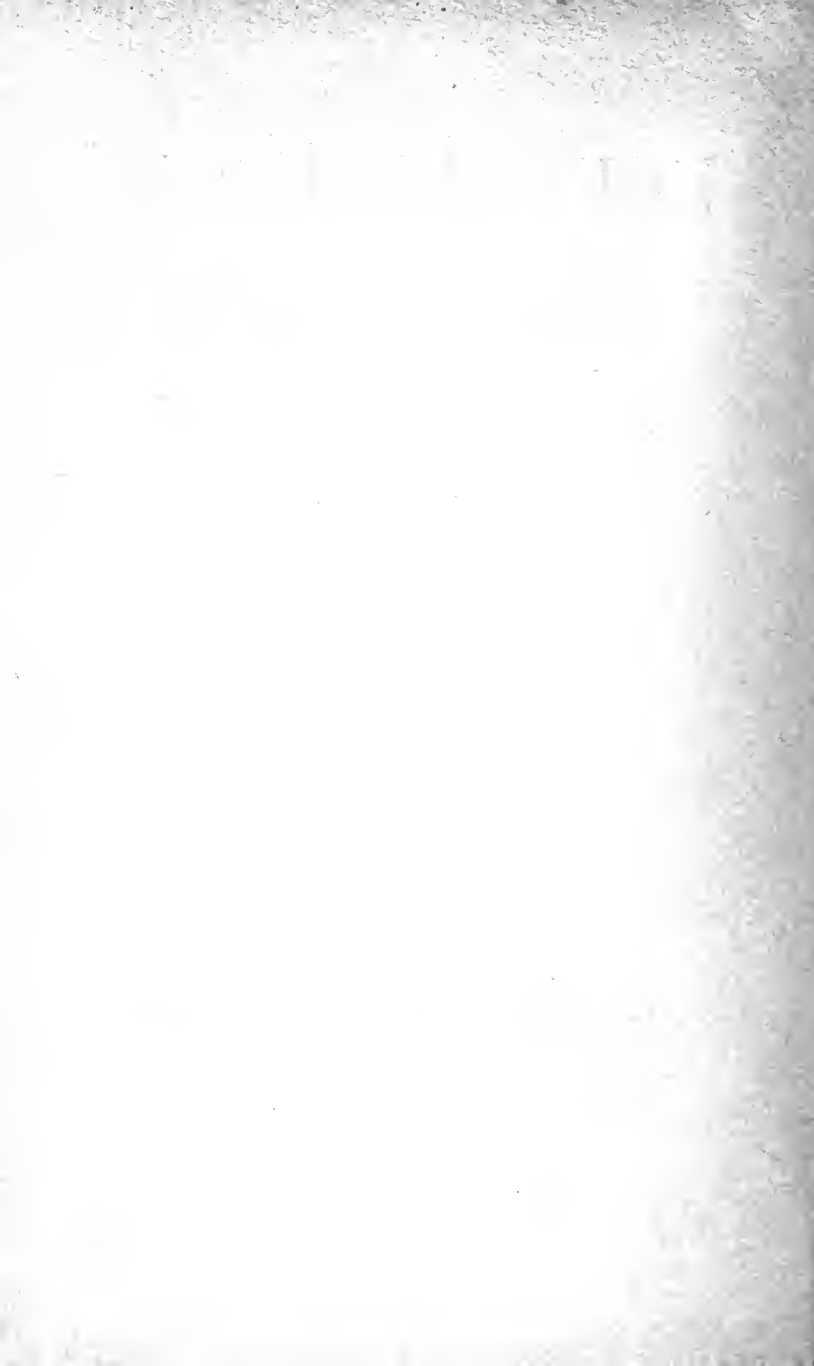
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TO ———





## INTRODUCTION

THE contents of the following pages are a memorial to the romance of two dear friends of mine—a wreath dropped by affection on the tomb of their loves. For those to whom John and Irene, as I shall here call them, are as well known as to myself, this book will need no further commendation or prologue. For others, a few words of introduction may not be out of place.

John, when I first knew him, was just leaving the University for the Settlement. He was full of great, though unworldly, ambitions. Somewhere or other in Oxford, he had caught the idea that a life not devoted to a purpose was no life at all; his circumstances were such as to render immediate entry into the Home Civil Service unnecessary; and he was more or less consciously seeking for a Cause to which he might devote himself. The search, perhaps owing to its very openness, remained for a long time inconclusive. John found it impossible to fix himself so firmly to any one subject as to close his eyes to the attractions of others. He had gone out deliberately to choose a mistress, and he found himself unable to choose among so many. He was perpetually transferring or dividing his affections, and in a few years had come to be a veritable Don Juan among the philanthropies. Nor did he confine his attentions to movements of social reform. At the age of twenty-

seven, after exhausting the possibilities of several Settlements, he was with difficulty shaking off a somewhat serious entanglement with Eugenics, in order to hesitate between a possible seat on the London County Council and a History of Persian Art.

It was at this point that Woman entered his life—not as a social amenity, nor yet as an object of personal passion, but as a Subject and a Cause. How the first impulse was given I cannot say. It was, however, almost from the first, decisive. He thought he had found, in the examination of Woman's position and function in human life and in the practical readjustment of these to modern needs, at once a Subject of study which should be both scientific and human, and a Cause for practical reforms, more fundamental and, at the present day, almost more urgent than any other. He threw himself into his new service with an ardour that absorbed all his thoughts and energies, and (to use his own words) he was now, for the first time in his life, single-minded and perfectly happy.

It is only fair to John's family to say that his views on the sorrows and subjection of women were not derived from personal experience. John's mother ruled her husband's house and all its inhabitants with a sway as beneficent as it was unquestioned, extending even to the number of cups of coffee to be drunk or of pipes to be smoked each day. John's sisters used him freely for all purposes for which brothers are useful. John's landladies invariably described him as "very good-natured." I am, indeed, sometimes inclined to wonder whether part of the attraction of the new subject for him did not lie in the contrast it

afforded between his personal experiences and his theories, between his own observations and the facts that he learned from books. John, so far as could be judged from appearances, inevitably did at once what any woman, old or young, good-looking or bad-looking, told him to do. Since he was no more without vanity than the rest of mankind, it was perhaps not altogether displeasing to him to be assured, and to assure his friends, that these appearances of subordination were deceptive, and that he was in reality, by his mere sex, a member of a dominant minority among a population of female helots. He probably rather liked to look upon himself as a Grand Hereditary Oppressor. So, too, with regard to the hardships which he held to be inflicted on women by their limitation to the single trade of marriage and by the competition due to their surplus numbers. John, as he once admitted to me, was, up to the time of his meeting with Irene, quite unconscious of having himself been the object of any matrimonial designs or having found special favour in any lady's eyes. If his vanity was at all wounded by this apparent neglect, he cannot but have liked to reflect that somewhere or other there were one and a quarter million<sup>1</sup> surplus females, who were languishing, and must for ever languish, because they could not find a husband. The emphasis which John's lady

<sup>1</sup> In justice to John I ought to say that, though in public utterances he commonly used this traditional figure for the surplus female population of the United Kingdom, he was quite aware that for practical matrimonial purposes he could not count on more than 694,082, for, as he once admitted to me, he was not really prepared to marry any of the surplus under the age of twenty or over that of forty-five.

friends and associates in his new activities habitually laid upon the miseries of womanhood and the immense advantages of being a man, might have led another into arrogance and a sense of patronage towards the whole female sex. Such feelings, however, were not in John's nature. Even in attributing to him the possibility of a little vanity in this matter, I have no desire to suggest that his feminist sentiments generally were anything but sincere. The first chapter of the *Anthology* serves both as an Overture to the chapters that follow, and as an indication of the elevated and solemn character of these sentiments.

Of John's meeting with Irene and his wooing of her, which occurred some two years after his first discovery of Woman, I cannot say much. I had not the novelist's privilege of being present at the most interesting moments, and the second and third chapters of the *Anthology*, though dealing with the subject of love-making, must not be taken as necessarily describing the process in this particular case. I may, indeed, use this opportunity of making it clear that the quotations in the *Anthology* are to be regarded, not as in themselves telling the story of John and Irene, and still less as recording their actual sayings, but as being an accompaniment to that story, a sort of continuous Greek chorus of general reflections, indicating the topics and the tendency of the drama, but forming part of it only at rare moments of crisis. John and Irene's feelings during the period of wooing may have coincided with much that is contained in the two chapters on "Women through Lovers' Eyes" and "Women in Love," or they may

not have done so. Generally speaking, I imagine that their romance was as purely personal an affair as could have been desired. John fell in love with Irene as John, and not as a feminist, while Irene was not a feminist at all.

This, indeed, was the root of the subsequent trouble. During the period immediately after their engagement, the conversation of John and Irene, so far as it was articulate, followed the ordinary lines. They talked about what persons in their position invariably do talk about. That is to say, by way of contrast to the insight through which the transcendent merit of John and Irene had been revealed to Irene and John, they discussed the wrong grounds on which passion is habitually occasioned (in others), the foolish choices made (by others), and the fortunate dispensation by which love (in others) is blind. Of this some record is given in the fourth chapter, with which "The Meeting" of John and Irene concludes. Not for long, however, could John forget that besides being the lover of Irene he was the friend of Woman. He deplored Irene's lack of interest in the destiny of her sex, and formed a resolution of enlightening her. There were elements in her which made this a perilous undertaking.

Irene was not known to me before her meeting with John. Nothing has been said of her history before then, and, indeed, it would be difficult to say much. She had had no history and was largely undeveloped. Brought up entirely by her mother (her father being dead), she had received nothing in the way of modern education, and had hardly any

serious interests. With her, however, this did not show itself in the same way as with so many others in a like position ; she was not discontentedly waiting for a miracle. Her mother always contrived that she should have plenty to do ; her mind rather than her time was unoccupied, and at the age of twenty-two she had not awakened to the distinction. This fortunate blindness was not due to any weakness of her mind, but rather to its vigour. Her strength was for belief more than for criticism, and she showed lack of mental exercise, not by aimless discontent, but by the tenacity with which she held to the small stock of ideas—the various items of family tradition about persons, books, pursuits, countries, duties—that had as yet fallen to her share. Irene's mind, indeed, just before she met John, was like one of those vigorous creeping plants whose shoots, if they are given nothing substantial to grasp, will, in place of drooping, twine themselves round and round one another, and all else that comes their way—any poor little twig of prejudice or stray information—to make something like a solid stem.

The shock of her love for John was sufficient to soften and loosen all the compact mass of self-sown opinions and prejudices in Irene's mind. She acquired a new and rather attractive hesitancy of manner and opinions. She was ready to be a learner again ; John decreed that she should learn about Woman. He would, in the interval before marriage, discuss with her all the various aspects of the problem to which he hoped now to devote a doubled service. Irene, though a Philistine in regard to Woman's Cause, was ready

enough to talk to John, and they embarked on those interminable conversations which are illustrated in chapters five to thirteen. The various topics were, of course, not kept nearly so distinct as in those chapters, and the individual quotations do not necessarily represent the views of either party; but the general plan of the discussion was, as is there indicated, to proceed from an analysis of Women's Characteristics, to an account of their life and work, and thence to the more personal issue of their relation to man. For a time all went well. Irene proved an apt pupil. She had, indeed, a mind naturally more vigorous than John's, and she was able from time to time to modify his views as well as to form her own. Though, however, they often differed, they never failed to come to an agreement. On the difficult question of Votes for Women they were fortunately in agreement from the start.

How well I remember the end of one of the last of those conversations, at which I happened to be present! There had, I think, been a little disagreement earlier in the day. Irene had by now become sufficiently interested in the subject of Woman's Cause to care for it even apart from John, and was showing a tendency to discuss it without him and to choose prophets who were not of his choosing—a result which, though it ought to have been welcomed by John the feminist, had, perhaps, slightly ruffled John the lover. But with the evening came reconciliation. In the late summer light—we were all staying in the country together—we sat on and on under a copper beech tree on the lawn, and talked of true friendship between man and woman, of their identity of interest, and of

their companionship in the past and in the future. And John, as the last light went, full of his own and Irene's day-dreams, read out that well-known passage in "The Princess"—perhaps the last best word of the nineteenth century.

That was in the early summer of 1910. I met them together again, but only for a few minutes, in the latter part of August. They were passing through London on their way to stop with Mrs. Middleton (Irene's mother) in the country again. They did not seem to be as cheerful as usual. I gathered that John had been reading some of the more recent literature on his subject, while Irene had been visiting Mrs. Oscar Delaney, that talented lady who, by precept and example, has done so much to establish among us a new conception of marriage. (What vanward woman or man does not know those inspiring reunions in her charming Knightsbridge flat, where her husband also, when he can spare time from his official duties in the north of Ireland, is so often to be found—the most welcome of all the guests?) I was, however, myself to follow them into the country in a few days, and did not trouble to make further inquiries at the moment as to the course of their conversations. When, late on the following Saturday, I arrived at the house, I was met by Mrs. Middleton with a face of gloom. John and Irene, she said, were in the garden, and had apparently been disagreeing seriously. She begged me to go out to them, but, as I was passing through the drawing-room to do so, Irene came in, almost running, through the garden door and went straight past me



into the house, banging both doors behind her. While I was wondering whether to follow her or to go and look for John, the latter came in and asked me for a poker. I was naturally a little alarmed and shocked at this, at first, but John speedily reassured me. "I must have something," he said, "to keep the leaves from blowing about." As it was still high summer it was not easy to find a poker, but luckily a golfing guest of the week before had left behind him a pair of lofting irons, and with these we were able, without damage to ourselves, to hold down the leaves of the book which John was burning in the garden. I could not see the title of the book, and as John volunteered no information on the point, I did not like to ask for it. He had, however, recently insisted on presenting Mrs. Middleton with a complete set of the works of Mr. Bernard Shaw, and from the appearance of the book upon the ground, as well as from the gap which I subsequently observed on the bookshelves, I have no doubt that it was one of these.<sup>1</sup> As we stood there together, beneath the beech tree on the lawn, John told me that he and Irene had come to a final rupture. He did not mention the exact cause of disagreement, but, from the hints dropped by him and from the nature of the book which, in his view, caused the mischief, I feel pretty

<sup>1</sup> I am confirmed in this belief by the manner in which the book burned. Mr. Shaw's books, owing to their rough, light paper, burn remarkably well, with a steady if small flame, and all that is necessary is to keep the books well open, with the boards turned back on themselves. They seem, indeed, almost to be meant for burning. The highly glazed paper used in some modern productions presents much greater difficulties.

sure that it was one or other of the points indicated in the fourteenth chapter. Irene may have proposed a terminable arrangement ; or entirely separate establishments ; or she may simply have asked him for a salary as wife and mother, larger than he was able to afford. As between these various possibilities—and there may have been yet others—I cannot decide with any certainty. I know only that the engagement was definitely broken off at that time, and that it was John who was disappointed—for he lapsed into a state of misogyny, of which chapter fifteen is the record.

Such was the unfortunate end of their discussions. Irene had never really put her mind to anything till John began to educate her about Woman's Cause ; that, with all its difficulties, was the first thing about which she thought at all. She became filled with the delight of reasoning and understanding ; she seized on and held to her first conclusions with the dogmatism of the undergraduate, and was prepared to sacrifice everything to philosophy. John, on the other hand, underneath his theories, was a perfectly normal person, desiring to govern his own life in normal ways. Though, no doubt, he felt disappointed at Irene's breaking with him, he was, perhaps, at bottom, less disappointed than amazed and horrified, at the zeal with which she espoused disturbing theories, and prepared to put them into practice. Indeed a good deal of temper, as well as of philosophic disagreement, probably went to make their quarrel. If John was horrified at Irene, I imagine that Irene was much disappointed in John, and thought him insincere in his feminist opinions because he did not want an

emancipated wife. Each may thus have said things which the other was too young to forgive. Very possibly, with a little more time and patience, they would have found themselves in agreement once more. For time and patience and my advice, however, they had the contempt proper to their youth; they parted in anger that afternoon and would not meet again.

The making of a complete collection of all the quotable things that have been said or written about women forms, it will be seen, no part of the scheme of this book. Such a collection, indeed, if it were made, could hardly find many purchasers. It would be encyclopædic in size, and it would contain a painfully large proportion of abuse. The 800 passages actually printed in this Anthology are a selection from about twice that number which were extracted and copied down for consideration, and these again are largely distinct both from the collection of 1000 epigrams published by "G. F. Monkshood" in 1899 under the title of *Woman and the Wits*, and from the *Million Pensées sur les Femmes* collected by an anonymous "old soldier" of France in 1780. The old soldier's *million* amounts in fact to about 2000, but I do not think it would be beyond the powers of a resolute and properly organised body of students, or of a small Government Department, to discover the missing 998,000 and hit the million in a very few years. For the present, however, the work is left to individual enterprise, and the main concern of the private adventurer in these teeming

fields must be to remember to turn back again before his bag of Thoughts becomes insupportably heavy. I can only hope that I shall be found to have turned back in time, and that, nevertheless, in tracing the story of John and Irene, I have succeeded in illustrating at least all the more important points of view by fairly representative or striking utterances.

Sometimes, indeed, I think that the story of John and Irene may itself be symbolical—in its suggestion that woman's real problem, on which she has yet to settle her account with man and with society, lies not in any question of Education or Work or Wages, for these are solved or in process of solution, but in the conditions of the marriage relation and all that springs from it; and that, until these last points are settled, women's and men's aspirations for true companionship will, as in the case of John and Irene themselves, be again and again defeated.

It is, however, not my business here to think. I have only to record, and I am glad to be able to record that John, after his period of misogyny, returned, by gradual stages, to a normal state of mind, though not to his service of Woman's Cause. As a first stage, he came to admit that marriage, though evil, was necessary. As a second stage, he began to think that marriage, though necessary, might not be unpleasant, provided it were undertaken with prudence and due regard to the advice of the aged, and to such differences as experience had shown to exist among women. In the third and last stage he has declared that prudence and the advice of the aged

have nothing to do with the case ; that the differences between the ideal woman and all others are infinite ; and that every man must live on and wait and seek for his ideal by himself. So the story ends, for the present, on a note of hope renewed. Women have not lost a lover, nor their cause a champion ; for Irene, stepping into John's place in the ranks, has bought the library of feminist literature which he had sold, and John, who cannot dance, has again been seen at dances.

W. H. BEVERIDGE.

*August 1912.*

We shoulde (quothe the Countesse) be marvelous beastes  
yf we wer sutche as you allwais descrybe us.

W. BERCHER : *The Nobylytye off Wymen*, 1559.

There is nothing more nice and delicate, than to Treat  
on the Subject of *Women*. When a man speaketh to their  
advantage, it is presently imagined a peece of Gallantry,  
or Love.

*The Woman as Good as the Man*, 1677.

It seems to be the peculiar taste of the present day to  
write, and to read, on the subject of woman.

Mrs. ELLIS : *The Daughters of England*, 1842.

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That she is Knavish, Senseless, and Soulless—A  
kind of Animal—And a bad kind (herein  
of Serpents and other odious comparisons).

That she does much Harm—And no Good—And  
why, oh why, was she made?

That though there may be (one or two) Re-  
deeming Features—In (one or two) Women  
—These are too few and too far to seek.

That, therefore, she should be Avoided—As a  
Disturber of Peace—And as the Compen-  
dium and the Root of all Evil.

## V. CONVALESCENCE

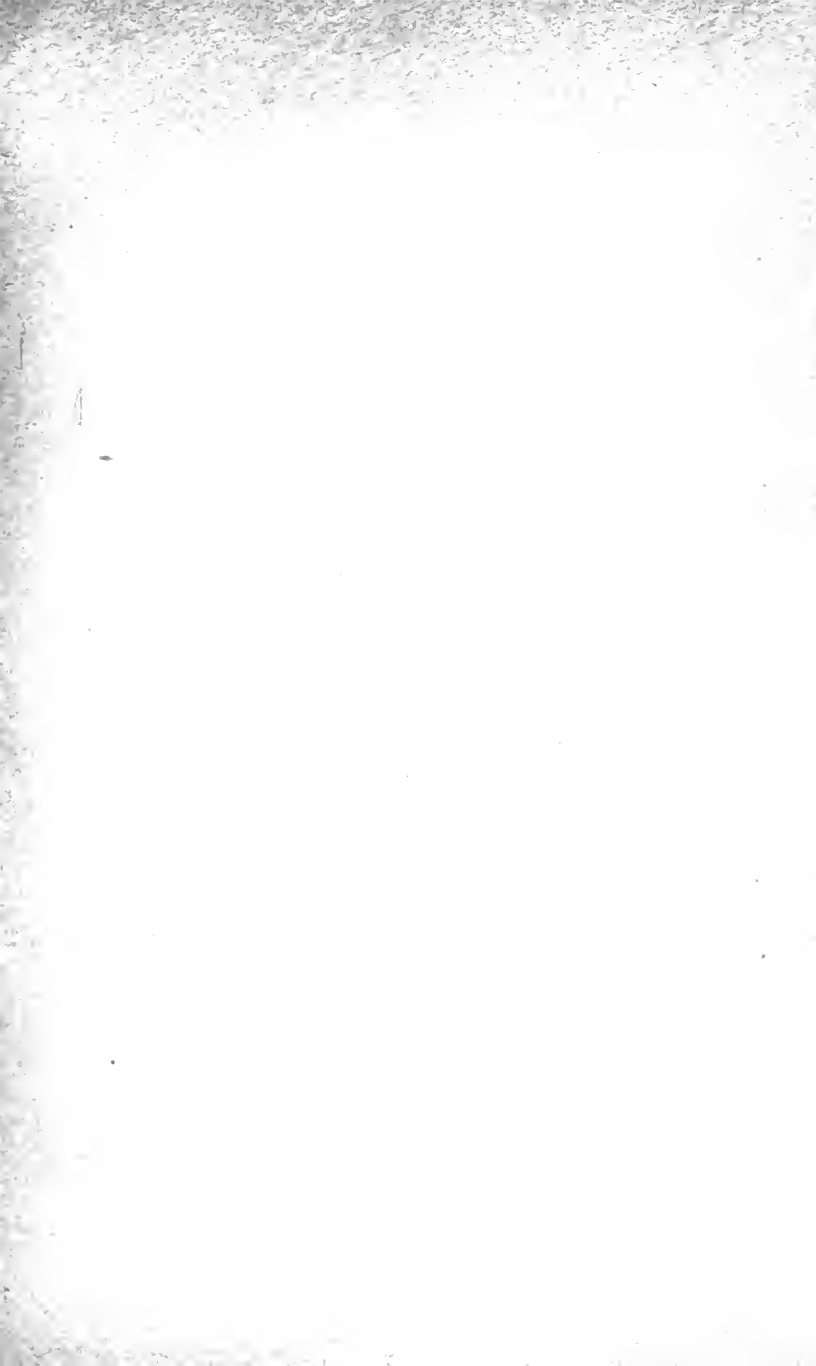
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## NOTE

THE dates attached to the quotations are in most cases those of the first publication of the work cited. In a few cases, only the birth and death years or the period of the author are given. Where a date appears in brackets, it indicates either the year of publication of part of a work whose publication as a whole occupied a series of years, or the year to which that particular utterance, though not the work cited, may be referred.

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# I. OVERTURE

## CHAPTER I

### IN PRAISE OF WOMAN

Her Strength—Her Works—Her Dignity—Her  
Inspiration—And her Mystery

THE first wrote, Wine is the strongest. The second wrote, the King is strongest. The third wrote, Women are strongest: but above all things Truth beareth away the victory.

*First Book of Esdras* (R.V.).  
Between 300 and 100 B.C.

SPEAK no evil of women; I tell thee the meanest of them deserves our respect; for of women do we not all come?

CALDERON: Crespo, in *El Alcalde de Zalamea*,  
1600-1687. Trans. E. FitzGerald.

WHERE women are honoured, there the deities are pleased; but where they are dishonoured, there all religious acts become fruitless.

*Laws of Manu*: Date uncertain.

THEY [the Germans] believe indeed that there is in woman something holy and the power of prophecy.

TACITUS: *Germania*, 99.

O SIRS, is not the king great, and men are many, and wine is strong? Who is it then that ruleth over them, or hath the lordship over them? are they not women? Women have borne the king and all the people that bear rule by sea and land. Even of them came they, and they nourished them up that planted the vineyards, from whence the wine cometh. These also make garments for men; these bring

glory unto men ; and without women cannot men be. Yea, and if men have gathered together gold and silver and every other goodly thing, and see a woman who is comely in favour and beauty, they let all those things go, and gape after her, and even with open mouth fix their eyes fast on her ; and have all more desire unto her than unto gold or silver, or any goodly thing whatsoever. A man leaveth his own father that brought him up, and his own country, and cleaveth unto his wife. And with his wife he endeth his days, and remembereth neither father, nor mother, nor country. By this also ye must know that women have dominion over you : do ye not labour and toil, and give and bring all to women ? Yea, a man taketh his sword, and goeth forth to make outroads, and to rob and to steal, and to sail upon the sea and upon rivers ; and looketh upon a lion, and walketh in the darkness ; and when he hath stolen, spoiled, and robbed, he bringeth it to his love. Wherefore a man loveth his wife better than father or mother. Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become bondmen for their sakes, many also have perished, have stumbled, and sinned, for women. . . . O sirs, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus.

*First Book of Esdras (R.V.).*

Between 300 and 100 B.C.

AND whether consciously or not, you must be, in many a heart, enthroned : there is no putting by that crown ; queens you must always be : queens to your lovers ; queens to your husbands and your

sons ; queens of higher mystery to the world beyond, which bows itself, and will for ever bow, before the myrtle crown and the stainless sceptre of womanhood. But alas ! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate it in the greatest ; and leaving misrule and violence to work their will among men, in defiance of the power which, holding straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace, the wicked among you betray, and the good forget.

. . . There is not a war in the world, no, nor an injustice, but you women are answerable for it ; not in that you have provoked, but in that you have not hindered. Men, by their nature, are prone to fight ; they will fight for any cause, or for none. It is for you to choose their cause for them, and to forbid them when there is no cause. There is no suffering, no injustice, no misery in the earth, but the guilt of it lies with you. Men can bear the sight of it, but you should not be able to bear it. Men may tread it down without sympathy in their own struggle ; but men are feeble in sympathy and contracted in hope ; it is you only who can feel the depths and pain, and conceive the way of its healing.

RUSKIN : *Sesame and Lilies*, 1865.

*Men* might absolutely dispense with Princes, Souldiers, and Merchants, as they did in the beginning of the World ; and as Savages do still, even to this Day. But, in our Infancy, we cannot be without *Women*. In States that are well pacified, the most part of



those who have Authority, are as *Men* dead and useless; but *Women* never cease to be necessary to us. The Ministers of Justice are only proper to preserve Goods and Estates, to those who possess them, but *Women*, to preserve Life. Souldiers are employed for *Men*, grown up, and capable to defend themselves; but *Women* labour for *Men*, when as yet they know not what they are, if they have Enemies, or Friends; and at that time, when they have no other Arms but Tears, against such as attack them. Masters, Magistrates, and Princes, do not often times bestir themselves, but for Glory, and particular Interest; when Women do nothing but for the good of the Children, whom they breed. In short. The Pains, the Cares, the Troubles, and Assiduities, to which they expose themselves, can in no wise be matched in any other state (of Civil Society) whatsoever.

There is nothing (then) but Fancy, which renders them less Valuable. *Men* would largely Reward him who had tamed a Tyger: Such who have the Skill to train Horses, Apes, and Elephants, are well considered of; and we speak, with Elogy, of a *Man* that hath composed a small Work, which hath cost him but little time and pains; And shall we neglect *Women*, that spend many Years in breeding and forming of Children? If we enquire into the Reason thereof, we shall find, it is, Because the one is (onely) more ordinary than the other.

*The Woman as Good as the Man*, 1677.

(Translated from POULAIN DE LA  
BARRE: *De l'égalité des deux sexes*,  
1673.)

*Myrrha.*

THE very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,  
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,  
Your first tears quenched by her and your last sighs  
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,  
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care  
Of watching the last hour of him who led them.

BYRON: *Sardanapalus*, 1821.

A VIRTUOUS woman who can find ?  
For her price is far above rubies.  
The heart of her husband trusteth in her,  
And he shall have no lack of gain.  
She doeth him good and not evil  
All the days of her life.  
She seeketh wool and flax,  
And worketh willingly with her hands.  
She is like the merchant-ships ;  
She bringeth her food from afar.  
She riseth also while it is yet night,  
And giveth meat to her household,  
And their task to her maidens.  
She considereth a field, and buyeth it :  
With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard,  
She girdeth her loins with strength,  
And maketh strong her arms,  
She perceiveth that her merchandise is profitable :  
Her lamp goeth not out by night  
She layeth her hands to the distaff,  
And her hands hold the spindle.  
She spreadeth out her hand to the poor ;  
Yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household ;  
For all her household are clothed with scarlet.  
She maketh for herself carpets of tapestry ;  
Her clothing is fine linen and purple.  
Her husband is known in the gates,  
When he sitteth among the elders of the land.  
She maketh linen garments and selleth them,  
And delivereth girdles unto the merchant.  
Strength and dignity are her clothing ;  
And she laugheth at the time to come.  
She openeth her mouth with wisdom ;  
And the law of kindness is on her tongue.  
She looketh well to the ways of her household,  
And eateth not the bread of idleness.  
Her children rise up, and call her blessed ;  
Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying :  
Many daughters have done virtuously,  
But thou excellest them all.  
Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain :  
But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.  
Give her of the fruit of her hands ;  
And let her works praise her in the gates.

*Book of Proverbs (R.V.), probably  
third century B.C.*

ALAS ! howe may we say on 'hem but wele  
Of whom we were yfostred and ybore  
And ben all our socoure, and trewe as stele,  
And for our sake ful ofte they suffre sore ?  
Without women were al our joye ylore,  
Wherfore we ought al women to obey  
In all godenesse ; I can no more ysay.

This is wel knowin, and hath ben or this,  
That women ben the cause of al lightnesse,  
Knighthode, norture, eschewing al malis,  
Encrese of worship and of worthinesse,  
Therto curteys, meke, grounde of alle godenesse,  
Glad and mery, and trewe in every wise  
That any gentle hert can thinke or devise.

CHAUCER : *A Praise of Women*,  
late fourteenth century.

IN a state of society in which men and women are as good as they can be, (under mortal limitation), the women will be the guiding and purifying power. In savage and embryo countries, they are openly oppressed, as animals of burden ; in corrupted and fallen countries, more secretly and terribly.

RUSKIN : *Fors Clavigera* (1883).

WOE betide the century in which women have lost their influence, and in which their opinions cease to have any weight with men. It is the last stage in degeneracy. Every nation which has had a high morality has held women in esteem. Look at Sparta and at the Germans and at Rome—Rome, the very seat of valour and virtue, if ever they had one on this earth. There women did honour to the glorious deeds of the great soldiers, there they mourned in public over their country's fathers, and their tributes both of praise and of tears were consecrated as voicing the most solemn judgment of the republic. In Rome

all the great revolutions were brought about by women ; her freedom was gained through a woman ; through a woman the plebs won the consulate ; a woman put an end to the tyranny of the decemvirs ; and when Rome was besieged it was the women who saved her from the hands of an outlaw.

ROUSSEAU : *Émile*, 1762.

It has been well said that the position which women hold in a country is, if not a complete test, yet one of the best tests of the progress it has made in civilisation. When one compares nomad man with settled man, heathen man with Christian man, the ancient world with the modern, the Eastern world with the Western, it is plain that in every case the advance in public order, in material comfort, in wealth, in decency and refinement of manners, among the whole population of a country—for in these matters one must not look merely at the upper class—has been accompanied by a greater respect for women, by a greater freedom accorded to them, by a fuller participation on their part in the best work of the world.

JAMES BRYCE : *The American Commonwealth*, 1893.

THERE has been fun in Bagdad. But there never will be civilisation where Comedy is not possible ; and that comes of some degree of social equality of the sexes. I am not quoting the Arab to exhort and disturb the somnolent East ; rather for cultivated women to realise that the Comic Muse is one of

their best friends. They are blind to their interests in swelling the ranks of the sentimentalists. Let them look with their clearest vision abroad and at home. They will see that where they have no social freedom, Comedy is absent: where they are household drudges, the form of Comedy is primitive: where they are tolerably independent but uncultivated, exciting melodrama takes its place and a sentimental version of them. Yet the Comic will out, as they would know if they listened to some of the private conversations of men whose minds are undirected by the Comic Muse: as the sentimental man, to his astonishment, would know likewise, if he in similar fashion could receive a lesson. But where women are on the road to an equal footing with men, in attainments and in liberty—in what they have won for themselves, and what has been granted them by a fair civilisation—there, and only waiting to be transplanted from life to the stage, or the novel, or the poem, pure Comedy flourishes, and is, as it would help them to be, the sweetest of diversions, the wisest of delightful companions.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *Essay on the  
Idea of Comedy*, 1877.

FROM women's eyes this doctrine I derive :  
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
They are the books, the arts, the academes,  
That show, contain, and nourish all the world ;  
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

SHAKESPEARE: Berowne, in *Love's  
Labour's Lost*, 1591.

*L. Cesar.* Who woteth not that without women no contentation or delite can be felt in all this lief of ourse? Whiche (sett them aside) were rude and without all sweetnesse, and rougher then the lief of forest wilde beastes? Who knoweth not that women rid oure hartes of al vile and dastardlye imaginations, vexations, miseries, and the troublesome heavynesse that so often times accompanieth them? And in case we will consider the truth, we shall know more-over as touchinge the understanding of great matters, that they do not stray our wittes, but rather quicken them, and in warr make men past feare and hardie passinge measure. And certesse it is not possible, that in the hart of man, where once is entred the flame of love, there should at any time reigne cowardlynesse. . . . Do you not see that of all comelye exercises and whiche delite the worlde, the cause is to be referred to no earthly thyng, but to women? Who learneth to daunce featlye for other but to please women? Who applyeth the sweetness of musicke for other cause, but for this? Who to write in meeter, at least in the mother tung, but to expresse the affections caused by women? Judge you howe manye most noble Poemes we had bine without both in Greeke and Latin, had women bine smallye regarded of Poetes. But leavinge all other apart, had it not bine a verye great losse, in case M. Francis Petrarea that writt so divinlye his loves in this oure tunge, had applied his minde onlye to Latin matters; as he woulde have done, had not the love of the Damsell Laura sometime strayed him from it? . . . See whether Salomon myndyng to write mysticallye verye high

and heavenlye matters, to cover them with a gracious veile, did not feigne a fervent Dialogue full of the affection of a lover with his woman, seeminge to him that he coulde not fynde here beneeth emonge us anye lykenesse more meete and agreeinge wyth heavenlye matters, then the love toward women: and in that wise and maner minded to gyve us a little of the smacke of that divinitye, which he bothe for hys understandyng and for the grace above others, had knowlege of.

CASTIGLIONE: *Il Cortegiano*, 1528.

Trans. Sir T. Hoby, 1561.

THE least of women, so soon as she loves, possesses something which is never ours, for, in her thought, love is always eternal. Is it owing to this that all of them have with the fundamental Powers relationships forbidden to us? The best of us finds himself almost always far removed from the treasures of the Inner Sanctuary, and when one of the solemn moments of life calls for one of the jewels of his treasure, he can no longer recall the paths that lead there, and offers in place thereof some false gaud of the intellect—offers it to the imperious and unerring Fact in vain. But a woman never forgets the way to her own centre. Though I take her unawares in wealth or in poverty, in ignorance or in knowledge, in shame or in glory, I have but to say to her one word from the virgin gulfs of my soul; and she will be able to find again the mysterious paths which she had never lost from sight, and without hesitation, without difficulty, will bring back to me from the depth of her inexhaustible



stores of love, a word, a look or a gesture as pure as my own. Her soul, one would say, is always within reach of her hand; she is ready, day and night, to respond to the loftiest demands of another soul; and the treasure of the poorest is no different from the treasure of queens. . . .

Let us then approach with respect the slightest and the proudest of them, the careless and the thoughtful, those that laugh still and those that weep. For they know things which we do not know; they have a light which we have lost. They dwell at the very feet of the Inevitable, and they know better than we do the ancient ways. That is why they have those astounding certitudes and strange solemnities, and why one sees so clearly that, even in the least of their actions, they feel themselves to be supported by the safe and strong hands of the great Gods. . . .

They are veritably the veiled sisters of all the great and invisible things. They are veritably the nearest kin to the Infinite by which we are encompassed, and they alone can smile on it with the friendly grace of a child that has no fear of its father. They preserve here below, like some heavenly and unusable jewel, the pure salt of your soul, and if they were gone, the mind would reign alone over a desert. They have still the divine emotions of the earliest days, and their roots go down, with a directness unknown to ours, into all that has never had boundaries.

It is in the hearts of many men and women—let me add children—that there is a *Great Secret* waiting for them,—a secret of which they get hints now and then, perhaps oftener in early than in later years. . . .

Now among the visible objects which hint to us fragments of this infinite secret for which our souls are waiting, the faces of women are those that carry the most legible hieroglyphics of the great mystery. There are women's faces, some real, some ideal, which contain something in them that becomes a positive element in our creed, so direct and palpable a revelation is it of the infinite purity and love. . . . No wonder the Catholics pay their vows to the Queen of Heaven. The unpoetical side of Protestantism is, that it has no women to be worshipped.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, 1859.

I WANT to say something more to you about the three women [the Fates in the Elgin Marbles]. I wonder so much why they should have been *women*, and halt between two opinions in the matter. Sometimes I think it is because they were made by a man for men; sometimes, again, I think there is an abstract reason for it, and there is something more substantive about a woman than ever there can be about a man. I can conceive a great mythical woman, living alone among inaccessible mountain-tops or in some lost island in the pagan seas, and ask no more. Whereas, if I hear of a Hercules, I ask after Iole or Dejanira. I cannot think him a

man without women. But I can think of these three deep-breasted women, living out all their days on remote hilltops, seeing the white dawn and the purple even, and the world outspread before them for ever, and no more to them for ever than a sight of the eyes, a hearing of the ears, a far-away interest of the inflexible heart, not pausing, not pitying, but austere with a holy austerity, rigid with a calm and passionless rigidity; and I find them none the less women to the end.

And think, if one could love a woman like that once, see her once grow pale with passion, once wring your lips out upon hers, would it not be a small thing to die? Not that there is not a passion of a quite other sort, much less epic, far more dramatic and intimate, that comes out of the very frailty of perishable women; out of the lines of suffering that we see written about their eyes, and that we may wipe out if it were but for a moment; out of the thin hands, wrought and tempered in agony to a fineness of perception, that the indifferent or the merely happy cannot know; out of the tragedy that lies about such a love, and the pathetic incompleteness. This is another thing, and perhaps it is a higher. I look over my shoulder at the three great headless Madonnas, and they look back at me and do not move; see me, and through and over me, the foul life of the city dying to its embers already as the night draws on; and over miles and miles of silent country, set here and there with lit towns, thundered through here and there with night expresses scattering fire and smoke; and away to

the ends of the earth, and the furthest star, and the blank regions of nothing; and they are not moved. My quiet, great-kneed, deep-breasted, well-draped ladies of necessity, I give my heart to you.

R. L. STEVENSON : *Letters* (to  
Mrs. Sitwell, 1874).

## II. THE MEETING

### CHAPTER II

#### WOMEN THROUGH LOVERS' EYES

. . . It's a grand thing to see a young girl walking  
the road.

J. M. SYNGE: Martin Doul, in *The Well  
of the Saints*, 1905.

THERE is no greater wonder than the way the face  
of a young woman fits in a man's mind, and stays  
there, and he could never tell you why; it just  
seems it was the thing he wanted.

R. L. STEVENSON: *Catriona*, 1893.

SHE's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd,  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.

SHAKESPEARE: Suffolk, in *First Part of  
King Henry the Sixth*, 1592.

LET us approach the sighing dawns  
With many pleasing wiles—  
If a woman does not fear your frowns  
She will not reward your smiles.

BLAKE: *Ideas of Good and Evil*,  
1794-1800.

THERE's nought but care on every han',  
In every hour that passes, O :  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O ?

Green grow the rushes, O !  
Green grow the rushes, O !  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent  
Were spent amang the lasses, O !

The warl'ly race may riches chase,  
An' riches still may fly them, O ;  
An' though at last they catch them fast,  
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.

But gi'e me a canny hour at e'en  
My arms about my dearie, O ;  
An' warl'ly cares, an' warl'ly men  
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !

For you sae douce, ye sneer at this ;  
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O :  
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw  
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O ;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
An' then she made the lasses, O.

R. BURNS : 1784.

JOSEPHINE ! my noble Josephine ! the few moments  
of happiness I have ever enjoyed, I owe to you !

NAPOLÉON : 1769-1821.

I NEVER was *in love*, except perhaps with Josephine  
—*a little*. And I was twenty-seven years old when  
I first knew her. I had a sincere affection for Marie  
Louise. But I am a little like Gassion, who said he  
did not think life was worth giving to others.

NAPOLÉON : 1769-1821.

I COULD not bear to see those eyes  
 On all with wasteful largess shine,  
 And that delight of welcome rise  
 Like sunshine strained through amber wine,  
 But that a glow from deeper skies,  
 From conscious fountains more divine,  
 Is (is it ?) mine.

Be beautiful to all mankind,  
 As Nature fashioned thee to be ;  
 'Twould anger me did all not find  
 The sweet perfection that's in thee :  
 Yet keep one charm of charms behind—  
 Nay, thou'rt so rich, keep two or three  
 For (is it ?) me !

J. R. LOWELL: *The Protest*, 1888.

FOR, al—so siker as *In principio*,  
*Mulier est hominis confusio*,—  
 Madame, the sentence of this Latyn is,  
 "Womman is mannes joye, and al his blis."

CHAUCER: *Nun's Priest's Tale*, about 1390.

HE had verily no command of his reason. She was too beautiful ! Whatever she did was best. That was the refrain of the fountain-song in him ; the burden being her whims, variations, inconsistencies, wiles ; her tremblings between good and naughty, that might be stamped to noble or to terrible ; her sincereness, her duplicity, her courage, cowardice, possibilities for heroism and for treachery.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Egoist*, 1879.



THINK of you? to think of a whirlwind, though 't were in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation ; a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodged in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turned ; and by one as well as another ; for motion, not method, is their occupation.

CONGREVE: *Mirabell*, in *The Way of the World*, 1700.

FOR well I understand, in the prime end  
Of Nature, her the inferior in the mind  
And inward faculties, which most excel ;  
In outward, also, her resembling less  
His image who made both, and less expressing  
The character of that dominion given  
O'er other creatures. Yet, when I approach  
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,  
And in herself complete, so well to know  
Her own, that what she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.  
All higher Knowledge in her presence falls  
Degraded ; Wisdom in discourse with her  
Loses, discountenanced, and like Folly shows ;  
Authority and Reason on her wait,  
As one intended first, not after made  
Occasionally ; and, to consummate all,  
Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat  
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe  
About her, as a guard angelic placed.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, 1667.

*Fainall.* For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

*Mirabell.* And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover ; for I like her with all her faults ; nay, like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her ; and those affectations which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces ; sifted her and separated her failings ; I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes one day or other to hate her heartily ; to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance ; till in a few days it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being displeased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties ; and, in all probability, in a little time longer, I shall like 'em as well.

*Fainall.* Marry her, marry her ! be half as well acquainted with her charms, as you are with her defects, and my life on't, you are your own man again.

CONGREVE : *The Way of the  
World*, 1700.

“SAY, Love, if ever thou didst find  
A woman with a constant mind.”

“None but one.”

"And what should that rare mirror be?"

"Some goddess or some queen is She."

She, She, She, and only She,

She only queen of love and beauty.

ANON : sixteenth century.

IF one really loves a woman, all other women in the world become absolutely meaningless to one.

OSCAR WILDE: Lord Darlington, in  
*Lady Windermere's Fan*, 1892.

THERE are inscriptions on our hearts, which, like that on Dighton Rock, are never to be seen except at dead-low tide.

There is a woman's footstep on the sand at the side of my deepest ocean-buried inscription !

O. W. HOLMES: *The Autocrat of the  
Breakfast-Table*, 1858.

PEER of gods he seemeth to me, the blissful  
Man who sits and gazes at thee before him,  
Close besides thee sits, and in silence hears thee

Silverly speaking,

Laughing love's low laughter. Oh this, this only  
Stirs the troubled heart in my breast to tremble !

For should I see thee but a little moment,

Straight is my voice hushed ;

Yea, my tongue is broken, and through and through me  
'Neath the flesh impalpable fire runs tingling ;

Nothing see mine eyes, and a noise of roaring

Waves in my ear sounds :

Sweat runs down in rivers, a tremor seizes  
 All my limbs, and paler than grass in autumn,  
 Caught by pains of menacing death, I falter,  
 Lost in the love-trance.

SAPPHO: *fl.* 610 B.C. Trans.  
 J. Addington Symonds.

ABSENT or present she was round him like the  
 hills of a valley. She was round his thoughts—caged  
 him; however high, however far they flew, they  
 were conscious of her.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *Lord Ormont  
 and his Aminta*, 1894.

SHE is his daughter, in whom he finds lost youth and  
 freshness. She is his sister, treading by his side the  
 roughest ways, and out of her weakness giving  
 support to his strength. She is his mother, encom-  
 passing him. Many a time in his hours of darkness  
 and trouble, when he seeks without finding, when  
 he cannot see his star in the heavens, he turns to  
 her—and his star is in her eyes.

MICHELET: *L'Amour*, 1858.

. . . HE had snared this bird of heaven in a net !

GEORGE MEREDITH: *Evan  
 Harrington*, 1860.

## II. THE MEETING (*continued*)

### CHAPTER III WOMEN IN LOVE

"A WOMAN'S bliss is found, not in the smile  
Of father, mother, friend, nor in herself :  
Her husband is her only portion here,  
Her heaven hereafter. If thou indeed  
Depart this day into the forest drear,  
I will precede, and smooth the thorny way.

. . . A gay recluse  
On thee attending, happy shall I feel  
Within the honey-scented grove to roam,  
For thou e'en here can nourish and protect ;  
And therefore other friend I cannot need.  
To-day most surely with thee will I go,  
And thus resolved, I must not be deny'd.  
Roots and wild fruit shall be my constant food ;  
Nor will I near thee add unto thy cares,  
Nor lag behind, nor forest-food refuse,  
But fearless traverse every hill and dale.

Thus could I sweetly pass a thousand years ;  
But without thee e'en heaven would lose its charms."

VALMIKI: *Ramayana*. Probably 500 B.C.  
Trans. in Tod: *Annals of Rajasthan*.

"I KNOW not how it is with men :  
For women (I am a woman now like you)  
There is no good of life but love—but love !  
What else looks good, is some shade flung from love ;  
Love gilds it, gives it worth."

R. BROWNING: *In a Balcony*, 1855.

Love is woman's kingdom.

ROUSSEAU: *Letter to M. d'Alembert*,  
1758.

For, my Porcia, there is not a woman,  
Say what she will, and virtuous as she please,  
Who, being lov'd, resents it: and could he  
Who most his mistress's disfavour mourns  
Look deeply down enough into her heart,  
He'd see, however high she carries it,  
Some grateful recognition lurking there  
Under the muffle of affected scorn.

CALDERON: Serafina, in *El Pintor de su Deshonra*, 1600-1687. Trans.  
E. FitzGerald.

In her first passion woman loves her lover,  
In all the others all she loves is love.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, 1819-24.

WOMEN often think themselves in love when they are not so. The occupation of an intrigue, the mental excitement of courtship, the natural inclination to the pleasure of being loved, and the pain of refusing, persuade them that they have passion when they have only coquetry.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maximes*, 1665.

If you hear a woman speak evil of love or an author disparage the judgment of the public, write down the former as one whose charms are passing and the latter as one whose talent is failing.

DIDEROT: *Sur les Femmes*, 1772.

It is because her love has always been her livelihood that woman has never been inspired by it as man has been inspired. And it is just because it is so business-like that her interest in love is so keen. . . . To her a woman in love is not only a woman swayed by emotion, but a human being engaged in carving for herself a career or securing for herself a means of livelihood. Her interest in a love story is, therefore, much more complex than a man's interest therein, and the appreciation which she brings to it is of a very different quality.

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THE practical and unromantic sex.

CICELY HAMILTON: *Marriage  
as a Trade*, 1909.

IN the oriental country—China or Japan—we believed that the proper way to marry was to be fixed by the parents. . . . The free marriage by love is certainly primitive idea. But England, without being drowned in any conventions, has carried out this primitive idea into the civilisation, for which I pay much of my admiration.

(Of course there are abundant examples of the failure of free marriage, but their causes are not through the real English civilisation.)

Let me now write what different effects the women of West and East have through these different customs. The fixed marriage by parents makes the girls' life something like officers' or clerks', who live on their regular salary; and the free marriage makes her life like the proprietors of some unlimited firms. When one is settled in the position of regular salary,



he is no longer so keen on business. Therefore, even very lively persons often get into a quite dull temperament. When one starts to invest all his money in an unlimited firm, he immediately becomes very sharp on his business matters. Therefore, even very dull persons become quite plucky.

The marriage is exactly the same. The oriental girls are entirely relying upon their parents, and they are not so keen to improve their personality or appearance. In one word, they are indifferent. John Bulleses are quite the reverse. Their system of purely free marriage makes them alert, and it comes out in their appearance, consciously as well as unconsciously. As the good merchants always do much advertisement, so the John Bulleses always try to be nice and charming.

YOSHIO MARKINO: *My Idealed John  
Bulleses*, 1912.

A WOMAN is happy, and attains all that she desires, when she captivates a man ; hence the great object of her life is to master the art of captivating men.

TOLSTOI : *Kreutzer Sonata*, 1890.

ALAS ! the love of women ! it is known  
To be a lovely and a fearful thing ;  
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring  
To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
Deadly, and quick, and crushing ; yet as real  
Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

BYRON : *Don Juan*, 1819-24.

MEN can love what is beneath them—things unworthy, stained, dishonoured. We women worship when we love; and when we lose our worship, we lose everything.

OSCAR WILDE: *Lady Chiltern*, in  
*An Ideal Husband*, 1895.

*Helmer*. No man would sacrifice his honour for the one he loves.

*Nora*. It is a thing hundreds of thousands of women have done.

IBSEN: *The Doll's House*, 1879.  
Trans. R. F. Sharp.

LET man fear woman when she loveth: for she will sacrifice everything to her love, and all else appeareth to her worthless.

Let man fear woman when she hateth: for in the heart of their heart, man is only evil, but woman is base.

NIETZSCHE: *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, 1883.

UNLESS you can think, when the song is done,  
No other is soft in the rhythm;  
Unless you can feel, when left by One,  
That all men else go with him;  
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,  
That your beauty itself wants proving;  
Unless you can swear "For life, for death!"—  
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day  
On the absent face that fixed you;  
Unless you can love, as the angels may,  
With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;

Unless you can dream that his faith is fast  
Through behaving and unbehaving ;  
Unless you can *die* when the dream is past—  
Oh, never call it loving.

E. B. BROWNING: *A Woman's  
Shortcomings*, 1850.

RIGHT well know ye that women be  
But feeble for to fight ;  
No womanhede it is, indeed,  
To be bold as a knight :  
Yet in such fear if that ye were  
With enemies day and night,  
I would withstand, with bow in hand,  
To grieve them as I might,  
And you to save ; as women have  
From death men many one ;  
For in my mind, of all mankind  
I love but you alone.

ANON: *The Nut-Brown Maid*.  
Fifteenth century.

OH, in all things but this,  
I know how full of fears a woman is,  
And faint at need, and shrinking from the light  
Of battle ; but once spoil her of her right  
In man's love, and there moves, I warn thee  
well,  
No bloodier spirit between heaven and hell.

EURIPIDES: *Medea*, 431 B.C.  
Trans. Gilbert Murray.

HEAVEN has no rage, like love to hatred turned,  
Nor Hell a fury, like a woman scorned.

CONGREVE: Zara, in *The Mourning  
Bride*, 1697.

LOVE is woman's only passion; ambition and love of glory even sit so badly on them that the number who concern themselves therewith is rightly insignificant. As I have said when treating of vanity, for one who raises herself, a thousand lower themselves below their sex in abandoning the career natural to it; scarcely half of life can be filled with the interest of love; thirty years of life remain to run after that is finished. Love is the life-history of women, it is an episode for men. Reputation, honour, dignity—all depend on a woman's behaviour in this one respect, while the moral law itself appears, in the view of this unjust world, to be in abeyance in regard to the relations of men to women. Men may pass for good, and yet have given to women the bitterest sorrow that one human being can produce in the soul of another; they may pass for honest, and yet have deceived them; finally, they may have received from a woman services and marks of devotion which would bind into one two friends or two companions in arms and would dishonour either of the two who should forget them—such services men may have received from a woman, and yet may cut themselves free, in attributing all to love, as if a sentiment—one gift the more—destroyed the value of all the rest.

MADAME DE STAËL: *De l'Influence  
des Passions*, 1796.

It must, I fear, be admitted for a truth that sorrow is the portion of young women who give the full measure of love to the engagement, marrying for love.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Amazing Marriage*, 1895.

To waste true love on anything  
Is womanly, past question.

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

BETTER too few words, from the woman we love, than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself. Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of a woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, 1858.

WOMEN, when left to themselves, talk chiefly about their dress: they think more about their lovers than they talk about them.

HAZLITT: *Characteristics*, 1823.

THERE is little doubt that a woman who writes with passion is under its influence; it is not so clear that her heart is touched: it would seem that a strong and tender love broods and is silent, and that the most pressing interest of a woman in love, and that which moves her most, is not so much to persuade that she loves, as to be certain that she is loved.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

WHETHER a woman always has her eyes fixed on the same person, or whether she persistently avoids looking at him, one draws the same conclusion about her.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

I LOVE YOU is all the secret that many, nay, most women have to tell. When that is said, they are like China-crackers on the morning of the fifth of July. And just as that little patriotic implement is made with a slender train which leads to the magazine in its interior, so a sharp eye can almost always see the train leading from a young girl's eye or lip to the "I love you" in her heart.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, 1859.

YOUNG women who do not wish to be thought coquettes, and elderly men who do not wish to be ridiculous, should never speak of love as of a thing in which they can take part.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maximes*, 1665.

SHE realised for the first time in her life the powerlessness of women. They cannot stir, they cannot move in matters that concern them most dearly; they are helpless: at the mercy of the petty events called circumstance. If by any happy chance circumstance threw her into Martial's society, in time he might love her. By chance only. How many years till that chance happened? Possibly enough it might never occur at all.

. . . . .

She could wait? Yes, like "Mariana in the moated grange," in the sunshine, in the evening, in the morning, still with the same burden on her lips, "He cometh not."

Hundreds, shall we not say rather thousands, do so wait. I saw a face, a woman's face, at a window to-day as I was strolling past a residence the style of which betokened wealth. Upon that face waiting had set its seal unmistakably. She was waiting—she had been waiting years. No end to waiting. Such faces are common enough. Woman's life seems to be nothing but waiting, sometimes.

. . . . .

How bitter it is to be a woman sometimes! On the other hand, no one triumphs like a woman when she does triumph. Cæsar's spoils and car rolling through applauding Rome are but gewgaws to the triumph of a woman.

RICHARD JEFFERIES: *The Dewy Morn*, 1891.

Now about the second question, whether John Bullesses have power to choose their future husbands or not? I was awfully mistaken. For John Bullesses have more power of wooing than men. If they have the power to control men's passion, they can encourage the men just as well. The women's helm steers the human boat very sharply. It was true what I have heard that men have to propose, while the women are silent. But I have observed definitely that John Bullesses are wooing in every way, and put men into cross-examination to confess. Once I

observed a very timid man got courage to propose. It seemed as easy as for me to put my own signature on some finished picture by Turner or Corot! "I see, I see," I said to one John Bulless. "After all, you are not in miserable position as I used to imagine!"

YOSHIO MARKINO: *My Idealized  
John Bullesses*, 1912.



## II. THE MEETING (*concluded*)

### CHAPTER IV

#### OF THE BLINDNESS OF LOVE

How Men choose their Loves (herein of Eternal Womanliness):

How Women choose their Loves (herein of Cox-combs).

How often Women (and Men) choose badly.

But, fortunately, Love is blind.

WOMEN are the natural judges of merit in men, as men are of merit in women; it is their reciprocal right.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

BUT as men are most capable of distinguishing merit in women, so the ladies often form the truest judgments of us. The two sexes seem placed as spies upon each other, and are furnished with different abilities adapted for mutual inspection.

GOLDSMITH: *The Vicar of Wakefield*, 1766.

MEN and women seldom agree in their estimate about the worth of a woman; their interests are too different; the things that charm a man in a woman are not the things that make one woman like another; a thousand characteristics which would kindle a great passion in men create hatred and antipathy between women.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

Two things are wanted by the true man: danger and play. Therefore he seeketh woman as the most dangerous toy.

NIETZSCHE: *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, 1883.

MAN is the hunter, woman is his game.

TENNYSON: *The Princess*, 1848.

ALL men are cats, all young girls mice—morsels—dainty bits.

A. R. ELLIS : *Early Diary of Frances Burney*.  
(Letter from Mr. Crisp, 1774.)

ON thinking the matter over, I am certain that I have said nothing in a spirit to displease any woman I would care to please ; but still there is a tendency to class women in my books with roses and sweetmeats,—they never see themselves dominant.

KEATS : *Letters* (to C. A. Brown, 1820).

WOMEN are well aware that what is commonly called sublime and poetical love depends not upon moral qualities, but on frequent meetings, and on the style in which the hair is done up, and on the colour and cut of the dress.

TOLSTOI : *Kreutzer Sonata*, 1890.

IF a woman wants to hold a man, she has merely to appeal to what is worst in him.

OSCAR WILDE : *Lady Windermere*, in  
*Lady Windermere's Fan*, 1892.

"YES, but not my style of woman : I like a woman who lays herself out a little more to please us. There should be a little fligree about a woman—something of the coquette. A man likes a sort of challenge. The more of a dead set she makes at you the better."

"There's some truth in that," said Mr. Standish, disposed to be genial. "And, by God, it's usually the

way with them. I suppose it answers some wise ends: Providence made 'em so, eh, Bulstrode?"

"I should be disposed to refer coquetry to another source," said Mr. Bulstrode. "I should rather refer it to the devil."

"Ay, to be sure, there should be a little devil in a woman," said Mr. Chichely. . . . "And I like them blond, with a certain gait, and a swan neck."

GEORGE ELIOT: *Middlemarch*, 1872.

WOMEN are actually trained and educated in perfect harmony with the views really and truly held in modern society respecting the mission of their sex, and female education will always be regulated in strict accordance with man's conception of woman. Now no one ignores what men's views of women are. Wine, women, and song—so say the poets in verse. Read the poetry of all ages and countries, examine all the productions of painting and sculpture, commencing with the erotic poems and the Venuses and Phrynes, and you cannot fail to perceive that in the highest society as well as in the lowest, woman is merely an instrument of pleasure.

And mark the devil's cunning; it is not enough that she should be so degraded, but the fact must be deftly disguised. Thus in bygone times we read of the gallant knights who went about protesting that they idolised women, apotheosised her; in our days men profess that they honour and respect woman, they yield up their places to her, pick up her pocket-handkerchief, and some even go so far as to admit

her right to have a share in the government, and so on. And in the face of all these professions and protestations the world's view of woman's mission and position is unmodified ; she is still what she was—an object of pleasure ; and she is well aware that it is so.

TOLSTOI: *Kreutzer Sonata*, 1890.

FOR my part, I would have a young Englishwoman cultivate her agreeable talents, in order to please her future husband, with as much care and assiduity as a young Circassian cultivates hers, to fit her for the harem of an Eastern bashaw.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

A WOMAN, notwithstanding she is the best of listeners, knows her business, and it is a woman's business to please. I don't say that it is *not* her business to vote, but I do say that a woman who does not please is a false note in the harmonies of nature. . . . She knows that as well as we do ; and her first question after you have been talking your soul into her consciousness is, Did *I* please ? A woman never forgets her sex. She would rather talk with a man than an angel, any day.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, 1872.

THE male is only male at certain moments, the female is female all her life, or at least all her youth ; everything reminds her unceasingly of her sex. . . .

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

WOMEN are not philosophers or poets, patriots, moralists, or politicians—they are simply women.

HAZLITT: *Characteristics*, 1823.

THE men will complain of your reserve. They will assure you that a franker behaviour would make you more amiable. But, trust me, they are not sincere when they tell you so. I acknowledge that on some occasions it might render you more agreeable as companions, but it would make you less amiable as women: an important distinction, which many of your sex are not aware of.

DR. GREGORY: *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, 1774.

WHAT you like most in woman? Womanliness.

What you dislike most? Unwomanliness.

What you like most in man? Modesty.

What you dislike most? Vanity.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Life and Letters*.  
(Answers in Confession Album, 1872.)

A KING is always a king, and a woman always a woman. His authority and her sex always stand between them and rational converse.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT: *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, 1792.

THERE is nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince: they are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good-

breeding, which, if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: *Letters*  
(to Countess of Bute, 1753).

WOMEN, like princes, find few real friends :  
All who approach them their own ends pursue ;  
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.

LORD LYTTELTON: *Advice to a Lady*, 1733.

A WOMAN'S always younger than a man  
At equal years, because she is disallowed  
Maturing by the outdoor sun and air;  
And kept in long-clothes past the age to walk.  
Ah well, I know you men judge otherwise !  
You think a woman ripens as a peach,—  
In the cheeks, chiefly.

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

LADIES like variegated tulips show ;  
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe :  
Fine by defect, and delicately weak ;  
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.

POPE: *Moral Essays* (1735).

*Iago.* She that was ever fair and never proud,  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud,  
Never lack'd gold and yet went never gay,  
Fled from her wish and yet said "Now I may,"  
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly,

She that in wisdom never was so frail  
 To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail,  
 She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,  
 See suitors following and not look behind,  
 She was a wight, if ever such wight were——

*Desdemona.* To do what ?

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.

SHAKESPEARE : *Othello*, 1604.

WHAT man could stand a perfect wife ?

JUVENAL : *Sixth Satire*, about A.D. 110.

WHEN Women are grown up to Fourteen, they begin to be courted and caressed ; then they think that the recommending themselves to the Affections of the men is the only business they have to attend to, and so presently fall to tricking, and dressing, and practising all the little engaging Arts peculiar to their Sex : In these they place all their hopes, as they do all their happiness in the success of them. But it is fit they should be given to understand, that there are other attractions much more powerful than these ; That the Respect we pay them, is not due to their Beauty, so much as to their Modesty, and Innocence, and unaffected Vertue. And that these are the true, the irresistible Charms, such as will make the surest and most lasting conquests.

EPICTETUS : *Enchiridion*, first or early second century. Trans. G. Stanhope, 1704.

Now in truth, though we declaim against this Vanity and Folly in that Sex, yet the men are much more to blame than They. For the original of all this Vanity



is from our selves : And the Folly is ours, when we pay so much respect upon accounts that so little deserve it.

SIMPLICIUS: *Commentaries on Epictetus*, sixth century. Trans. G. Stanhope, 1704.

A KING who is fond of music will make many into music-lovers; one who is fond of letters will make many lovers of letters; one who is fond of athletic exercises will make many athletes. So a husband who likes bodily appearance will have a wife ever before the glass; a lover of pleasure makes his wife luxurious and a wanton; a lover of the good and the true makes his wife discreet and orderly.

PLUTARCH: *Conjugal Precepts*, first or early second century.

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit,  
That woman's love can win, or long inherit;  
But what it is hard is to say,  
Harder to hit,  
Which way soever men refer it  
(Much like thy riddle, Samson), in one day  
Or seven though one should musing sit.

MILTON: *Samson Agonistes*, 1671.

NOTHING is more successful with women than that sort of condescending patronage of the sex which goes by the general name of gallantry. It has the double advantage of imposing on their weakness and flattering their pride. By being indiscriminate, it tantalises and keeps them in suspense ; and by making a profession of an extreme deference for the sex in general, naturally suggests the reflection, what a delightful thing it must be to gain the exclusive regard of a man who has so high an opinion of what is due to the female character. . . . How interesting to be acquainted with a man whose every thought turns upon the sex ! How charming to make a conquest of one who sets up for a consummate judge of female perfections.

HAZLITT : *Characteristics*, 1823.

A MAN who is vain and imprudent, who chatters and tries to be funny, who talks of himself with assurance, and of others with contempt, who is hasty, conceited, and arrogant, with neither manners nor morals, with no judgment and an untrammelled imagination, requires nothing more to be adored by numbers of women than fine features and a good figure.

LA BRUYÈRE : *Caractères*, 1688.

A MAN may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman by plain-dealing and sincerity.

CONGREVE : Mirabell, in *The Way of the World*, 1700.

WOMEN are not so much taken with beauty as men are, but prefer those who show them the most attention. . . . Your chit-chat or *entregent* with them neither can, nor ought to be very solid; but you should take care to turn and dress up your trifles prettily, and make them, every now and then, convey indirectly some little piece of flattery. A fan, a riband, or a head-dress, are great materials for gallant dissertations, to one who has got *le ton leger et amiable de la bonne compagnie*. At all events, a man had better talk too much to women, than too little; they take silence for dullness, unless when they think the passion they have inspired occasions it.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *Letters  
to his Son* (1750).

WOMEN have no favour or mercy for the silence their charms impose on us. Little are they aware of the devotion we are offering to them, in that state whereinto the true lover is ever prone to fall, and which appears to them inattention, indifference, or moroseness.

W. S. LANDOR: *Imaginary Conversations*,  
1824.

BUT whatever was the reason that man and woman were made with this variety of temper, if we observe the conduct of the fair sex, we find that they choose rather to associate themselves with a person who resembles them in that light and volatile humour which is natural to them, than to such as are qualified to moderate and counterbalance it. It has been an old

complaint that the coxcomb carries it with them before the man of sense. When we see a fellow loud and talkative, full of insipid life and laughter, we may venture to pronounce him a female favourite. Noise and flutter are such accomplishments as they cannot withstand. To be short, the passion of an ordinary woman for a man is nothing else but self-love diverted upon another object. She would have the lover a woman in everything but the sex.

ADDISON : *Spectator*, 1712.

NOT much he kens, I ween, of woman's breast  
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by sighs ;  
 What careth she for hearts when once possess'd ?  
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes ;  
 But not too humbly, or she will despise  
 Thee and thy suit, though told in moving tropes :  
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art wise ;  
 Brisk confidence still best with woman copes ;  
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion crowns  
 thy hopes.

BYRON : *Childe Harold*, 1812.

THAT same—pho ! what's the name of it ?—modesty—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked.

SHERIDAN : Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in  
*The Rivals*, 1775.

WOMEN cannot repose on a man who is not positive ; nor have they much gratification in confounding him. Wouldst thou, O man, amorously inclining ! attract

to thee superior women, be positive. Be stupidly positive, rather than dubious at all. Face fearful questions with a vizor of brass. Array thyself in dogmas. Show thy decisive judgment on the side of established power, or thy enthusiasm in the rebel ranks, if it must be so ; but be firm. Waver not. If women could tolerate waverings and weakness, and did not rush to the adoration of decision of mind, we should not behold them turning contemptuously from philosophers in their agony, to find refuge in the arms of smirking orthodoxy.

GEORGE MEREDITH : *Sandra Belloni*, 1864.

WE love our love's impatience of delay ;  
Our noble sex was only born t' obey,  
To him that dares command.

JOHN MARSTON : *Sophonisba*, in *The Wonder of Women*, 1606.

I SEE that, good smith as thou art, thou ken'st not the mettle that women are made of. Thou must be bold, Henry ; and bear thyself not as if thou wert going to the gallow-lee, but like a gay young fellow, who knows his own worth, and will not be slighted by the best grand-child Eve ever had. Catharine is a woman like her mother ; and thou thinkest foolishly to suppose they are all set on what pleases the eye. Their ear must be pleased too, man ; they must know that he whom they favour is bold and buxom, and might have the love of twenty, though he is suing for theirs. Believe an old man, women walk

more by what others think than by what they think themselves ; and when she asks for the boldest man in Perth, whom shall she hear named but Harry-Burn-the-Wind ?

SCOTT : Simon Glover, in *The Fair Maid of Perth*, 1831.

THERE is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

SHAKESPEARE : Sir Toby Belch, in *Twelfth-Night*, 1600.

*Artevelde*. Now, Father, mark you that ; hearts  
soft as wax

These damsels would be thought to bear about,  
Yet ever is the bloodiest knight the best.

*Father John*. It is most true. Full many a dame  
I've known

Who'd faint and sicken at the sight of blood,  
And shriek and wring her hands and rend her  
hair

To see her lord brought wounded to the door.  
And many a one I've known to pine with dread  
Of such mishap or worse,—lie down in fear,  
The night-mare sole sad partner of her bed,  
Rise up in horror to recount bad dreams  
And seek to witches to interpret them,—  
This oft I've known, but never knew I one  
Who'd be content her lord should live at home  
In love and Christian charity and peace.

*Artevelde.* And wherefore so ? Because the women's  
heaven

Is vanity, and that is over all.

What's firest still finds favour in their eyes ;

What's noisiest keeps the entrance of their ears.

The noise and blaze of arms enchants them most,

Wit, too, and wisdom, that's admired of all,

They can admire—the glory, not the thing.

An unreflected light did never yet

Dazzle the vision feminine.

HENRY TAYLOR : *Philip van Artevelde*,  
1834.

WOMAN choose their favourites more by the ear than by any other of their senses, or even their understandings. The man whom they hear the most commended by the men will always be the best received by them.

LORD CHESTERFIELD : *Letters to his Son*  
(1749).

ANYONE looking on this woman—in her beauty, her youth, her pride, and her fastidiousness—would have said that none but a hero was fated to charm her. Lo, she makes her choice—it is a misshapen little creature without brains.

LA BRUYÈRE : *Caractères*, 1688.

A WOMAN's choice usually means taking the only man she can get.

GEORGE ELIOT : Mrs. Cadwallader,  
in *Middlemarch*, 1872.

IF women could be fair, and yet not fond,  
Or that their love were firm, not fickle, still,  
I would not marvel that they make men bond  
By service long to purchase their good will ;  
But when I see how frail those creatures are,  
I muse that men forget themselves so far—

To mark the choice they make, and how they  
change,

How oft from Phœbus they do flee to Pan,  
Unsettled still, like haggards wild, they range,  
These gentle birds that fly from man to man ;  
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,  
And let them fly, fair fools which way they list ?  
Yet, for disport we fawn and flatter both,  
To pass the time when nothing else can please ;  
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,  
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease :  
And then we say, when we their fancy try,  
To play with fools, O what a fool was I !

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD, 1550-1604.

WORTHY and ripe for the significance of earth appeared this man unto me, but when I saw his wife, earth seemed unto me a madhouse.

Yea, I wished that the earth would quiver in agony when a saint and a goose are mated.

This man went forth like a Hero to capture Truths, and at the end he made prize of a little painted Lie. His marriage he calls it.

That man was proud in his dealings and fastidious in his choice of companions. Yet with one blow



and once for all he destroyed his company. His marriage he calls it.

Still another sought a serving-maid with the virtues of an angel. Yet with one blow he became the serving-maid of a woman, and now he had need himself to become an angel.

NIETZSCHE : *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, 1883.

IF marriages are made in heaven, some had few friends there.

Proverbial—Scottish.

THE reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

SWIFT : *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, 1706.

WOMEN are such strange creatures ! Is there any trick that love and their own fancies do not play them ? Just see how they marry ! A woman that gets hold of a bit of manhood is like one of those Chinese wood-carvers who work on any odd, fantastic root that comes to hand, and, if it is only bulbous above and bifurcated below, will always contrive to make a man—such as he is—out of it. I should like to see any kind of a man, distinguishable from a Gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of.

O. W. HOLMES : *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, 1859.

## LOVE IS HAPPILY BLIND

HE whose fair one squints, says she ogles.

Proverbial—German.

NEVER seemed a prison fair or a mistress foul.

Proverbial—French.

NOBODY's sweetheart is ugly.

Proverbial—Dutch.

### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

#### CHAPTER V

##### CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN

Their Bodily Weakness and its Consequences—Timidity  
—Modesty—Tenderness to Sorrow and Pain.  
Awful End of a Misogynist.

Their Beauty : Its Importance—Their Knowledge and  
Care of it. Of Female Dress. Beauty as a  
Weapon.

IN no other species is the predominance of strength in the male more marked than among men, but also in no other species do grace and beauty belong more exclusively to the weaker sex.

LEGOUVÉ: *Histoire Morale des Femmes*, 1874.

NATURE meant woman to be her masterpiece, but she made a mistake in using too fine a clay. All else in women is better than in us.

LESSING: Odoardo, in *Emilia Galotti*, 1772.

“AT strongest, women are as weak in flesh,  
As men at weakest, vilest, are in soul.”

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

ALL the evidence brought together or referred to in this chapter points, with varying degrees of certainty, to the same conclusion—the greater physical frailty of men, the greater tenacity of life in women. . . . The female—notwithstanding her greater affectability by minor stimuli—is more resistant to adverse influences and longer lived than the male.

HAVELOCK ELLIS: *Man and Woman*, 1894.

A CAT has nine lives and a woman has nine cat's lives.

Proverbial.

LET it be observed, that in your sex manly exercises are never graceful; that in them a tone and figure, as well as an air and deportment, of the masculine kind, are always forbidding; and that men of sensibility desire in every woman soft features, and a flowing voice, a form, not robust, and demeanour delicate and gentle.

DR. FORDYCE: *Sermons to Young Women*, 1765.

WE so naturally associate the idea of female softness and delicacy with a correspondent delicacy of constitution, that when a woman speaks of her great strength, her extraordinary appetite, her ability to bear excessive fatigue, we recoil at the description in a way she is little aware of.

DR. GREGORY: *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, 1774.

THE beginning, and very nearly the end, of bodily education for a girl, is to make sure that she can stand, and sit, upright; the ankle vertical, and firm as a marble shaft; the waist elastic as a reed, and as unfatiguable.

RUSKIN: *Fors Clavigera* (1873).

“Most illogical  
Irrational nature of our womanhood,  
That blushes one way, feels another way,  
And prays, perhaps, another! After all,  
We cannot be the equal of the male  
Who rules his blood a little.”

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

AMONG the absurdities talked about women, one hears, perhaps, such an aphorism as the following, quoted with a sort of ludicrous complacency: "The woman's strength consists in her weakness!" as if it were not the weakness of a woman which makes her in her violence at once so aggravating and so contemptible, in her dissimulation at once so shallow and so dangerous, and in her vengeance at once so cowardly and so cruel.

MRS. JAMESON: *Commonplace Book*, 1854.

A WOMAN, naturally born to fears.

SHAKESPEARE: Constance, in *King John*,  
1594.

FOR a man would be thought a coward if he had no more courage than a courageous woman, and a woman would be thought loquacious if she imposed no more restraint on her conversation than the good man.

ARISTOTLE: *Politics*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

. . . WOMAN is made especially to please man. . . .

If woman is made to please and to be conquered, she must make herself agreeable to man instead of irritating him: her power lies in her charms; it is by means of them that she must force him to realise his strength and to use it. The surest device for arousing this strength is to make it necessary by resistance. . . . Hence arise attack and defence, the boldness of the one sex and the timidity of the other; in short, modesty and the sense of shame with which nature arms the weak to enslave the strong.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

THE sex likes to pick up knowledge and yet preserve its superiority. It is good policy, and almost necessary in the circumstances. If a man finds a woman admire him, were it only for his acquaintance with geography, he will begin at once to build upon the admiration. It is only by unintermittent snubbing that the pretty ones can keep us in our place. Men, as Miss *Howe* or Miss *Harlowe* would have said, "are such *encroachers*." For my part, I am body and soul with the women; and after a well-married couple, there is nothing so beautiful in the world as the myth of the divine huntress. It is no use for a man to take to the woods; we know him; *Anthony* tried the same thing long ago, and had a pitiful time of it by all accounts. But there is this about some women, which overtops the best gymnosophist among men, that they suffice to themselves, and can walk in a high and cold zone without the countenance of any trousered being. I declare, although the reverse of a professed ascetic, I am more obliged to women for this ideal than I should be to the majority of them, or indeed to any but one, for a spontaneous kiss. There is nothing so encouraging as the spectacle of self-sufficiency. And when I think of the slim and lovely maidens, running the woods all night to the note of *Diana's* horn; moving among the old oaks, as fancy-free as they; things of the forest and the starlight, not touched by the commotion of man's hot and turbid life—although there are plenty other ideals that I should prefer—I find my heart beat at the thought of this one. 'Tis to fail in life, but to fail with what a grace! That is not lost which is not

regretted. And where—here slips out the male—where would be much of the glory of inspiring love, if there were no contempt to overcome?

R. L. STEVENSON: *An Inland Voyage*, 1878.

THE unkindness of women is an adornment and a cosmetic that they add to their beauty.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maximes*, 1665.

THOSE charms are greatest which decline the sight,  
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.  
There is no woman where there's no reserve;  
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

YOUNG: *The Love of Fame*, 1725-8.

PROPRIETY is to a woman what the great Roman citizen says action is to an orator; it is the first, the second, the third requisite.

HANNAH MORE: *Strictures on  
Female Education*, 1799.

To keep him in awe and hold him enchained there are things she must never do, dare never say, must not think. She must be cloistral. Now, strange and awful though it be to hear, women perceive this requirement of them in the spirit of the man; they perceive, too, and it may be gratefully, that they address their performances less to the taming of the green and prankish monsieur of the forest than to the pacification of a voracious æsthetic gluttony, craving them insatiably, through all the tenses, with shrieks of the lamentable letter "I" for their purity.



. . . The capaciously strong in soul among women will ultimately detect an infinite grossness in the demand for purity infinite, spotless bloom.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Egoist*, 1879.

A WOMAN without tenderness is a social monstrosity no less than a man without courage.

COMTE: *Politique Positive*, 1851-4.

O TIGER's heart wrapt in a woman's hide !  
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,  
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,  
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ?  
Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible ;  
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

SHAKESPEARE: York, in *Third Part of  
King Henry the Sixth*, 1592.

WOMAN has this in common with the angels, that suffering creatures belong to her.

BALZAC: *Eugénie Grandet*, 1833.

WE must be just to women : they are and will be for ever the true consolers of the human race ; they feel more than us the need of comforting those whom they see in suffering.

SÉGUR: *Les Femmes*, 1801.

I SOMETIMES think women have a sixth sense, which tells them that others, whom they cannot see or hear, are in suffering. How surely we find them at the bedside of the dying ! How strongly does nature

plead for them, that we should draw our first breath in their arms, as we sigh away our last upon their faithful breasts.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, 1859.

OF all the paths lead to a woman's love,  
Pity's the straightest.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: Mount Ferrat, in  
*The Knight of Malta*, 1647.

WE'RE all so—made so—'tis our woman's trade  
To suffer torment for another's ease.  
The world's male chivalry has perished out,  
But women are knight-errants to the last ;  
And, if Cervantes had been greater still,  
He had made his Don a Donna.

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

WHERE there's no woman, there's groans from the  
sick man.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA: *The Nobility and Superiority of the Female Sex*, 1528.

AND of the same thing a very clear and plain proof has been given in our own days in the case of the Abbots Paul and Moses who lived in a spot in this desert called Calamus, for the former had formerly dwelt in the wilderness which is hard by the city of Panephris, which we know had only recently been made a wilderness by an inundation of salt water ; which whenever the north wind blew, was driven from the marshes and, spreading over the adjacent fields, covered the face of the whole district, so as to make

the ancient villages, which on this very account had been deserted by all their inhabitants, look like islands. Here, then, the Abbot Paul had made such progress in purity of heart in the stillness and silence of the desert, that he did not suffer, I will not say a woman's face, but even the clothes of one of that sex to appear in his sight. For when as he was going to the cell of one of the Elders with Abbot Archebius who lived in the same desert, by accident a woman met him, he was so disgusted at meeting her that he dropped the business of his friendly visit which he had taken in hand and dashed back again to his own monastery with greater speed than a man would flee from the face of a lion or terrible dragon ; so that he was not moved even by the shouts and prayers of the aforesaid Abbot Archebius, who called him back to go on with the journey they had undertaken to ask the old man what they had proposed to do. But though this was done in his eagerness for chastity and desire for purity, yet because it was done not according to knowledge, and because the observance of discipline, and the methods of proper strictness were overstrained, for he imagined that not merely familiarity with a woman (which is the real harm) but even the very form of that sex was to be execrated, he was forthwith overtaken by such a punishment that his whole body was struck with paralysis, and none of his limbs were able to perform their proper functions, since not merely his hands and feet, but even the movements of the tongue, which enables us to frame our words, were affected, and his very ears lost the sense of hearing, so that there was left in him nothing more of his

manhood than an immovable and insensible figure. But he was reduced to such a condition that the utmost care of men was unable to minister to his infirmity, but only the tender service of women could attend to his wants: for when he was taken to a convent of holy virgins, food and drink, which he could not ask for even by signs, were brought to him by female attendants, and for the performance of all that nature required he was ministered to by the same service for nearly four years, *i.e.* to the end of his life. And though he was affected by such weakness of all his members that none of his limbs retained their keen power of motion and feeling, nevertheless such grace of goodness proceeded from him that when sick persons were anointed with the oil which had touched what should be called his corpse rather than his body, they were instantly healed of all diseases, so that as regards his own malady it was made clearly and plainly evident even to unbelievers that the infirmity of all his limbs were caused by the providence and love of the Lord, and that the grace of these healings was granted by the power of the Holy Ghost as a witness of his purity and a manifestation of his merits.

CASSIAN: *Conferences*, 426.

SHE who is born handsome, is born married.

Proverbial—Italian.

MAN many virtues needeth—in life and the battle of  
living

He with immortal Chance wagheth, a mortal, his  
war ;

Thou, O Woman but one ! Thou art with us, to  
our heart's vision

Lovely thou art ; always lovely be thou to our eyes.

SCHILLER: *Tugend des Weibes*, 1759-1805.

A BEAUTIFUL woman is always witty ; she has the  
wit to be beautiful, and what could be better than  
that !

GAUTIER: *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, 1835.

A BEAUTIFUL woman with the qualities of a fine man  
is the most delightful company in the world ; she  
unites all the virtues of both sexes.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

Now since a *woman* we to marry are,  
A *soule* and *body*, not a *soule* alone,  
When one is *good*, then be the other *faire* ;  
*Beauty* is *health* and *beauty*, both in one.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY: *A Wife*, 1614.

“ EVERY woman is, or ought to be, a Cathedral,  
Built on the ancient plan, a Cathedral pure and  
perfect,

Built by that only law, that Use be suggester of  
 Beauty,  
 Nothing concealed that is done, but all things done to  
 adornment,  
 Meanest utilities seized as occasions to grace and  
 embellish."

A. H. CLOUGH : *The Bothie of  
 Tober-Na-Vuolich*, 1848.

I LIKE women to let their hair fall down their  
 back ; 'tis a most agreeable sight.

MARTIN LUTHER : *Table Talk*, 1483-1546.  
 Trans. W. Hazlitt.

THERE should, methinks, be as little merit in loving  
 a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his  
 prosperity ; both being equally subject to change.

POPE : *Thoughts on Various Subjects*,  
 1706.

IF ladies be but young and fair,  
 They have the gift to know it.

SHAKESPEARE : Jaques, in *As You Like It*,  
 1599.

. . . THERE is no woman, how deformed or un-  
 handsome soever, but thinkes hir selfe lovely, amiable  
 and praiseworthy, either for hir age, hir haire or gate.  
 . . . By consequence there is not one of them, but  
 upon the first oath one maketh to serve hir, will very  
 easily be persuaded to thinke well of hir selfe.

MONTAIGNE : *Essays*, 1580. Trans.  
 J. Florio, 1603.

WOMEN are much more like each other than men ; they have, in truth, but two passions—vanity and love : these are their universal characteristics. An Agrippina may sacrifice them to ambition, or a Messalina to lust ; but such instances are rare, and, in general, all they say and all they do tends to the gratification of their vanity or their love. He who flatters them most pleases them best, and they are most in love with him who they think is the most in love with them. No adulation is too strong for them, no assiduity too great, and no simulation of passion too gross ; as, on the other hand, the least word or action that can possibly be construed into a slight or contempt is unpardonable and never forgotten.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *Letters to His Son* (1749).

WOMEN who are either indisputably beautiful, or indisputably ugly, are best flattered upon the score of their understandings ; but those who are in a state of mediocrity, are best flattered upon their beauty, or at least their graces.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *Letters to His Son* (1748).

THE vainest woman is never thoroughly conscious of her own beauty till she is loved by the man who sets her own passion vibrating in return.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Adam Bede*, 1859.

TALKING generally, the human faces are not perfect, for the facial muscles never work even all over, and the result is that one eye is smaller than the other,

and one side cheek is fuller than the other side. To my great surprise John Bulleses know their own faces more accurately than most artists. I experienced this ever so often. I asked a John Bulless to let me sketch her left profile, and she immediately said to me, "No, no, Mr. Markino, that is the worst side of my face!"

Some time ago I saw a little John Bulless looking at the mirror and smiling and laughing all the time. I asked her what she was doing. She told me she was studying how to smile to make herself look prettiest. "!!!!!!!!!!!" That was my answer to her! Indeed John Bulleses are always making my mouth silent by over-surprising.

YOSHIO MARKINO: *My Idealed  
John Bulleses*, 1912.

FOR there was never yet a fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

SHAKESPEARE: Clown, in *King Lear*, 1607.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's head-dress. Within my own memory, I have known it rise and fall about thirty degrees.

ADDISON: *Spectator* (1711).

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be ζῶον φιλοκόσμον, an animal that delights in finery. I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition; and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.



This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.

ADDISON: *Spectator* (1712).

My opponent argues that when no women can have adornments there will be no rivalry between individuals. But, by Heaven, there will be a universal outcry of grief and indignation, when our wives see those adornments of which they are deprived, permitted to the wives of their Latin allies; when they see these others brilliant with purple and gold; when they follow on foot these others in their carriages, as if it were in these other cities and not in their own that the seat of empire lay. In such circumstances even men would feel hurt; what of poor womankind, who are naturally moved by trifles? They have no share in magistracies, priesthoods, triumphs, distinctions, rewards, or spoils of battle. Elegance, ornaments, dress—these are women's distinctions; these are their joy and glory; these, as our ancestors said, are "Women's World." What is it that they lay aside in mourning—but their purple and gold? What else is it that they resume when mourning is past? By what do they mark festivals and solemnities except by a finer costume?

LIVY: *Histories* (Speech of L. Valerius in supporting the repeal of the sumptuary Oppian Law, 195 B.C.).

WHO hath not heard of her at Paris, which only to get a fresher hew of a new skin, endured to have her face flead all over? There are some, who being sound and in perfit health, have some teeth puld-out, thereby to frame a daintier and more pleasing voyce, or to set them in better order. How many examples of contempt of paine or smart have we of that kind and sex? What can they not doe? What will they not doe? What feare they to doe? So they may but hope for some amendment of their beautie? . . .

I have seene some swallow gravell, ashes, coales, dust, tallow, candles, and for the nonce labour and toyle themselves to spoile their stomache, only to get a pale-bleake colour.

MONTAIGNE: *Essays*, 1580. Trans.  
J. Florio, 1603.

IF a woman really repents, she has to go to a bad dressmaker, otherwise no one believes in her.

OSCAR WILDE: Mrs. Erlynne, in *Lady  
Windermere's Fan*, 1892.

MAN only can be aware of the insensibility of man towards a new gown. It would be mortifying to the feelings of many ladies could they be made to understand how little the heart of man is affected by what is costly or new in their attire; how little it is biased by the texture of their muslin, and how unsusceptible of peculiar tenderness towards the spotted, the sprigged, the mull or the jacksonet. Woman is fine for her own satisfaction alone. No man will admire her the more, no woman will like her the better for it. Neatness and fashion are enough for the former, and

a something of shabbiness or impropriety will be most endearing to the latter.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*, 1818.

A WOMAN puts off her sense of shame when she puts off her shift.

HERODOTUS: fifth century B.C.

No woman is ugly when she is dressed.

Proverbial—Spanish.

FOR 'tis in vain to think to guess  
At women by appearances ;  
That paint and patch their imperfections  
Of intellectual complexions ;  
And daub their temper o'er with washes  
As artificial as their faces ;  
Wear, under wizard-masks, their talents  
And mother-wits, before their gallants ;  
Until they're hampered in the noose,  
Too fast to dream of breaking loose.

SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras* (Part III.), 1678.

BUT then, women are in the position of inferiors.  
“They are hardly out of the nursery when a lasso is round their necks ; and if they have beauty, no wonder they turn it to a weapon, and make as many captives as they can.”

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Egoist*, 1879.

HORNS to bulls wise Nature lends ;  
Horses she with hoofs defends ;  
Hares with nimble feet relieves ;  
Dreadful teeth to lions gives ;

Fishes learn through streams to slide ;  
 Birds through yielding air to glide ;  
 Men with courage she supplies ;  
 But to women these denies.  
 What then gives she ? Beauty, this  
 Both their arms and armour is ;  
 She that can this weapon use,  
 Fire and sword with ease subdues.

*Anacreontea.* Date and authorship uncertain.  
 Trans. Thomas Stanley, 1651.

HAVE women nursed some dream since Helen sailed  
 Over the sea of blood the blushing star,  
 That beauty, whom frail man as Goddess hailed,  
 When not possessing her (for such is he !)  
 Might in a wondering season seen afar,  
 Be tamed to say not "I," but "we" ?

And shall they make of Beauty their estate,  
 The fortress and the weapon of their sex ?  
 Shall she in her frost-brilliance dictate,  
 More queenly than of old, how we must woo,  
 Ere she will melt ? The halter's on our necks,  
 Kick as it likes us, I and you.

Certain it is, if Beauty has disdained  
 Her ancient conquest, with an aim thus high :  
 If this, if that, if more, the fight is gained.  
 But can she keep her followers without fee ?  
 Yet ah ! to hear anew those ladies cry,  
 He who's for us, for him are we !

GEORGE MEREDITH : *A Ballad of Fair  
 Ladies in Revolt*, 1876.

### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

*(continued)*

#### CHAPTER VI

##### MORE CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN

Their Mental Weakness and Strength: Their Foolishness—Frailty—Credulity—Responsiveness—Quickness. The Power of Ecstasy.

Woman the Rebel: Against Reason—Against Justice and other Generalisations—Against Law—Against Civilisation. She is Nature.

SIR KNIGHT, never speak to me of the wisdom of a woman. I know my own sex well—the wisest of us is only a little less foolish than the rest.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS: 1542-87.

A VERY little wit is valued in a woman, as we are pleased with a few words spoken plain by a parrot.

SWIFT: *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, 1706.

WOMEN are to be talked to, as below men, and above children. If you talk to them too deeply, you only confound them, and lose your own labour; if you talk to them too frivolously, they perceive and resent the contempt. The proper tone for them is, what the French call the *Entregent*, and is, in truth, the polite jargon of good company.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *Letters to his Son* (1748).

'TWERE more than woman to be wise,  
'Twere more than man to wish thee so.

T. MOORE: *The Ring*, 1779-1852.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,  
"Most women have no characters at all":  
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,  
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.

POPE: *Moral Essays* (1735).

FRAILITY, thy name is woman.

SHAKESPEARE: Hamlet, in *Hamlet*, 1602.

FOR woman is a fragile creature.

SCHILLER: Talbot, in *Maria Stuart*, 1801.

A MAN who admires a fine woman has yet no more reason to wish himself her husband than one who admired the Hesperian fruit would have had to wish himself the dragon that kept it.

POPE: *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, 1706.

A PRETTY girl and a tattered gown are sure to find some hook in the way.

Proverbial—Irish.

A CITY'S walls are hard to hold  
That easy were to win.  
He is quickly forth from a woman's heart,  
Who was taken lightly in.

JEAN BERTAUT: 1552-1611.

How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we!  
For such as we are made of, such we be.

SHAKESPEARE: Viola, in *Twelfth-Night*, 1600.

ALAS! poor women, make us but believe,  
Bring compact of credit, that you love us;  
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve;  
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

SHAKESPEARE: Luciana, in *The Comedy of Errors*, 1599.

*Angelo.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isabella.* Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.

Women ! Help heaven ! men their creation mar  
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,  
 For we are soft as our complexions are,  
 And credulous to false prints.

SHAKESPEARE: *Measure for Measure*, 1604.

WOMEN are born worshippers ; in their good little hearts lies the most craving relish for greatness : it is even said, each chooses her husband on the hypothesis of his being a great man—in his way. The good creatures, yet the foolish. For their choices, no insight, or next to none, being vouchsafed them, are unutterable.

CARLYLE: *Essay on Goethe's Works*, 1832.

WHAT age or period of life is the most addicted to superstition ? The weakest and most timid. What sex ? The same answer must be given. "The leaders and examples of every kind of superstition," says Strabo, "are the women. These excite the men to devotion and supplication, and the observance of religious days. It is rare to meet one that lives apart from the females, and yet is addicted to such practices."

DAVID HUME: *The Natural History of Religion*, 1757.

MORE women, more witchcrafts.

HILLEL: first century B.C.

I AM far from wishing to place any obstacle in the way of the intellectual advancement and development of women. On the contrary, I don't see how we are to make any permanent advancement while one half of the race is sunk, as nine-tenths of women are, in



mere ignorant parsonese superstitions; and to show you that my ideas are practical I have fully made up my mind, if I can carry out my own plans, to give my daughters the same training in physical science as their brother will get, so long as he is a boy. They, at any rate, shall not be got up as man-traps for the matrimonial market. If other people would do the like the next generation would see women fit to be the companions of men in all their pursuits—though I don't think that men have anything to fear from their competition. But you know as well as I do that other people won't do the like, and five-sixths of women will stop in the doll stage of evolution, to be the stronghold of parsondom, the drag on civilisation, the degradation of every important pursuit with which they mix themselves—"intrigues" in politics, and "friponnes" in science.

T. H. HUXLEY: *Life and Letters* (to Sir C. Lyell, 1860).

WE women swim not with our hearts,  
Nor yet our judgments, but the world's opinion.

HENRY TAYLOR: Clara, in *Philip van Artevelde*, 1834.

*Truewit.* Did I not tell thee, Dauphine! Why, all their actions are governed by crude opinion, without reason or cause; they know not why they do anything; but as they are informed, believe, judge, praise, condemn, love, hate, and in emulation one of another, do all these things alike. Only they have a natural inclination sways them generally to the worst, when they are left to themselves.

BEN JONSON: *The Silent Woman*, 1609.

WHAT do I think is the true sunshine that opens the poet's corolla?—I don't like to say. They spoil a good many, I am afraid; or at least they shine on a good many that never come to anything.

Who are *they*?—said the schoolmistress.

Women. Their love first inspires the poet, and their praise is his best reward. . . . I never feel safe until I have pleased them; I don't think they are the first to see one's defects, but they are the first to catch the color and fragrance of a true poem. Fit the same intellect to a man and it is a bow-string,—to a woman and it is a harp-string. She is vibratile and resonant all over, so she stirs with slighter musical tremblings of the air about her.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, 1858.

A WITTY lady has observed that the French people appear to have escaped from Nature's hands before the latter had put into their composition any ingredients other than air and fire. She might with justice have made the same observation in regard to her own sex: but she was, no doubt, unwilling to betray her own secrets.

THOMAS: *Essai sur le Caractère, les Mœurs, et l'Esprit des Femmes*, 1772.

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and joyous than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex

in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men.

ADDISON: *Spectator* (1711).

A WOMAN's thought runs before her actions.

SHAKESPEARE: Rosalind, in  
*As You Like It*, 1599.

MAKE the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

SHAKESPEARE: Rosalind, in  
*As You Like It*, 1599.

A LADY's imagination is very rapid; it jumps from admiration to love, from love to matrimony in a moment.

JANE AUSTEN: D'Arcy, in *Pride and Prejudice*, 1813.

"AH!" said Bartle, sneeringly, "the women are quick enough—they're quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows 'em himself."

"Like enough," said Mrs. Poyser; "for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun 'em, an' they can only catch 'em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man's getting 's tongue ready; an' when he outs wi' his speech at last, there's little broth to be made on 't. It's your dead chicks take the longest hatching. Howiver, I'm not denyin' the women are foolish: God Almighty made 'em to match the men."

GEORGE ELIOT: *Adam Bede*, 1859.

. . . IF you lose your way in a town abroad, it is always best to apply to a woman, because a man will show less readiness of apprehension.

BUCKLE: *Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge*, 1858.

LING-KONG, King of Ouéi, and his wife heard late one night a great noise of horses and chariots coming from the east. This noise approached the palace; ceased when close at hand; and then they heard it again only on the west. The king was uneasy to know who could have passed thus. "It is Ty-Pe-You," answered the queen. "How can you tell that?" replied her husband. "Because," she said, "I know that the rule is to go on foot past the gate of the palace, and that those who push their respect to the furthest point, manage their going in such a way as to make no noise or very little, as they pass the gateway. And, further, I know that a good subject in respect of his prince, like a good son in respect of his parents, regards not appearances alone, and does his duty in the dark as much as at midday. I know Ty-Pe-You alone in your kingdom who is thus scrupulous. Therefore I am certain that was he." The king desired to know if his wife's conjecture had been right. He made inquiries as to who had passed and learned that it had in truth been Ty-Pe-You. So he returned to his wife, and said that he was very sorry—she had not been fortunate—it was not Ty-Pe-You that had passed. The queen took a cup and filled it with wine: "Since I divined wrongly," said she, "I must congratulate you, and I do so with all my heart. I thought that

in all the kingdom there was but one Ty-Pe-You. You have discovered a second as scrupulous as he, and I congratulate you. The welfare of your State rests on the virtue of your officers." The king was charmed with this answer of his queen. "There were not," said he, "really two Ty-Pe-You's. You guessed rightly. It was he that went past."

CASTILHON: *Anecdotes Chinoises*, 1774.

You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

SHAKESPEARE: Rosalind, in  
*As You Like It*, 1599.

IF you want to see an embarrassed person, place a man between two women with both of whom he has had secret love passages, then observe what a sorry figure he will cut. Put in the same circumstances, a woman between two men (and certainly this case will not be the rarer of the two); you will be astonished at the skill with which she hoodwinks both, and manages to make each laugh at the other.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

IT is above all in the passion of love, the onslaughts of jealousy, the transports of maternal affection, the crises of superstition, and the manner in which they share in epidemics of popular emotion, that women astonish us, beautiful as the seraphim of Klopstock, terrible as the fallen spirits of Milton. I have seen love, jealousy, superstition, anger, carried in women

to a point which no man has ever experienced. . . . No man ever sat at Delphi on the sacred tripod. The part of Pythia is a woman's part. None but a woman's brain could be roused to the point of her feeling afar the veritable approach of a god, becoming frenzied, dishevelled, foaming; crying out, "I feel him, I feel him, he is here, the god," and then reporting his actual words. . . . And in our own days, have we not seen one of those women who, with a baby's cap on her head, was figuring forth the infancy of the Church, nailed by hands and feet to a cross, with her side pierced by a lance, convulsed by agony, a cold sweat pouring down her limbs and her eyes beginning to be veiled in death, yet keeping up her part throughout, and addressing the leader of this troop of fanatics not in a voice of pain or with the words: *My father, I wish to sleep*, but in childish voice and language: *Papa, I want to go to bye-bye*. For one man, there are a hundred women capable of this force of mind and imagination. It was this same woman or one of her companions who said to the young Dudoyer, looking at him tenderly as he tore out the nails that pierced her feet: *God, from whom we have the gift of miracles, has not always granted us that of holiness. . . .* It was a woman who walked through the streets of Alexandria, barefoot, dishevelled, with a torch in one hand and a bucket in the other, crying: "I will burn down heaven with this torch and quench hell with this water, so that man may love God for himself alone." Such a part suits a woman alone. But this impetuous imagination, this seemingly invincible spirit—a word

suffices to beat it down. A physician told the women of Bordeaux, when in the throes of fierce hysteria, that they were threatened by falling sickness; they were cured at once. Another physician waved a blazing hot iron before the eyes of a band of epileptic girls; they were cured at once. The women of Miletus being seized by suicidal mania, the magistrates announced that the first woman to kill herself would be exposed naked in the market-place: the women of Miletus were at once reconciled to life.

DIDEROT: *Sur les Femmes*, 1772.

“BECAUSE” is a woman’s answer.

Proverbial—English.

I HAVE no other but a woman’s reason :  
I think him so because I think him so.

SHAKESPEARE: Lucetta, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1591.

WOMAN’s love and woman’s hate—  
These shall always have full weight.  
Woman’s judgment, woman’s reason—  
These are dishes ne’er in season.

GOETHE: *Xenien*, 1795.

WOMAN is a creature without reason who pokes the fire from the top.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY: 1787–1863.

"BUT it's a woman you'n spoke well on, Bartle," said Mr. Poyser. "Come, now, you canna draw back ; you said once as women wouldna ha' been a bad invention if they'd all been like Dinah."

"I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all," said Bartle. "I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I daresay she's like the rest o' the women—thinks two and two 'll come to make five, if she cries and bothers enough about it."

GEORGE ELIOT: *Adam Bede*, 1859.

WOMEN never reason, and therefore they are (comparatively) seldom wrong. They judge instinctively of what falls under their immediate observation or experience, and do not trouble themselves about remote or doubtful consequences. If they make no profound discoveries, they do not involve themselves in gross absurdities. It is only by the help of reason and logical inference, according to Hobbes, that "man becomes excellently wise, or excellently foolish."

HAZLITT: *Characteristics*, 1823.

So that it will be found that the fundamental fault in the character of women is that they have no *sense of justice*. This arises from their deficiency in the power of reasoning and reflection already referred to, but is also partly due to the fact that Nature has not destined them, as the weaker sex, to be dependent on strength—but on cunning ; this is why they are instinctively crafty, and have an ineradicable tendency to lie.

SCHOPENHAUER: *Über die Weiber*, 1851.

Trans. Mrs. R. Dircks.



THERE are some meannesses which are too mean even for a man—woman, lovely woman alone, can venture to commit them.

THACKERAY: *A Shabby Genteel Story*, 1843.

Do not forget that, in the absence of reflection and principles, nothing penetrates beyond a certain depth into women's minds: that the ideas of justice, virtue, vice, goodness, and wickedness float only on the surface of their souls; that with all the force of nature they have preserved the sense of personal dignity and personal interests; that, while outwardly more civilised than ourselves, they have remained true savages within—every one of them a Machiavelli, more or less.

DIDEROT: *Sur les Femmes*, 1772.

WOMAN is beauty. Much tenderness, a little weakness, modesty, timidity, ebb and flow, lack of formal accuracy, numberless charming curves (of gait and movement no less than of shape),—these make her beauty and grace, and all these are opposed to the straight line of exactitude and justice, which is man's high road.

Woman is always above or below justice. Love, holiness, chivalry, magnanimity, honour—all these she understands admirably, but she is slower to have a sense of the right.

MICHELET: *L'Amour*, 1858.

MOST women have but few principles; they are guided by the heart, and depend for their morals on those they love.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.



Mere women, personal and passionate,  
You give us doating mothers, and chaste wives,  
Sublime Madonnas, and enduring saints !  
We get no Christ from you,—and verily  
We shall not get a poet, in my mind.”

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

WOULD you make a woman wise,  
Drop your generalities.  
Howe'er she talks of Things, you'll find  
Some Person's always in her mind.

E. GEIBEL: *Sprüche*, 1815-84.

LAW? What's the use o' law when a man's once  
such a fool as to let a woman into his house ?

GEORGE ELIOT: Bartle Massey, in  
*Adam Bede*, 1859.

WOMEN hate rules and love exceptions. There is no  
woman who does not believe herself an exception to  
a rule. Most men know that they are not, and wish  
that they were.

J. A. SPENDER: *The Comments of Bagshot*  
(First Series), 1908.

THEY say you'll hardly ever find  
A beauty  
Whom common laws are like to bind  
To duty.

RABELAIS: *Pantagruel*, about 1532.

“I EXPECT that Woman will be the last thing civilised  
by Man.”

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Ordeal of*  
*Richard Feverel*, 1859.

BE the beastes never so wild, at length the Lyon is ruled by his keaper, the bul is enclosed in his parke, the horse ruled by the brydel, the lytle hoke catcheth the fysh, the Oxe contented to yealde to the yoke: only a woman is a beast whych wyll never be tamed, she never loseth her boldnes of commaundyng, nor by anye brydel wil be commaunded.

SIR THOMAS NORTH: *The Diall of Princes*, 1557. (Translated through the French from GUEVARA: *Libro del Emperador Marco Aurelio*, 1529.)

“SHE is always at Nature’s breast.”

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, 1859.

WOMAN is more in harmony with Nature than man is, and brings him into harmony with Nature.

BURDACH: *Physiologie*, 1776-1847.

THE pure woman in whom a man has found his veritable Holy of Holies, who is one with him in heart and thought and will, has in her a strange mystery of spiritual fruitfulness, never yet described. The legend of that son of earth who, to regain his strength, had only to touch his mother’s breast, is realised in her to the letter. She is Nature herself, tender, good, and holy, who, in virtue of her love, can by a touch flood his soul with new life.

MICHELET: *L’Amour*, 1858.

### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

*(continued)*

#### CHAPTER VII

#### OF CERTAIN COMMONPLACES

That Woman cannot keep a Secret.

That she Talks too much—Cries too much—Spends too much—Drinks too much—Does everything too much.

That she is a Weathercock—A Cheat—A Gossip  
A Coquette—And an eternal Riddle.

A WOMAN conceals what she does not know.

Proverbial.

I KNOW you wise ; but yet no further wise  
Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are,  
But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
No lady closer ; for I well believe  
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

SHAKESPEARE : Hotspur, in *First Part of  
King Henry the Fourth*, 1597.

O CONSTANCY ! be strong upon my side ;  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue :  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !

SHAKESPEARE : Portia, in *Julius Cæsar*, 1601.

A MAN keeps somebody else's secret more faithfully  
than his own ; a woman, on the contrary, keeps her  
own better than any one else's.

LA BRUYÈRE : *Caractères*, 1688.

A WOMAN can at least keep her own secret. Try  
her on the subject of her age.

W. K. KELLY : *Proverbs of All Nations*, 1859.

THEY say women and music should never be dated.

GOLDSMITH : Miss Hardcastle, in *She  
Stoops to Conquer*, 1773.

A SECRET's a burden of terrible weight ;  
'Tis hard for ladies to carry it far,  
And in this respect, I've heard relate  
That a good many men but ladies are.

LA FONTAINE: *Fables*, 1668.

CATO (the Sage and Severe Critick) prayed often, That the Gods would pardon him, if he had been so Imprudent, as to trust the least Secret to a *Woman*. There stuck in the good *Man's* mind, a Famous Passage in the *Roman History* ; which Antiquaries use as a great Argument, to prove the little Secresie of *Women* : A Child of twelve Years of Age, being pressed by his Mother, to tell her the Resolution of the Senate (where he had been Assistant), invented to baffle her ; that it had been decreed, That every Husband should have several Wives. Immediately, she went and told her Neighbours, to consult about her Measures with them ; So that, in the space of half an Hour, it was all the Town over. I would gladly know, what a poor Husband would do, if in a State, where *Women* were the mistresses (as in that of the *Amazones*) ; one should come and tell him, that it had been resolved in Counsel, That every Husband must have an Helper : without doubt, he would not open his Mouth.

*The Woman as Good as the Man*, 1677.

(Trans. from POULAIN DE LA BARRE :  
*De l'Egalité des deux Sexes*, 1673.)

WE are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than to the women that love us. Is it because the brutes are dumb?      GEORGE ELIOT: *Adam Bede*, 1859.

O HAPPY race of grasshoppers  
Whose womenkind have no tongues at all.

XENARCHUS: *Sleep*, fourth century B.C.

"THEY say," quoth Thomas, "women's tongues  
Of aspen leaves are made";  
"Thou unbelieving wretch," quoth she,  
"All is not true that's said."

*The Wanton Wife of Bath*. (Ballad given in  
Percy's Reliques.)

COME, ladies, shall we talk a round? As men  
Do walk a mile, women should talk an hour  
After supper: 'tis their exercise.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: Dion, in  
*Philaster*, 1620.

WOMEN were made to babble, and men to laugh at them.

ROUSSEAU: *Correspondence*. (Letter to  
M. du Peyron, 1766.)

SILENCE is a fine jewel for a woman, but it's little worn.  
Proverbial.

ONE of a woman's strongest passions is the love of talk.

LE SAGE: *Gil Blas*, 1715-35.

As the going up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged,  
So is a wife full of words to a quiet man.

*Ecclesiasticus* (R.V.): about 200 B.C.



HALF the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Felix Holt*, 1866.

ALL women are good Lutherans ; they prefer preaching to hearing Mass.

Proverbial—Danish.

A WOMAN's tongue is her sword, and she does not let it rust.

Proverbial—Chinese.

*Speed. Item, She is slow in words.*

*Launce.* O villain, that set this down among her vices ! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue : I pray thee, out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, 1591.

A SILENT woman is a gift of the Lord ;  
And there is nothing so much worth as a well-instructed soul.

A shamefast woman is grace upon grace ;  
And there is no price worthy of a continent soul.  
As the sun when it ariseth in the highest places of the Lord,

So is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of a man's house.

As the lamp that shineth upon the holy candlestick,  
So is the beauty of the face in ripe age.

As the golden pillars are upon a base of silver,  
So are beautiful feet with the breasts of one that is stedfast.

*Ecclesiasticus* (R.V.): about 200 B.C.

## WOMAN'S TEARS

HER voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.

SHAKESPEARE: *Lear*, in *King Lear*, 1607.

It has been said in praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing.

ADDISON: *Spectator* (1711).

Now to speke of Speche, in the w<sup>ch</sup> man passethe other creatures, and is called of hesiodus the best treasure of man and reputed of Trismogistus equal w<sup>th</sup> Immortalyti. Ys not the woman more plesaunte, more eloquent, more abowndante then man? And all we fyrste learne to speake of oure mothers and norrishes, w<sup>ch</sup> was well forsene of nature, for or behove, bycawse ffewe or no wymen is borne dum, and y<sup>t</sup> is a goodly prehemynence to passe man whearin he passeth all other.

WILLIAM BERCHER: *The Nobyltye  
off Wymen*, 1559.

It is as great a pity to see a woman weep as a goose go barefoot.

Proverbial.

DECEIT, weeping, and spinning, God hath give  
To women kindly, while they may live.

CHAUCER: *Wife of Bath's Tale*,  
about 1386-9.

A WOMAN complains, a woman's in woe, a woman is sick, when she likes to be so.

Proverbial—Italian.

WOMEN laugh when they can and weep when they will.

Proverbial.

WOMAN is to money as the sun is to ice.

Proverbial—Italian.

WOMAN, speaking generally, is by nature extravagant.

ANON. (Greece).

Two daughters and a back-door are three arrant thieves.

Proverbial.

HE observed once, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, that a beggar in the street will more readily ask alms from a *man*, though there should be no marks of wealth in his appearance, than from even a well-dressed *woman*; which he accounted for from the great degree of carefulness as to money, that is to be found in women; saying farther upon it, that the opportunities in general that they possess of improving their condition are much fewer than men have; and adding as he looked round on the company, which consisted of men only,—there is not one of us who does not think he might be richer, if he would use his endeavour.

BOSWELL: *The Life of Dr. Johnson* (1781).

THE fair sex, who have commonly much more tenderness than ours, have seldom so much generosity. That women rarely make considerable donations is an observation of the civil law. *Raro mulieres donare solent.*

ADAM SMITH: *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, 1759.

To say that woman-kind are wine-lovers is a commonplace.

ATHENÆUS: *Deipnosophista*, about 200.

"THE aged women likewise, that they be in behaviour as becometh holiness . . . not false accusers, not given to much wine." For this was particularly the vice of women and of old age.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM: *Homilies*, about 400.

THE bulk of the habitual inebriates or dipsomaniacs among the working classes are women . . . . In England dipsomania is extremely rare among working men, and even in Scotland, where it is commoner, the women have far the worse record.

ARTHUR SHADWELL: *Drink, Temperance, and Legislation*, 1902.

FOR, my Xanthippe, this is the Fault of us Women, that when once we have begun, we don't know when to make an End.

ERASMUS: *Colloquies—The Uneasy Wife*, 1522. Trans. N. Bailey.

"FOR men at most differ as Heaven and earth,  
But women, worst and best, as Heaven and Hell."

TENNYSON: *Merlin and Vivien*, 1859.

A WOMAN either loves or hates—she knows no mean.

SENECA: first century.

IN every mind where there is a strong tendency to fear, there is a strong capacity to hate. Those who dwell in fear dwell next door to hate; and I think it is the cowardice of women which makes them such intense haters.

MRS. JAMESON: *A Commonplace-Book*, 1854.

WOMEN are always at the extremes ; they are either better or worse than men.

LA BRUYÈRE : *Caractères*, 1688.

THERE is no moderation in women, they are either freethinkers or bigots ; you never see one who knows how to combine common sense with piety.

ROUSSEAU : *Émile*, 1762.

WELL . . . if there must be women to make trouble in the world, it's but fair there should be women to be comforters under it ; and she's one—she's one. It's a pity she's a Methodist ; but there's no getting a woman without some foolishness or other.

GEORGE ELIOT : *Bartle Massey*,  
in *Adam Bede*, 1859.

AN ever various and changeful thing  
Is woman.

VIRGIL : *Æneid*, about 19 B.C.

FOR you 'tis easy to frame words and wiles ;  
This lesson every woman has by heart.  
Not with so sudden change the sea beguiles,  
Nor wind-swept leaves do this and that way dart,  
As woman's temper, making treaties fall  
For great or light cause, or no cause at all.

PROPERTIUS : *Elegies*, first century B.C.

A WEATHERCOCK more stable is  
 Than woman in her fantasies !  
 A feather on the wind is she !  
 Man trusts her ? Then the more fool he !

VICTOR HUGO: *Le Roi s'amuse*, 1832.

WOMEN in general, like children, have minds that are lightly moved.

TERENCE: *Hecyra*, 165 B.C.

*Orlando*. Did you ever cure any so ?

*Rosalind*. Yes, one ; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress ; and I set him every day to woo me : at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking ; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour. . . .

SHAKESPEARE: *As You Like It*, 1599.

THE great fault of women in everything—morals, care of health, friendship, &c.—is want of perseverance. . . . One cannot too often repeat that women's failure to achieve the end of anything is due simply to their lacking perseverance.

MADAME NECKER: 1739-94.

"WOMEN will be wanting a change of air in Paradise ; a change of angels, too, I might surmise."

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Egoist*, 1879.

OH by my soul ! there is an innate levity in woman which nothing can overcome.—What ! happy, and I away !

SHERIDAN : Faulkland, in *The Rivals*, 1775.

“NEVER quarrel with your friend because a woman is whimsical. Why, man, if they kept one humour, how the devil could we make so many songs on them as we do ?”

SCOTT : *The Pirate*, 1831.

“WOMAN’s faith and woman’s trust—

Write the characters in dust ;  
Stamp them on the running stream,  
Print them on the moon’s pale beam,  
And each evanescent letter,  
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,  
And more permanent, I ween,  
Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strained the spider’s thread  
’Gainst the promise of a maid ;  
I have weigh’d a grain of sand  
’Gainst her plight of heart and hand ;  
I told my true love of the token,  
How her faith proved light, and her word  
was broken :

Again her word and truth she plight,  
And I believed them again e’er night.”

SCOTT : *The Betrothed*, 1825.

SHE’s fair and fause that causes my smart—

I lo’ed her meikle and lang ;  
She’s broken her vow, she’s broken my heart,  
And I may e’en gae hang.

A coof cam' in wi' rowth o' gear  
 And I ha'e tint my dearest dear ;  
 But woman is but warld's gear,  
     Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love,  
     To this be never blind,  
 Nae ferlie 'tis though fickle she prove,  
     A woman has't by kind.  
 O woman lovely, woman fair !  
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share ;  
 'Twad been owre meikle to gi'en thee mair—  
     I mean an angel mind.

R. BURNS: 1792.

SINCE, well thou knowest, a woman's soul is set  
 His house to prosper whom she chance to wed.  
 Linked to another she discards all debt  
 Due to the children of her former bed,  
 Nor thinks at all of him, her dear-loved husband  
     dead.

HOMER: *Odyssey*, date uncertain.  
 Trans. P. S. Worsley.

*Mirabel*. I have more to do with my honesty than  
     to fool it,  
 Or venture it in such leak barks as women.

For, as I think, there was never man yet hoped for  
 Either constancy or secrecy from a woman,  
 Unless it were an ass ordained for sufferance ;  
 Nor to contract with such can be a tie-all ;  
 So let them know again ; for 'tis a justice,



And a main point of civil policy,  
Whate'er we say or swear, they being reprobates,  
Out of the state of faith, we are clear of all sides,  
And 'tis a curious blindness to believe us.

*Oriana.* You do not mean this, sure?

*Mirabel.* Yes, sure and certain.

And hold it positively, as a principle,  
As ye are strange things, and made of strange fires  
and fluxes,  
So we are allowed as strange ways to obtain ye,  
But not to hold ; we are all created errant.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER: *The  
Wild Goose Chase*, 1621.

FOR, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,  
Than women's are.

SHAKESPEARE: Duke, in *Twelfth-Night*, 1600.

THAT tale of their caprice is absurd. Hit their imagination once, they are your slaves, only demanding common courtier service of you. They will deny that you are ageing, they will cover you from scandal, they will refuse to see you ridiculous.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Egoist*, 1879.

WE certainly do not forget you so soon as you forget us. It is, perhaps, our fate rather than our merit. We cannot help ourselves. We live at home, quiet, confined, and our feelings prey upon us. You are

forced on exertion. You have always a profession, pursuits, business of some sort or other, to take you back into the world immediately, and continual occupation and change soon weaken impressions.

JANE AUSTEN: Anne Elliot, in  
*Persuasion*, 1818.

SHE is a creature of the apparent moods and shifts and tempers only because she is kept in narrow confines, resembling, if you like, a wild cat caged.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *Lord Ormont*  
and *his Aminta*, 1894.

THE bryngynge upp and the traynenge off womans lyffe is so straight and kept as in pryson that all the good inclynacon w<sup>ch</sup> theye have of nature is utterly quenched [.]. we se that by practyse men of small hope com to good proffe so that I maye affyrme the cawse of wymens weaknes in handlenge of matters to procede of the costome that men hath appoynted in the maner of theyr lyffe for yf they have any weake spyrite, yf they have any mutabylytie or any sutche thyng yt comethe of the dyvers unkyndnes that they ffynde of men whose unbrydled ffantesie they knowe not howe to serve certeynlye.

WILLIAM BERTCHER: *The Nobyltye*  
off *Wymen*, 1559.

I THINK women have an instinct of dissimulation ; they know by nature how to disguise their emotions far better than the most consummate male courtiers can do. Is not the better part of the life of many of

them spent in hiding their feelings, in cajoling their tyrants, in masking over with fond smiles and artful gaiety their doubt, or their grief, or their terror ?

THACKERAY: *The History of Henry Esmond*, 1852.

DISSIMULATION, indeed, is inherent in the nature not only of woman, but of all the feebler and gentler animals : and this illustrates its instinctive character.

WALKER: *Woman*, 1840.

FOR craft and treachery a woman's best.

ÆSCHYLUS: *Ægisthus*, in *Agamemnon*, 458 B.C.

*Gautami*. Speak not thus, illustrious Prince. This lady was brought up in a hermitage, and has never learnt deceit.

*King*.

Holy matron,

E'en in untutored brutes, the female sex  
Is marked by inborn subtlety—much more  
In beings gifted with intelligence.  
The wily köil, ere towards the sky  
She wings her sportive flight, commits her eggs  
To other nests, and artfully consigns  
The rearing of her little ones to strangers.

KÁLIDÁSA: *Sakoontalá*, probably about sixth century. Trans. Monier Williams.

TAKE care, then, *Aspasia* ! do not leave off entirely all dissimulation. It is as feminine a virtue, and as

necessary to a woman, as religion. If you are without it, you will have a grace the less, and (what you could worse spare) a sigh the more.

W. S. LANDOR: Cleone, in *Pericles and Aspasia*, 1836.

THE natural way of women  
Is so near akin to art.

GOETHE: *Faust*, 1788.

A WOMAN is never entirely honest.

DESTOUCHES: Marquis, in *Le Dissipateur*.

HE that hath an eel by the tail and a woman by her word hath a slippery handle.

Proverbial.

THE man who trusts a woman trusts a cheat.

HESIOD: *Works and Days*,  
eighth century B.C.

TRUST neither a king, a horse, nor a woman.

Proverbial—Arabian.

To women, however, at a time of dalliance, or on a proposal of marriage, in the case of grass or fruit eaten by a cow, of wood taken for a sacrifice, or of a promise made for the preservation of a Brahmin, it is no deadly sin to take a light oath.

*Laws of Manu*: date uncertain.

FAULT-FINDING is dear to women. Give them but the smallest ground to start talking and they'll never end. Indeed, they take a certain pleasure in finding nothing good to say of one another.

EURIPIDES: Tutor, in *Phanissæ*,  
probably 408 B.C.

I ADVISE that your company at home should consist of men rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good will, which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if these be the worst.

SWIFT: *Letter to a Very Young Lady on Her Marriage*, early eighteenth century.

Do as the maids do ; say no, and take it.

Proverbial.

COQUETRY lies at the base of every woman's temper, but they do not all but it into practice, for in some of them coquetry is restrained either by fear or by reason.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maximes*,  
1665.

HAVE you not learnt the female mind ?  
 When you will, they won't ; when you won't, they  
 will indeed.

TERENCE: *Eunuchus*, 161 B.C.

*Valentine*. Win her with gifts, if she respect not  
 words :

Dumb jewels often in their silent kind  
 More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

*Duke*. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

*Valentine*. A woman sometimes scorns what best  
 contents her.

Send her another ; never give her o'er,  
 For scorn at first makes after-love the more.  
 If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,  
 But rather to beget more love in you ;  
 If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;  
 For why the fools are mad if left alone.  
 Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;  
 For, "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away !"  
 Flatter and praise, commend, extol their graces ;  
 Though ne'er so black, say they have angel faces.  
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man  
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

SHAKESPEARE: *The Two Gentlemen  
 of Verona*, 1591.

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you ;  
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue :  
 So court a mistress, she denies you ;  
 Let her alone, she will court you.  
 Say, are not women truly, then,  
 Styled but the shadows of us men ?

At morn and even, shades are longest ;  
At noon they are or short or none :  
So men at weakest, they are strongest,  
But grant us perfect, they're not known.  
Say, are not women truly, then,  
Styled but the shadows of us men ?

BEN JONSON: *The Shadow*, 1573-1637.

"WHAT was in the mind of heaven when women were created, will be the riddle to the end of the world !"

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Egoist*, 1879.

A WOMAN'S heart thou canst not grasp, 'tis like a  
mirror'd face,  
Her secret thoughts, like mountain paths, are difficult  
to trace,  
Her fancy wavers, like the dew which lotus-leaves  
enclose,  
Her faults, like deadly upas-buds, develop as she grows.

BHARTRIHARI : attributed to first century B.C.  
Trans. C. H. Tawney.

WOMEN are like tricks by sleight of hand,  
Which, to admire, we should not understand.

CONGREVE: *Love for Love*, 1695.

WHOEVER can divine women is their implacable enemy.

DIDEROT: *Sur les Femmes*, 1772.

*Mrs. Cheveley.* Ah ! the strength of women comes from the fact that psychology cannot explain us. Men can be analysed, women . . . merely adored.

*Sir Robert Chiltern.* You think science cannot grapple with the problem of women?

*Mrs. Cheveley.* Science can never grapple with the irrational. That is why it has no future before it in this world.

*Sir Robert Chiltern.* And women represent the irrational.

*Mrs. Cheveley.* Well-dressed women do.

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*, 1895.

“WHO asks woman for advice? The world deems their understanding shallow; even when truths issue from their lips, none listens thereto. Yet what is the world without woman? We have the forms of Sacti with the fire of Siva; we are at once thieves and sanctuaries; we are vessels of virtue and of vice—of knowledge and of ignorance. The man of wisdom, the astrologer, can from *the books* calculate the motion and course of the planets; but in the book of woman he is ignorant: and this is not a saying of to-day; it ever has been so: therefore, to hide their ignorance, they say, in woman there is no wisdom! Yet woman shares your joys and your sorrows. Even when you depart for the mansion of the sun, we part not. Hunger and thirst we cheerfully partake with you; we are as the lakes, of which you are the swans; what are you when absent from our bosoms?”

CHAND BARDĀI: *Prīthirāj Rāsan* (The Chronicle of Prithiraj), twelfth century. Trans. in Tod's *Annals of Rajahstan*.



### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

*(continued)*

#### CHAPTER VIII

##### WOMAN COMPARED WITH MAN

Of Equality and Inequality—Of Identity and Difference.

Woman the Heart and Man the Head. Woman's Virtues (herein of Athanasius and the Patient Lady).

Woman the Inspirer (but she is no longer what she was). Woman in Counsel (herein the Tale of Youssouf and Kirisf, and of how Kissing began at Rome). The Practical and Conservative Creature.

AND can you mention any pursuit of mankind in which the male sex has not all these [natural] gifts and qualities in a higher degree than the female? Need I waste time in speaking of the art of weaving, and the management of pancakes and preserves, in which womankind does really appear to be great, and in which for her to be beaten by a man is of all things the most absurd?

You are quite right, he replied, in maintaining the general inferiority of the female sex : although many women are in many things superior to many men, yet on the whole what you say is true.

And if so, my friend, I said, there is no special faculty of administration in a state which a woman has because she is a woman, or a man has by virtue of his sex, but the gifts of nature are alike diffused in both ; all the pursuits of men are the pursuits of women also, but in all of them a woman is inferior to a man.

PLATO: *Republic*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

WOMEN would lay claim to an equality with men. It is pure folly. Woman is man's property ; man is not woman's. A woman gives a man children ; a man does not give a woman children.

We have spoilt everything by treating women far too well. It was wrong of us to put them on a level with ourselves.

NAPOLÉON: 1769-1821.

*Fabulla.* I believe you judge, that a Male is naturally more excellent and strong than a Female?

*Eutrapelus.* I believe they are.

*Fabulla.* That is Men's opinion. But are Men any Thing longer-liv'd than Women? Are they free from Distempers?

*Eutrapelus.* No, but in general they are stronger.

*Fabulla:* But then they themselves are excell'd by Camels in Strength.

*Eutrapelus.* But besides, the Male was created first.

*Fabulla.* So was Adam before Christ. Artists use to be more exquisite in their later Performances.

*Eutrapelus.* But God put the Woman under Subjection to the Man.

*Fabulla.* It does not follow of consequence that he is the better because he commands, he subjects her as a wife, and not purely as a Woman; and besides that he so puts the Wife under Subjection, that though they each of them have Power over the other, he will have the Woman to be obedient to the Man, not as to the more excellent, but to the more fierce Person. Tell me, Eutrapelus, which is the weaker Person, he that yields to another, or he that is yielded to?

ERASMUS: *Colloquies—The Lying-in Woman*, 1552.

Trans. N. Bailey.

BUT whearas we Chrysten people beleve that this worlde was created of god fyve thousande ffyve hondrd & odd yearis passed we muste nedes graunte that y<sup>e</sup> begynnenge off woman is ffar perfecter then of man by cawse Moses confessithe that the man was made of earthe: and woman of fleshe [:] and so

moche as fleshe is more noble than earthe so moche is their beginnege more exelent. And ye aught to knowe ffurther yt woman is the more worthye Creature bycawse she deserved to have a more worthye name. ffor Adam signefyethe earthe and Eva signefyethe lyffe, and as lyffe passeth earth so dothe womman passe man.

WILLIAM BERCHER: *The Nobyltye  
off Wymen*, 1559.

OFF all creatures yff a woman be better than the best and a man worse than the worste yt followethe by playne argument that my matter [the superiority of woman to man] is true. Amonge men thear was never borne so greate as John bapt. the wch was so inferyor to the virgyn Marye as he maye not compare. Amongst wymen thear was never none halfe so evyll as Judas yscaryoth or as som thinke Antechriste who hathe all mallyce of the dyvell wthin hym. And to this agreeethe an apparant excelencye in beastes wthowte reason. ffor the Eagle the cheffe and moste noble of all byrdes, is a ffemale. And the Baselyst the worst of all Serpentes is a male. And the Egiptyans have ffownde the Phenyx the onely byrde of the worlde to be a ffemale.

WILLIAM BERCHER: *The Nobyltye  
off Wymen*, 1559.

CANCEL from your minds every idea of superiority to woman. You have none whatever. Long prejudice, an inferior education, and a perennial legal inequality and injustice, have created that apparent intellectual

inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression. But does not the history of every oppression teach us how the oppressor ever seeks his justification and support by appealing to a fact of his own creation.

MAZZINI: *The Duties of Man*, 1858.

A GREAT deal has been said of the original difference of capacity between men and women ; as if women were more quick, and men more judicious—as if women were more remarkable for delicacy of association, and men for stronger powers of attention. All this, we confess, appears to us very fanciful. That there is a difference in the understandings of the men and the women we meet with, everybody, we suppose, must perceive ; but there is none surely which may not be accounted for by the difference of circumstances in which they have been placed, without referring to any conjectural difference of original conformation of mind. As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action.

SYDNEY SMITH: *Female Education*, 1810.

. . . THE same characters are formed by the same lessons, which inclines me to think (if I dare say it), that nature has not placed us in an inferior

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rank to men, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity ; though, I am persuaded, if there was a commonwealth of rational horses (as Doctor Swift has supposed), it would be an established maxim among them, that a mare could not be taught to pace.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU : *Letters*  
(to Countess of Bute, 1753).

A MARE's shoe and a horse's shoe are both alike.

Proverbial.

It is absurd to argue, from the analogy of the animals, that men and women should follow the same pursuits ; for animals have not to manage a household.

ARISTOTLE : *Politics*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

BUT it is the object of a liberal education not only to obscure the knowledge of one sex by another, but to magnify the natural differences between the two. Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords ; and the little rift between the sexes is astonishingly widened by simply teaching one set of catchwords to the girls and another to the boys. To the first there is shown but a very small field of experience, and taught a very trenchant principle for judgment and action ; to the other, the world of life is more largely displayed, and their rule of conduct is proportionally widened. They are taught to follow different virtues, to hate different vices, to place their ideal, even for each other, in

different achievements. What should be the result of such a course? When a horse has run away, and the two flustered people in the gig have each possessed themselves of a rein, we know the end of that conveyance will be in the ditch.

R. L. STEVENSON: *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

I AM ignorant of any one quality that is amiable in a man that is not equally so in a woman: I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly which is not equally detestable in both. . . .

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men for which they are not just so much the worst, except that only of reservedness; which however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberties before you; so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the presence of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

SWIFT: *A Letter to a Very Young Lady on Her Marriage*, early eighteenth century.

I ASSERT that men and women have been caste in the same mould; save for laws and customs the difference between them is not great. Plato summons both equally to share in all studies, exercises, burdens and occupations, military or civil, in his republic, and the philosopher Antisthenes denied any distinction

between their virtue and ours. It is much easier to accuse one sex than to excuse the other : it's a case of the pot calling the kettle black.

MONTAIGNE : *Essays*, 1580.

"WHAT'S sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." This is an Englishwoman's proverb. The Italian sisterhood complain that "In men every mortal sin is venial ; in women every venial sin is mortal." These are almost the only proverbs relating to women in which justice is done to them, all the rest being manifestly the work of the unfair sex.

W. K. KELLY : *Proverbs of all Nations*, 1859.

IN good ffaythe (quothe John Borghese) a merry olde gentleman well taken amonge them and made the lorde of the bath for the tyme yt maketh no matter what we saye of you ffor whatsoever we saye in the ende we are fayne to doe as ye will.

WILLIAM BERCHER : *The Nobyltye of Wymen*, 1559.

As women, then, the first thing of importance is to be content to be inferior to men—inferior in mental power, in the same proportion that you are inferior in bodily strength. Facility of movement, aptitude, and grace, the bodily frame of woman may possess in a higher degree than that of man ; just as in the softer touches of mental and spiritual beauty, her character may present a lovelier page than his. Yet as the great attribute of power is wanting there, it becomes more immediately her business to inquire how this want may be supplied.



## THE SEXES NOT COMPARABLE 117

An able and eloquent writer on "Woman's mission," has justly observed that woman's strength is in her influence.

MRS. ELLIS: *The Daughters of England*, 1842.

WE are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the "superiority" of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things. Each has what the other has not: each completes the other, and is completed by the other: they are in nothing alike, and the happiness and perfection of both depends on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

. . . The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. His intellect is for speculation and invention; his energy for adventure, for war, and for conquest, wherever war is just, wherever conquest necessary. But the woman's power is for rule, not for battle,—and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but for sweet ordering, arrangement, and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims, and their places. Her great function is Praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly adjudges the crown of contest.

RUSKIN: *Sesame and Lilies*, 1865.

ARE two notes of the same musical chord unequal or of different nature? Man and woman are the two notes without which the Human chord is impossible.

MAZZINI: *The Duties of Man*, 1858.

MEN and women make  
The world, as head and heart make human life.

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

As unto the bow the cord is,  
So unto the man is woman,  
Though she bends him, she obeys him,  
Though she draws him, yet she follows,  
Useless each without the other !

LONGFELLOW: *Hiawatha*, 1855.

A SIMILAR question may be raised about women and children [as about slaves] whether they too have virtues. . . .

Clearly, then, moral virtue belongs to all of them ; but the temperance of a man and of a woman, or the courage and justice of a man and of a woman, are not, as Socrates maintained, the same ; the courage of a man is shown in commanding, of a woman in obeying. . . . All classes must be deemed to have their special attributes ; as the poet says of women,

Silence is a woman's glory,  
but this is not equally the glory of a man.

ARISTOTLE: *Politics*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

"A PERFECT woman and a perfect man ought to be no more alike in soul than in body."

ROUSSEAU: *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, 1760.

"No, no, it is not man's nature. I will not allow it to be more man's nature than woman's to be inconstant and forget those they do love, or have loved. I believe the reverse. I believe in a true analogy between our bodily frames and our mental ; and that as our bodies are the strongest, so are our feelings ; capable of bearing most rough usage, and riding out the heaviest weather."

"Your feelings may be the strongest," replied Anne, "but the same spirit of analogy will authorise me to assert that ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived ; which exactly explains my view of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be too hard upon you, if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends, all quitted. Neither time, nor health, nor life, to be called your own. It would be too hard, indeed . . . if a woman's feelings were to be added to all this."

JANE AUSTEN: Captain Harville and Anne Elliot, in *Persuasion*, 1818.

THE woman's part should be to cultivate the affections and the imagination ; the man's the intellect of their common soul. She must teach him how to apply his knowledge to men's hearts. He must teach her how to arrange that knowledge into practical and theoretical forms. In this the woman has the nobler task.

CHARLES KINGSLEY: *Life and Letters* (1842).

THIS sex is certainly superior to ours in respect of the most fundamental attribute of the human species, the tendency to make sociability predominate over personality. By this moral attribute, quite apart from any material services, it is entitled in perpetuity to our tender reverence, as being the purest and most perfect type of Humanity, which can never be figured worthily under a masculine form. A natural superiority such as this, however, will not serve to secure to women that social predominance of which, though without their knowledge, some have dreamed for them. For the direct superiority which must be allowed them in reference to the true end of all human existence is combined with a no less certain inferiority in respect of the various means for attaining that end. In every form of strength, not only of the body but also of the mind and the character, man, in accordance with the ordinary rule of the animal kingdom, unquestionably surpasses woman.

The dominating element in practical life, however, is not affection but strength, since that life calls for unceasing and laborious activity. If, as in that Christian Utopia based upon a future life released from all material conditions, to love were enough, woman would reign. In fact, however, it is above all things necessary to act and to think, in order to maintain the contest with the rigours of our actual destiny; therefore, man must command, spite of his inferior morality. In every great undertaking, success depends more on energy and on ability than on enthusiasm, though no doubt this third element reacts strongly upon the other two.

MORALLY, the general superiority of women over men is, I think, unquestionable. . . . Self-sacrifice is the most conspicuous element of a virtuous and religious character, and it is certainly far less common among men than among women, whose whole lives are usually spent in yielding to the will and consulting the pleasure of another. There are two great departments of virtue: the impulsive, or that which springs spontaneously from the emotions, and the deliberative, or that which is performed in obedience to the sense of duty; and in both of these I imagine women are superior to men. Their sensibility is greater, they are more chaste both in thought and act, more tender to the erring, more compassionate to the suffering, more affectionate to all about them. On the other hand, those who have traced the course of the wives of the poor, and of many who, though in narrow circumstances, can hardly be called poor, will probably admit that in no other class do we so often find entire lives spent in daily persistent self-denial, in the patient endurance of countless trials, in the ceaseless and deliberate sacrifice of their own enjoyments to the well-being or the prospects of others. In active courage women are inferior to men. In the courage of endurance they are commonly their superiors; but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of the intellect they are decidedly inferior. To repeat an expression which I have already employed, women very rarely love truth, though they love passionately what they call "the truth," or opinions they have

received from others, and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions, and their leaning is naturally to the side of restriction. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief rather as a source of consolation than as a faithful expression of the reality of things. They are less capable than men of perceiving qualifying circumstances, of admitting the existence of elements of good in the systems to which they are opposed, of distinguishing the personal character of an opponent from the opinions he maintains. Men lean most to justice, women to mercy. Men are most addicted to intemperance and brutality, women to frivolity and jealousy. Men excel in energy, self-reliance, perseverance, and magnanimity; women in humility, gentleness, modesty, and endurance. The realising imagination which causes us to pity and to love is more sensitive in women than in men, and it is especially more capable of dwelling on the unseen. Their religious or devotional realisations are incontestably more vivid; and it is probable that, while a father is most moved by the death of a child in his presence, a mother generally feels most the death of a child in some distant land. But though more intense, the sympathies of women are commonly less wide than those of men. Their imaginations individualise more, their affections are, in consequence, concentrated rather on leaders than on causes; and if they care for a great cause, it is generally because

it is represented by a great man, or connected with some one whom they love. In politics, their enthusiasm is more naturally loyalty than patriotism. In history, they are even more inclined than men to dwell exclusively upon biographical incidents or characteristics as distinguished from the march of general causes. In benevolence, they excel in charity, which alleviates individual suffering, rather than in philanthropy, which deals with large masses, and is more frequently employed in preventing than in allaying calamity.

LECKY: *History of European Morals*, 1869.

THERE are, at least, three real saints among the women to one amongst the men, in every denomination.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, 1859.

OF this patience then I want to give you at least two examples: one of a certain religious woman, who aimed at the virtue of patience so eagerly that she not only did not avoid the assaults of temptation, but actually made for herself occasions of trouble that she might not cease to be tried more often. For this woman, as she was living at Alexandria and was born of no mean ancestors, and was serving the Lord religiously in the house which had been left to her by her parents, came to Athanasius the Bishop, of blessed memory, and entreated him to give her some other widow to support, who was being provided for at the expense of the Church. And to give her petition in

her own words : "Give me," she said, "one of the sisters to look after." When then the Bishop had commended the woman's purpose because he saw that she was very ready for a work of mercy, he ordered a widow to be chosen out of the whole number, who was preferred to all the rest for the goodness of her character, and her grave and well-regulated life, for fear lest her wish to be liberal might be overcome by the fault of the recipient of her bounty, and she who sought gain out of the poor might be disgusted at her bad character and so suffer an injury to her faith. And when the woman was brought home, she ministered to her with all kinds of service, and found out her excellent modesty and gentleness, and saw that every minute she was honoured by thanks from her for her kind offices, and so after a few days she came back to the afore-said Bishop and said : "I asked you to bid that a woman be given to me for me to support and to serve with obedient complaisance." And when he, not yet understanding the woman's object and desire, thought that her petition had been neglected by the deceitfulness of the superior, and inquired, not without some anger in his mind, what was the reason of the delay, at once he discovered that a widow who was better than all the rest had been assigned to her, and so he secretly gave orders that the one who was the worst of all should be given to her, the one, I mean, who surpassed in anger and quarrelling and wine-bibbing and talkativeness all who were under the power of these faults. And when she was only too easily found and given to her, she began to keep her at



home, and to minister to her with the same care as to the former widow, or even more attentively, and this was all the thanks which she got from her for her services: viz. to be constantly tried by unworthy wrongs and continually annoyed by her by reproaches and upbraiding, as she complained of her, and chid her with spiteful and disparaging remarks, because she had asked for her from the Bishop not for her refreshment but rather for her torment and annoyance, and had taken her away from rest to labour instead of from labour to rest. When then her continual reproaches broke out so far that the wanton woman did not restrain herself from laying hands on her, the other only redoubled her services in still humbler offices, and learnt to overcome the vixen not by resisting her, but by subjecting herself still more humbly, so that, when provoked by all kinds of indignities, she might smooth down the madness of the shrew by gentleness and kindness. And when she had been thoroughly strengthened by these exercises, and had attained the perfect virtue of the patience she had longed for, she came to the aforesaid Bishop to thank him for his decision and choice as well as for the blessing of her exercise, because he had at last as she wished provided her with a most worthy mistress for her patience, strengthened daily by whose constant annoyance, as by some oil for wrestling, she had arrived at complete patience of mind; and at last, said she, you have given me one to support, for the former one rather honoured and refreshed me by her services. This may be sufficient to have told about the female sex, that by this tale we may not only be

edified, but even confounded, as *we* cannot maintain our patience unless we are like wild beasts removed in caves and cells.

CASSIAN: *Conferences*, 426.

Also Japanese women have curious Souls. The other day in Nagano, a politician told a treacherous lie. Whereupon his wife robed herself all in white as those are robed who are about to journey to the world of ghosts, and purified her lips according to the holy rite, and, taking from the store-room an ancient family sword, thereupon slew herself. And she left a letter, regretting that she had but one life to give in expiation of the shame and the wrong of that lie. And the people do now worship at her grave, and strew flowers thereupon, and pray for daughters with hearts as brave. . . . But the worms are eating her.

LAFCADIO HEARN: *Life and Letters*  
(to Ellwood Hendrick, 1892).

MEN make the laws, women make morals.

GUIBERT: *Le Connétable de Bourbon*, 1775.

"WOMANHOOD," my father-in-law went on, picking his phrases carefully as was his wont, "is the Government in matters of sex. Change of opinion must lead

logically to alteration of law. We men in perennial opposition may talk as wildly as we please." . . .

"Yes," he went on, "women would always rather that a woman broke the law and suffered than that the law were called in question. So would the woman herself in nine cases out of ten. A woman takes punishment as no man will. A man spends ingenuity proving that he is right to yield to temptation. A woman will tell you quite plainly that she is going to do wrong and is prepared to suffer for it.

GRANVILLE BARKER: *Georgiana*  
(English Review, 1909.)

HE that would learn what's seemly in each case  
Should ask of noble women ; for to them  
This is their greatest interest, that all  
Should seemly be and fit, that comes to pass.  
Propriety doth like a wall surround  
The tender, lightly wounded sex, and where  
Bold licence holds the field, they count for nought,  
So, would you ask of each their sex's law,  
Know this : man's aim is freedom, order woman's.

GOETHE: Princess, in *Torquato Tasso*, 1788.

IT is for men to do great deeds and for women to  
inspire them thereto.

SÉGUR: *Les Femmes*, 1801.

HE who has won a good woman's love  
Of every ill deed is ashamed.

WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE: *Ein  
niewwer Sumer*, about 1200.

WOMEN are the true refiners of the gold that is in man ; they do not, it is true, add to its weight, but they give it lustre and polish.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *Letters to his Son* (1751).

You cannot think that the buckling on of the knight's armour by his lady's hand was a mere caprice of romantic fashion. It is the type of an eternal truth—that the soul's armour is never well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it ; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails.

RUSKIN: *Sesame and Lilies*, 1865.

AH wasteful woman, she who may  
On her sweet self set her own price,  
Knowing he cannot choose but pay,  
How has she cheapened paradise ;  
How given for naught her priceless gift,  
How spoil'd the bread and spilled the wine,  
Which spent with due respective thrift,  
Had made brutes men, and men divine !

COVENTRY PATMORE: *The Angel in the House*, 1854.

O FAIREST of creation ! last and best  
Of God's works ! creature in whom excelled  
Whatever can to sight or thought be formed  
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !  
How art thou lost !

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, 1667.

WOMAN, the pride and happiness of man,  
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan  
Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought ;  
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught  
With softest arts, and sure, through hidden skill,  
To humanise, and mould us to her will ;  
Woman, with more than common grace formed here,  
With the persuasive language of a tear  
To melt the rugged temper of our isle,  
Or win us to her purpose with a smile ;  
Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,  
The fairest, best reward of every deed  
Which bears the stamp of honour ; at whose name  
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,  
And dared beyond belief, whilst o'er the plain,  
Spurning the carcasses of princes slain,  
Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew  
The fatal trump, and Death stalked full in view ;  
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by  
As having lost its use.

CHURCHILL: *The Times*, 1764.

A WOMAN's counsel is not worth much, but he that despises it is no wiser than he should be.

Proverbial.

To consult women in matters of difficulty, as the Germans used to do in old times, is by no means a matter to be overlooked ; for their way of grasping a thing is quite different from ours, chiefly because they like the shortest way to the point, and usually keep their attention fixed upon what lies nearest ; while we, as a rule, see beyond it, for the simple reason that it lies directly under our nose ; it then becomes

necessary for us to be brought back to the thing in order to obtain a near and single view. That is why women are more sober in their judgment than we, and why they see nothing more in things than is really there ; while we, if our passions are roused, slightly exaggerate or add to our imagination.

SCHOPENHAUER: *Über die Weiber*, 1851.  
Trans. Mrs. R. Dircks.

No one can think more highly of the understanding of women than I do. In my opinion, Nature has given them so much, that they never find it necessary to use more than half.

JANE AUSTEN: Henry Tilney, in *Northanger Abbey*, 1818.

WOMEN are wise offhand, and fools on reflection.

Proverbial—Italian.

TAKE your wife's first advice and not her second.

Proverbial—English.

It is desirable for a man, before he enters upon any important undertaking, to consult ten intelligent persons among his particular friends ; or, if he have not more than five such friends, let him consult each of them twice ; or, if he have not more than one friend, he should consult him ten times, at ten different visits ; if he have not one to consult, let him return to his wife and consult her ; and whatever she advises him to do, let him do the contrary ; so shall he proceed rightly in his affair and attain his object.

EL-IMÁM EL-JARA'EE: *Shir'at el-Islám*, twelfth century (cited in Lane's *Arabian Nights*),

WOMMENNÉS conseils been ful ofté colde :  
Wommennés conseil broghte us first to wo  
And made Adam fro Paradys to go,  
Ther as he was ful myrie and wel at ese.

CHAUCER: *Nun's Priest's Tale*, late  
fourteenth century.

It is related that, in the days of the children of Israel, it was established that God would grant three wishes made by a man who for forty years, having committed no sin, whether mortal or venial, had observed his fasts, had prayed at the prescribed hours, and had wronged no one. At that time there was among the children of Israel a man, devout and well-doing, called Youssouf. His wife, religious and chaste like himself, bore the name of Kirisf. This Youssouf, conforming to the orders of supreme God, devoted himself for forty years to religious practises. He then said to himself: "What now shall I ask of God? I ought to consult a friend, and determine with him as to the wish which it will be best for me to make."

In spite of all his inquiries, however, he was unable to discover a friend suited to his purpose, so he returned home, and his eyes lighted on his wife. "No one in the world," thought he, "has greater love for me than my wife; she is my companion and the mother of my children, and my happiness will be hers. No one will give me better advice than she will. I will consult her." Then, addressing himself to her, he said: "You know that during forty years I have obeyed the orders of God and have the right to give effect to three wishes. There is not in the whole

universe, any person more devoted to me than you are. Tell me : what shall I ask of supreme God ? ” “ You know,” replied his wife to him, “ that in this bad world you alone exist for me and are the light of my eyes ; you know that man delights to look upon woman and that your sight reposes on me ; your heart ever experiences joy at the sight of me, and my company renders your life agreeable. Ask then of God that He should grant me beauty such as He has never given to any woman. Every day that you cross the threshold and let your eyes fall on me, my charms will bring delight to your heart, and we shall pass the remainder of our life in joyance.”

Yousseuf approved of these words, and uttered a wish in the following words : “ Lord, give to this woman, my wife, a beauty such as no woman has ever possessed.” His prayer was granted ; the next day, when the wife of Yousseuf rose from her bed, she was no longer the same creature as when she had gone to sleep. Never had features so ravishing as hers been seen. Yousseuf, looking on them, was entranced, and all but fainted for joy. Every day his wife became more beautiful : at the end of a week her charms had become so irresistible that no man could support the sight of them. The fame of her beauty spread throughout the universe ; men and women rushed to see her, and travelled from the remotest lands to feast their eyes.

One day she cast her eyes on a mirror ; she saw therein her entrancing features and the perfection of her charms. She was filled with joy thereat, and pride and vanity entered her heart. “ Where in the



whole world," she said to herself, "is there now a being resembling me? Who has such beauty and such attractions? And yet I am the companion and the equal of this poor man, whose only food is barley bread and who has neither a livelihood nor the means of gaining one. He is an old man with no share in the good things of this world, and my life with him is one of poverty. A king would be the proper husband for me, and now he would cover me with gold and jewels and precious stuffs, and would load me with signs of his affection."

These reflections caused pride and hope to spring up in the heart of Kirisf. She began to behave to Yousseuf in a manner by no means fitting, and she gave proof of a bad character. She showed disobedience to her husband, and actually reached the point of overwhelming him with insults. "Why," she asked, "am I your companion, yours who have not even bread enough to eat your fill?"

Yousseuf had three or four small children. His wife gave up attending to them, and her conduct became so hateful that her husband lost patience and was no longer able to bear her.

Turning his eyes towards heaven, he cried : " Lord, change this woman into a bear," and thus she received the punishment that she deserved. She spent her time walking up and down before the door and along the walls and the terrace of the house, and, all day long, tears streamed from her eyes.

Yousseuf was in despair at having made this request of God in these terms. The attention which he was now obliged to give to his children no longer

permitted him to perform his duties towards God, and it became impossible for him to pray at the canonical hours. Yielding to necessity, he raised his face and hands towards heaven and cried : " O Lord, restore to this bear her former shape ; make her, as of old, full of devoted affection, so that she may be able to pour out her care upon her children, and that I, Thy servant, may spend my time in adoration of Thee." In a moment Kirisf became a woman as before ; she was, as of old, full of tenderness towards her children and devoted herself to them with the most anxious care. Never did she say a word of her experiences, and she thought that all that had happened had been but a dream. Thanks to the ideas and caprices of his wife, the forty years of Youssouf's devotion were as a heap of dust scattered by the wind.

This story was ever after cited to point the moral that, in this sublunary world, no man should ever follow the advice of women.

NIZAM OUL-MOULK : *Siasset Nameh*  
(Manual of Administration), 1032.

SUMMER-SOWN corn and women's advice turn out well once in seven years.

Proverbial—German.

OF those who escaped from the taking of Ilion, the greater part, having met with tempests and been carried, through their lack of skill in sailing and ignorance of the sea, to the shore of Italy, made land and harboured as best they might at the mouth of the river Tiber. And the men went wandering

over the country in search of guides, but to the women came the thought that to those desiring a prosperous and happy life, any settlement on firm land was preferable to all their wandering and seafaring, and that they should make themselves a native land since they could never regain that which they had lost. So, putting their heads together, they burnt the ships, starting the fire, it is said, with one that bore the name of Roma. Having accomplished this, as the men were coming down to the seashore to the rescue, the women went to meet them, and fearing their anger, laid hold of them, some of husbands, and others of kinsmen, and kissed them very sweetly, and smoothed them down by loving ways. And from this arose and remains among the Roman women the custom of greeting their kindred with a kiss. For the Trojans, recognising, as it seems, that the matter was past help, and also having met with kindness and a friendly welcome from the inhabitants, reconciled themselves to what had been done, and settled down on the spot among the Latins.

PLUTARCH: *Noble Deeds of Women*,  
first or early second century.

WOMEN are practical creatures.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *The Ordeal of  
Richard Feverel*, 1859.

THE general bent of their talents is toward the practical.

J. S. MILL: *The Subjection of Women*, 1869.

## 136 THE PRACTICAL CREATURE

WOMAN's reason is a practical reason which enables her easily to find the means of arriving at a known end, but does not enable her to discover that end. The social relation of the sexes is admirable. From this association results a moral being of which the woman is the eye and the man the arm, but of which the two parts are so far independent that it is from the man that the woman learns what she must see, and from the woman that the man learns what he must do.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

HARDLY anything can be of greater value to a man of theory and speculation who employs himself, not in collecting materials of knowledge by observation, but in working them up by processes of thought into comprehensive truths of science and laws of conduct, than to carry on his speculations in the companionship, and under the criticism, of a really superior woman. There is nothing comparable to it for keeping his thoughts within the limits of real things, and the actual facts of nature. A woman seldom runs wild after an abstraction.

J. S. MILL: *The Subjection of Women*, 1869.

*Praxagora* [speaking as a man]. I move that now  
the womankind be asked  
To rule the state. In our own homes, ye know,  
They are the managers and rule the house.  
*1st Woman*. O good, good, good! speak on, speak  
on, dear man.

*Praxagora.* That they are better in their ways  
than we

I'll soon convince you. First, they dye their wools  
With boiling tinctures, in the ancient style.  
You won't find *them*, I warrant, in a hurry  
Trying new plans. And would it not have saved  
The Athenian city had she let alone  
Things that worked well, nor idly sought things new ?  
They roast their barley, sitting, as of old :  
They on their heads bear burdens, as of old :  
They keep their Thesmophoria, as of old :  
They bake their honied cheesecakes, as of old :  
They victimise their husbands, as of old :  
They still secrete their lovers, as of old :  
They buy themselves sly dainties, as of old :  
They love their wine unwatered, as of old :  
They like a woman's pleasures, as of old :  
Then let us, gentlemen, give up to them  
The helm of state, and not concern ourselves,  
Nor pry, nor question what they mean to do ;  
But let them really govern, knowing this,  
That statesman-mothers never will neglect  
Their soldier-sons.

ARISTOPHANES: *Ecclesiazusae* (The Women  
in Parliament), 393 B.C. Trans. B. B.  
Rogers.

WOMEN preserve ancient customs more readily, be-  
cause, since they converse with but few persons,  
they remember their first lessons the better.

CICERO: *De Oratore*, about 55 B.C.

## 138 THE CONSERVATIVE CREATURE

TO this psychological conservatism corresponds an organic conservatism, for, in the evolution of species, the female represents the stable element, and even in the human races we sometimes see woman reproducing, in the shape of the head for example, some primitive feature which in the mingling of races has been lost to the male. Thus, in certain parts of Sardinia, where there was once an ancient Egyptian colony, the skulls of the women still show traces, which cannot be found in the men, of the Egyptian type of skull.

LOMBROSO AND FERRERO: *La Donna Delinquente*, 1893.

THE female represents heredity, and the male variation. . . . Females cannot thus vary. They represent the centre of gravity of the biological system. They are that "stubborn power of permanency" of which Goethe speaks. The female not only typifies the race but, metaphor aside, she *is* the race.

LESTER F. WARD: *Pure Sociology*, 1903.

### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

*(still continued)*

#### CHAPTER IX OF VOTES FOR WOMEN

THE story of the Phocian women, though never yet chronicled by any famous historian, is not surpassed for nobility in all the records of womankind. Witness is borne to it, moreover, both by the great festival held by the Phocians at Hyampolis and by ancient traditions, which as a whole and in detail I have set out in the life of Daiphantus. Concerning the women, the story is this: The Phocians and the Thessalians were at one time engaged in a truceless war. For the former had on a single day killed all the Thessalian tyrants and governors in their towns, and the latter had blinded two hundred and fifty Phocian hostages. So the Thessalians invaded Phocis by way of Locri with all their force, and under a decree to spare no grown man and to enslave the children and women. Daiphantus the son of Bathyllus, one of the three Phocian leaders, advised them to march out themselves to meet the Thessalians in battle, and, as regards the women and children, having collected these from all Phocis into a single spot and made a pile of wooden faggots all round, to leave guards behind with instructions, should news come of a Phocian defeat, at once to set fire to the pile and burn every soul within. The rest of the Phocians having voted in favour of this, a speaker got up and said that the women also ought to be asked to assent to the arrangement. If they did not assent, they should be allowed to do as they pleased, without compulsion. The women hearing of this speech, held



a meeting by themselves and voted for the resolution, and crowned Daiphantus, as having given the best of counsel to the Phocians. It is said, moreover, that the children also held a Parliament of their own and gave their votes in the same sense. Matters being thus arranged, the Phocians joined battle with the enemy at Cleonae, in the district of Hyampolis, and were victorious. This resolution of the Phocians came to be known among the Greeks as the "Counsel of Despair"; and the greatest of all festivals to Artemis, the Elaphebolia, is to this day observed in Hyampolis in honour of that victory.

PLUTARCH: *Noble Deeds of Women*, first  
or early second century.



### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

*(still continued)*

#### CHAPTER X

#### WOMEN'S WORK

In the Home: Their Seclusion—Their Home Duties—  
Woman the Jack-of-all-trades.

Outside the Home: In Public Affairs—In Industry  
(herein of Women's Wages)—In Science, Art, and  
Literature.

THUS spake Phocylides : Fourfold are the races of  
women,  
Four are the stocks they spring from. One came  
from a bee ; from a dog one ;  
One from a surly swine ; and one from a horse  
shaggy-coated.  
Lively the last and swift, a joy to the eyes and a  
gadder.  
She from the surly swine, neither good nor thoroughly  
evil.  
She, the dog's daughter, a beast and bitter ; but she  
from the bee's stock  
Good to manage thy house, well-skilled with her  
hands and a worker—  
Her do thou pray to the gods to find for thy lovely  
bridal.

PHOCYLIDES: sixth century B.C.

No woman ought to go outside her house till she is of  
an age to make passers-by ask, not whose wife she  
is, but whose mother she is.

HYPERIDES: fourth century B.C.

A WOMAN is to be from her house three times : when  
she is christened, married, and buried.

Proverbial.

THE woman, the cat, and the chimney should never  
leave the house.

Proverbial.

THE rule in Egypt was for the women to have no sandals—so that they might spend their lives within doors. And, indeed, most women, if they were stripped of their golden sandals and bracelets and anklets and purple and pearls, would stay at home.

PLUTARCH: *Conjugal Precepts*, first or early second century.

HOME is the girl's prison and the woman's workhouse.

BERNARD SHAW: *Man and Superman*, 1903.

WOMEN have naturally so many duties peculiar to themselves to perform, that it is impossible to go too far in secluding them from anything that could bring other thoughts into their minds—from all consideration of amusements and from all that can be described as business.

MONTESQUIEU: *De l'Esprit des Lois*, 1748.

WAS Hercules ridiculous and contemptible with his distaff? Omphale would have been not less so at a review or a council-board. Women are not formed for great cares themselves, but to soothe or soften ours; their tenderness is the proper reward for the toils we undergo for their preservation, and the ease and cheerfulness of their conversation our desirable retreat from the labours of study and business. They are confined within the narrow limits of domestic offices; and when they stray beyond them they move eccentrically, and consequently without grace.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *On Female Coxcombs*, 1737.

ASPIRE only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex ; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of among men one way or another.

THUCYDIDES: *History of Peloponnesian War*  
(Funeral Oration of Pericles, 430 B.C.).

YOUR sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown ;  
Of all applause, be fondest of your own.

YOUNG: *The Love of Fame*, 1725-28.

THE best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know ; they are recognised chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the nobleness of their children ; they are only to be divined, not discerned, by the stranger ; and, sometimes, seem almost helpless except in their homes. . . .

RUSKIN: Preface to *Sesame and Lilies*, 1871.

THE happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history.

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Mill on the Floss*, 1860.

As Theano, in drawing her cloak around her, let her arm be seen, a passer-by commented on it : "That's a lovely arm." "But not a public one," said she.

. A prudent woman, however, will regard, not her arm alone, but her words also as "not public," and will shrink from exposing her voice, as she would shrink from exposing her person. For, as she speaks, her emotions and character and nature are laid bare.

PLUTARCH: *Conjugal Precepts*, first or early second century.

IF a woman hates her husband and has said, "Thou shalt not possess me," one shall inquire into her past, what is her lack, and if she has been economical and has no vice, and her husband has gone out and greatly belittled her, that woman has no blame; she shall take her marriage portion and go off to her father's house.

If she has not been economical, a goer-about, has wasted her house, has belittled her husband, that woman one shall throw her into the waters.

*Laws of Khammurabi: about 2350 B.C.*

WE have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them nowadays affect a sort of fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for service, by telling them that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blamable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father, or her husband. All she has to do in the world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother.

STEELE: *The Spectator* (1712).

FOR nothing lovelier can be found  
In woman, than to study household good,  
And good works in her Husband to promote.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, 1667.

"A MAD girl, a mad girl," said the little friar.

"How a mad girl?" said brother Michael. "Has she not beauty, grace, wit, sense, discretion, dexterity, learning, and valour?"

“Learning!” exclaimed the little friar; “what has a woman to do with learning? And valour! who ever heard a woman commended for valour? Meekness and mildness, and softness, and gentleness, and tenderness, and humility, and obedience to her husband, and faith in her confessor, and domesticity, or, as learned doctors call it, the faculty of stayathomeitiveness, and embroidery, and music, and pickling; and preserving, and the whole complex and multiplex detail of the noble science of dinner, as well in preparation for the table, as in arrangement over it, and in distribution around it to knights, and squires, and ghostly friars,—these are female virtues: but valour—why, who ever heard ——?”

T. L. PEACOCK: *Maid Marian*, 1822.

THOUGHT of the state of women under the ancient Greeks—convenient enough. Present state, a remnant of the barbarism of the chivalric and feudal ages—artificial and unnatural. They ought to mind home—and be well fed and clothed—but not mixed in society. Well educated, too, in religion—but to read neither poetry nor politics—nothing but books of piety and cookery. Music—drawing—dancing—also a little gardening and ploughing now and then. I have seen them mending the roads in Epirus with good success. Why not, as well as haymaking and milking?

BYRON: *Journal*, 1821.

THEN, for my meaning as to women’s work, what *should* I mean, but scrubbing furniture, dusting walls, sweeping floors, making the beds, washing up the



crockery, ditto the children, and whipping them when they want it,—mending their clothes, cooking their dinners,—and when there are cooks more than enough, helping with the farm work, or the garden, or the dairy? Is *that* plain speaking enough? Have I not fifty times over, in season and out of season, dictated and insisted and asseverated and—what stronger word else there may be—that the essentially right life for all womankind is that of the Swiss Paysanne,—and given Gotthelf's Freneli for the perfect type of it, and dedicated to her in "Proserpina" the fairest pansy in the world, keeping only the poor little one of the sand-hills for Ophelia?

RUSKIN: *Fors Clavigera* (1883).

WOMAN's work is the kind of work which man prefers not to do.

CICELY HAMILTON: *Marriage as a Trade*, 1909.

A WOMAN's work, and washing of dishes, is never at an end.

Proverbial.

THE business of a woman's life is things in general, and can as little cease to go on as the world to go round.

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EVERYTHING a woman does is done at odd times.

J. S. MILL: *The Subjection of Women*, 1869.

IN no subject is she required to be deep—of none ought she to be ignorant.

Mrs. BARBAULD: *Legacy to Young Ladies*, 1826.

. . . THERE must be specialists ; but shall no one behold the horizon ? Shall all mankind be specialist surgeons or peculiar plumbers ? Shall all humanity be monomaniac ? Tradition has decided that only half of humanity shall be monomaniac. It has decided that in every home there shall be a tradesman and a Jack-of-all-trades. But it has also decided, among other things, that the Jack-of-all-trades shall be a Jill-of-all-trades. It has decided, rightly or wrongly, that this specialism and this universalism shall be divided between the sexes. Cleverness shall be left for men and wisdom for women. For cleverness kills wisdom ; that is one of the few sad and certain things.

. . . . .  
Our old analogy of the fire remains the most workable one. The fire need not blaze like electricity nor boil like boiling water ; its point is that it blazes more than water and warms more than light. The wife is like the fire, or, to put things in their proper proportion, the fire is like the wife. Like the fire, the woman is expected to cook : not to excel in cooking, but to cook better than her husband who is earning the coke by lecturing on botany or breaking stones. Like the fire, the woman is expected to tell tales to the children, not original and artistic tales, but tales better than would probably be told by a first-class cook. Like the fire, the woman is expected to illuminate and ventilate, not by the most startling revelation or the wildest winds of thought, but better than a man can do it after breaking stones or lecturing. But she cannot be expected to endure anything like

this universal duty if she is also to endure the direct cruelty of competitive or bureaucratic toil. Woman must be a cook, but not a competitive cook ; a school-mistress, but not a competitive school-mistress ; a house-decorator, but not a competitive house-decorator ; a dressmaker, but not a competitive dressmaker. She should have not one trade, but twenty hobbies ; she, unlike the man, may develop all her second-bests. This is what has been really aimed at from the first in what is called the seclusion, or even the oppression, of women. Women were not kept at home in order to keep them narrow ; on the contrary, they were kept at home in order to keep them broad. The world outside the home was one mass of narrowness, a maze of cramped paths, a madhouse of monomaniacs. It was only by partly limiting and protecting the woman that she was enabled to play at five or six professions and so come almost as near to God as the child when he plays at a hundred trades. But the woman's professions, unlike the child's, were all truly and almost terribly fruitful ; so tragically real that nothing but her universality and balance prevented them being merely morbid.

The shortest way of summarising the position is to say that woman stands for the idea of Sanity ; that intellectual home to which the mind must return after every excursion or extravagance.

G. K. CHESTERTON: *What's Wrong with the World*, 1910.

To promote a woman to bear rule, superioritie, dominion, or empire above any Realm, Nation, or Citie, is repugnant to Nature, contumelie to God, a thing most contrarious to His revealed will and approved ordinance ; and finallie, it is the subversion of good order, of all equitie and justice.

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And first, when I affirme the empire of a woman to be a thing repugnant to Nature, I mean not onlie that God, by the order of His creation, hath spoiled woman of authoritie and dominion, but also that man hath seen, proved, and pronounced just causes why that it should be. Man, I say, in many other cases blind, doth in this behalfe see very clearlie. For who can deny but it is repugneth to Nature, that the blind shall be appointed to lead and conduct such as do see ? That the weake, the sick, and impotent persons shall norishe and kepe the hole and strong ? And finallie, that the foolishe, madde, and phrenetike shall governe the discrete, and give counsel to such as be sober of mind ? And such be al women, compared

unto man in bearing of authoritie. For their sight in civile regiment is but blindness ; their strength, weakness ; their counsel, foolishnes ; and judgment, phrensie, if it be rightlie considered.

JOHN KNOX: *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstruous Regiment of Women*, 1558.

A STATE is lost when a woman manages its public affairs. France perished through a queen. Look at Spain ; the queen governs there. For my part, if my wife wishes a thing it is a reason for me to do the contrary.

NAPOLEON: 1769-1821.

I HAVE observed that they [ladies] have ever had more influence in republics than in a monarchy. 'Tis true, a king has often a powerful mistress, but she is governed by some male favourite. In commonwealths, votes are easily acquired by the fair, and she who has most beauty or art has a great sway in the senate.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: *Letters* (to Countess of Bute, 1758).

THERE is the democratic virus secret in every woman.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *Rhoda Fleming*, 1865.

Shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen, and other democrats.

NIETZSCHE: 1844-1900.

I HAVE heard many good men jeer . . . at our taking women to our counsel, accepting their help, and putting a great stake upon their devotion. You have read history, and you know what women can accomplish. They may be trained, equally as we are, to venerate the abstract idea of country, and be a sacrifice to it. Without their aid, and the fire of a fresh life being kindled in their bosoms, no country that has lain like ours in the death-trance can revive. . . .

. . . . .

We have this belief in the eternal life of our country, and the belief is the life itself. But let no strong man among us despise the help of women. I have seen our cause desperate, and those who despaired of it were not women. Women kept the flame alive. They worship in the temple of the cause.

GEORGE MEREDITH: Mazzini, in *Vittoria*,  
1867.

THE best of women are apt to be a little weak in the great practical arts of give-and-take, and putting up with a beating, and a little too strong in their belief in the efficacy of government. Men learn about these things in the ordinary course of their business; women have no chance in home life, and the boards and councils will be capital schools for them. Again, in the public interest it will be well; women are more naturally economical than men, and have none of our false shame about looking after

pence. Moreover, they don't job for any but their lovers, husbands, and children, so that we know the worst.

T. H. HUXLEY: *Life and Letters* (to Sir John Donnelly, 1894).

It is contrary to reason and to nature that women should be mistresses in the house, as was the rule among the Egyptians, but there is no such objection to their governing an empire. In the first case, their natural weakness denies them predominance; in the latter, their very weakness gives them more gentleness and moderation—which, far oftener than the sterner and harsher virtues, form the elements of good government.

In the Indies the rule of women is found very satisfactory, and it is a rule that, failing male issue of a mother of equal rank, daughters born of a mother of royal blood should succeed. A body of advisers is given to them to help them to sustain the burdens of government. According to Mr. Smith, Africa can show equally satisfactory experiences of female rule. If to this we add the examples of Russia and of England, we shall see that women succeed equally in constitutional and in despotic government.

MONTESQUIEU: *De l'Esprit des Lois*,  
1748.

If anything conclusive could be inferred from experience, without psychological analysis, it would be that the things which women are not allowed

to do are the very ones for which they are peculiarly qualified; since their vocation for government has made its way, and become conspicuous, through the very few opportunities which have been given; while in the lines of distinction which apparently were freely open to them, they have by no means so eminently distinguished themselves. We know how small a number of reigning queens history presents, in comparison with that of kings. Of this smaller number a far larger proportion have shown talents for rule; though many of them have occupied the throne in difficult periods. It is remarkable, too, that they have, in a great number of instances, been distinguished by merits the most opposite to the imaginary and conventional character of women: they have been as much remarked for the firmness and rigour of their rule as for its intelligence.

J. S. MILL: *The Subjection of Women*,  
1869.

ALBERT grows daily fonder and fonder of politics and business, and is so wonderfully *fit* for both—such perspicacity and such *courage*—and I grow daily to dislike them both more and more. We women are not *made* for governing—and if we are good women, we must *dislike* these masculine occupations; but there are times which force one to take an *interest* in them *mal gré bon gré*, and I do, of course, *intensely*.

QUEEN VICTORIA: *Letters* (to the King of the Belgians, 1852).



EXAMPLES such as these [of displacement of men by women], from special trades and in particular places, might be multiplied indefinitely, and we can scarcely wonder at the generalisation so often made that women are displacing men in the general labour market.

But, on the whole, there seems no foundation for any such generalisation. On the contrary, the reports of the last three censuses indicate that "women are obtaining a smaller, not a larger, proportion of the aggregate employment," although it is right to say that the greater part of the decreased proportion of occupied females has occurred in what is by far the largest of the wage-earning occupations of women, domestic service.

To summarise the statistics of the Memorandum referred to: about four-fifths of the occupied male population are engaged in employments which they monopolise or in which women are a negligible factor as regards possible competition, such as agriculture, mining, fishing, building, transport, wood, gas, and water, and the staple metal and machine-making trades, all of which are virtually male preserves. Only one-fifth of the males are engaged in trades where women

enter to the extent of 1 per cent. of the whole number of occupied females.

Women are making the largest actual and relative advance in commercial, professional, and public employments, and in the chemical and food industries, in each of which groups their rate of increase exceeds that of men, and, among manufactures, in the paper, book-binding, chemical, food, metal and leather classes.

The conclusion is that, while women and juveniles are now engaged in many industries in which the specialisation of machinery enables them to take part, they are not, in any considerable trade or process, displacing adult males in the sense that they are being more largely employed to do work identical with that formerly done by men. The great expansion of women's labour seems to have been in new fields of employment, or in fields which men never occupied.

Royal Commission on the Poor Laws and Relief  
of Distress: *Report of Majority*, 1909.

NEARLY fifty years ago a close relationship was established between infantile mortality and the industrial employment of mothers. Nearly fifty years ago it was shown that the system which dealt so swiftly with the infant, dealt as cruelly, though more slowly, with the child, and dealt perhaps most hardly of all with the mother. Year by year this buried, forgotten evidence is reinforced; but though its lessons are re-taught, they seem never to be learnt.

MAY TENNANT: Chapter on "Infantile Mortality,"  
in *Woman in Industry from Seven Points of View*, 1908.

APPARENTLY, for a time, we can shift a great part of the industrial and administrative burdens of the country on to women, who can undersell their husbands and brothers. We probably effect thereby a real improvement of environment, since a woman of better training and aptitudes can always—for the reasons we have given above—be secured at a lower rate of pay. But we are consuming our one essential form of life-capital, female humanity; and for us, as for all nations, the process must end in disaster.

WHETHAM: *Heredity and Society*, 1912.

THE unorganised woman is even more powerless than the unorganised man; she is more pliable, more inclined to underestimate her own value (industrially), and, I think, on the whole more conscientious.

MARY R. MACARTHUR: Chapter on "Trade Unions," in *Woman in Industry from Seven Points of View*, 1908.

I PUT a question to him upon a fact in common life, which he could not answer, nor have I found any one else who could. What is the reason that women servants, though obliged to be at the expense of purchasing their own clothes, have much lower wages than men servants, to whom a great proportion of that article is furnished, and when in fact our female house servants work much harder than the male?

BOSWELL: *Life of Dr. Johnson* (1773).

IN the textile trades the average wages for adults for a full week's work in 1906 were 28s. 1d. for men and 15s. 5d. for women. . . .

In the clothing trades . . . for those persons who worked full time the averages were . . . 30s. 2d. for men, 13s. 6d. for women.

Board of Trade: *Reports on Earnings and Hours in 1906.*

WOMEN workers appear almost invariably to earn less than men except in a few instances of exceptional ability, and in a few occupations where sexual attraction enters in. Where the inferiority of earnings exists, it is almost always co-existent with an inferiority of work. And the general inferiority of women's work seems to influence their wages in industries in which no such inferiority exists. In the "genteel" vocations women habitually receive less than men; and in the case of clerks and teachers for work of quality and quantity often equal to the men's.

In very few cases is there such a uniformity of condition between men and women workers as to permit of conclusive comparison of their wages for equal work, and in a majority of these, equal wages are given.

Usually, however, the women perform some branch of work which is wholly abandoned to them by the men; and they refrain, whether willingly or not, from engaging in the branches monopolised by their male rivals. The line between the two classes of work is often subtle enough, and it varies from place to place. Moreover, wherever the dividing line may be in any particular locality at any given time, it shifts with almost every change in the industrial process; moving, too, nearly always in the direction of leaving the women in possession of an ever larger

industrial field. The economic boundary between men and women is constantly retreating on the men's side.

It would, however, be a mistake to conclude without further examination that this silent rectification of frontier necessarily implies an economic degradation of the male operatives. The field of employment for women may widen without really narrowing that for men. Economic history contains innumerable instances of the direct supersession of men by women, but men have certainly not fewer branches of employment open to them than their forefathers had.

For every piece of work abandoned to women several entirely new branches have sprung into existence for men, until the simple savage choice between hunting and fishing is now represented by the tens of thousands of separate occupations enumerated by the Registrar-General.

The competition between men and women in industry is, indeed, not so much a direct underselling in wages as a struggle to secure the better-paid kinds of work.

SIDNEY WEBB: *Women's Wages*  
(Economic Journal, 1891).

TACITLY the national system of economy has always accepted the existence of a vital difference in the functions of men and women as the basis of its scale of payment for their services. Normally, a man's wages are calculated to represent, not only his own keep, but also a sum sufficient to maintain a wife and family. This means that it is recognised that a man can perform two duties to the State. He can do his day's work and be the father of a family. A woman's

wage represents her keep only, or sometimes merely pocket-money, while she remains under her parents' roof, for she can only undertake one of the two essential functions of an adult person ; she can either earn her own living, or give birth to and bring up an adequate number of children, in which case her payment is included in the father's wage.

WHETHAM: *Heredity and Society*, 1912.

WOMEN as a rule neither care for nor appreciate any art, and they have no genius. They are successful in small works which only require lightness of touch, taste and grace, sometimes even philosophy and reasoning. They can acquire science, erudition, and accomplishments, and whatever is acquired by dint of hard work. But that divine fire which warms and kindles the soul, that genius which consumes and devours, that burning eloquence, those heavenly transports which carry their raptures to the very bottom of the heart, are always absent from the writings of women : these are always cold and pretty like themselves : they will always have as much intellect as you like, never any soul ; they will be sensible a hundred times more often than passionate. They do not know how to describe, or even to feel, love. Sappho alone, that I know of, and one other, deserve to be excepted.

ROUSSEAU ; *Lettre à M. d'Alembert*, 1758.

WOMAN, sister, there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant—not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you *can* create yourselves into any of these great creators, why have you not?

DE QUINCEY: *Joan of Arc*, 1847.

ONE would be more justified in calling them the *unæsthetic sex* than the beautiful. Neither for music, nor for poetry, nor for fine art have they any real or true sense and susceptibility, and it is mere mockery on their part, in their desire to please, if they affect any such thing.

One need only watch the way they behave at a concert, the opera, or the play; the childish simplicity, for instance, with which they keep on chattering during the finest passages in the greatest masterpieces. If it is true that the Greeks forbade women to go to the play, they acted in a right way; for they would at any rate be able to hear something. In our day it would be more appropriate to substitute *taceat mulier in theatro* for *taceat mulier in ecclesia*; and this might perhaps be put up in big letters on the curtain.

Nothing different can be expected of women if it is borne in mind that the most eminent of the whole sex have never accomplished anything in the fine arts that is really great, genuine, and original, or given to the world any kind of work of permanent value. This is most striking in regard to painting, the technique of which is as much within their reach as within ours; this is why they pursue it so industriously. Still, they have not a single great painting to show, for the simple reason that they lack that objectivity of mind which is precisely what is so directly necessary in painting. They always stick to what is subjective. . . . Individual and partial exceptions do not alter the matter; women are and remain, taken altogether, the most thorough and incurable philistines.

SCHOPENHAUER: *Über die Weiber*, 1851.

Trans. Mrs. R. Dircks.

WOMEN have as little imagination as they have reason. They are pure egotists; they cannot go out of themselves. There is no instance of a woman having done anything great in poetry or philosophy. They can act tragedy, because this depends very much on the physical expression of the passions—they can sing, for they have flexible throats and nice ears; they can write romances about love, and talk for ever about nothing.

HAZLITT: *Characteristics*, 1823.

. . . I WILL endeavour to establish two propositions. First, That women naturally prefer the deductive method to the inductive. Secondly, That women by encouraging in men deductive habits of thought, have rendered an immense, though unconscious, service to



the progress of knowledge, by preventing scientific investigators from being as exclusively inductive as they would otherwise be.

BUCKLE: *Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge*, 1858.

IN every power, of which taste is the foundation, excellence is pretty fairly divided between the sexes.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*, 1818.

WOMEN are our superiors, and are necessarily so, in conversation and in the art of letter writing.

LEGOUVÉ: *Histoire morale des Femmes*, 1874.

WOULD you desire at this day to read our noble language in its native beauty, picturesque from idiomatic propriety, racy in its phraseology, delicate yet sinewy in its composition, steal the mail-bags and break open all the letters in female handwriting.

So far as concerns idiomatic English, we are satisfied, from the many beautiful female letters which we have heard upon chance occasions from every quarter of the empire, that they, the educated women of Great Britain, are the true and best depositaries of the old mother idiom.

DE QUINCEY: *Essay on Style*, 1840.

WOMEN preserve most tenaciously the ancient modes of speech.

PLATO: *Cratylus*, fourth century B.C.

. . . NOR is there any purer or more graceful English than that which accomplished women now speak and write.

MACAULAY: *History of England*, 1848.

EVEN in the matter of cooking we may see how emphatic is the tendency of an art to fall into the hands of men. All over the world cooking, as an industry, is women's business, yet wherever cooking rises from an industry to become something of an art it is nearly always in the hands of a man.

HAVELOCK ELLIS: *Man and Woman*, 1894.

It requires at least ten years' instruction before a man can get a woman to cook his chop as he likes it.

GEORGE MEREDITH: Tom Cogglesby, in  
*Evan Harrington*, 1860.

THERE is . . . one art in which women may be said not merely to nearly rival but actually to excel men: this is the art of acting.

HAVELOCK ELLIS: *Man and Woman*, 1894.

THE power of acting is more native with women than with men.

LEGOUVÉ: *Histoire morale des Femmes*, 1874.

RETURNING again to our actresses, I ask how a profession, in which the sole object is to be looked at, and what is worse, to be looked at for money, would be suitable for good women, and could be reconciled in them with modesty and good principles.

ROUSSEAU: *Lettre à M. d'Alembert*, 1758.

HE thought portrait-painting an improper employment for a woman. "Publick practice of any art (he observed), and staring in men's faces, is very indelicate in a female."

BOSWELL: *Life of Dr. Johnson* (1775).

LITERATURE cannot be the business of a woman's life, and it ought not to be.

SOUTHEY: Letter to Charlotte Brontë, 1837.

WOMEN are good novelists, but indifferent poets; and this because they rarely or never distinguish between fact or fiction.

S. T. COLERIDGE: *Literary Remains*, 1772-1834.

WOMEN (saving Joanna Baillie) cannot write tragedy: they have not seen enough nor felt enough of life for it. I think Semiramis or Catherine II might have written (could they have been unqueened) a rare play.

BYRON: Letter to Mr. Moore, 1815.

OF all the great religious movements of the world nearly ninety-nine in every hundred have received their primary impulse from men, however willing women may have been to follow.

HAVELOCK ELLIS: *Man and Woman*, 1894.

*Johnson.* A woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all.

BOSWELL: *Life of Dr. Johnson* (1763).

THERE are no women of genius; women of genius are all men.

GONCOURT: 1822-96.

MOREOVER, it is noteworthy that women of genius present as a rule male characteristics.

LOMBROSO AND FERRERO: *La Donna Delinquente*, 1893.

GENIUS is more common among men [than among women] by virtue of the same general tendency by which idiocy is more common among men. The two facts are but two aspects of a larger zoological fact—the greater variability of the male.

HAVELOCK ELLIS: *Man and Woman*, 1894.

No production in philosophy, science, or art, entitled to the first rank, has been the work of a woman. . . . High originality of conception is . . . what is chiefly wanting. And now to examine if there is any manner in which this deficiency can be accounted for.

Let us remember, then, so far as regards mere thought, that during all that period in the world's existence, and in the progress of cultivation, in which great and fruitful new truths could be arrived at by mere force of genius, with little previous study and accumulation of knowledge—during all that time women did not concern themselves with speculation at all. From the days of Hypatia to those of the Reformation, the illustrious Heloisa is almost the only woman to whom any such achievement might have been possible; and we know not how great a capacity of speculation in her may have been lost to mankind by the misfortunes of her life. Never since any considerable number of women have begun to cultivate serious thought has originality been possible on easy terms. Nearly all the thoughts which can be reached by mere strength of original faculties have long since been arrived at; and originality, in any high sense of the word, is now scarcely ever attained but by minds which have undergone elaborate disci-

pline, and are deeply versed in the results of previous thinking. It is Mr. Maurice, I think, who has remarked on the present age, that its most original thinkers are those who have known most thoroughly what has been thought by their predecessors ; and this will always henceforth be the case. Every fresh stone in the edifice has now to be placed on the top of so many others, that a long process of climbing and of carrying up materials, has to be gone through by whoever aspires to take a share in the present stage of the work. How many women are there who have gone through any such process ? Mrs. Somerville, alone perhaps of women, knows as much of mathematics as is now needful for making any considerable mathematical discovery : is it any proof of inferiority in women that she has not happened to be one of the two or three persons who in her lifetime have associated their names with some striking advancement of the science ? Two women, since political economy has been made a science, have known enough of it to write usefully on the subject : of how many of the innumerable men who have written on it during the same time is it possible with truth to say more ? If no woman has hitherto been a great historian, what woman has hitherto had the erudition ? If no woman is a great philologist, what woman has studied Sanscrit and Slavonic, the Gothic of Ulphila and the Persic of the Zendavesta ? . . . When women have had the preparation which all men now require to be eminently original, it will be time enough to begin judging by experience of their capacity for originality.

J. S. MILL : *The Subjection of Women*, 1869.

LET us have "sweet girl graduates" by all means. They will be none the less sweet for a little wisdom ; and the "golden hair" will not curl less gracefully outside the head by reason of there being brains within. Nay, if obvious practical difficulties can be overcome, let those women who feel inclined to do so descend into the gladiatorial arena of life, not merely in the guise of *retiariae*, as heretofore, but as bold *sicariae*, breasting the open fray. Let them, if they so please, become merchants, barristers, politicians. Let them have a fair field, but let them understand, as the necessary correlative, that they are to have no favour. Let Nature alone sit high above the lists, "rain influence and adjudge the prize."

And the result? For our parts, though loth to prophesy, we believe it will be that of other emancipations. Women will find their place, and it will be neither that in which they have been held, nor that to which some of them aspire. Nature's old salique law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected. The big chests, the massive brains, the vigorous muscles and stout frames of the best men will carry the day, whenever it is worth their while to contest the prizes of life with the best women.

T. H. HUXLEY: *Lectures on Science and Education*, 1865.

### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

*(still continued)*

#### CHAPTER XI

#### WOMEN'S EDUCATION

Of whether Women should be Educated and how—  
Of Accomplishments — The fear of the Blue-  
stocking — The special need of Education for  
Women — As being the Weaker — As being the  
Mothers of the Race.

WHEN we take a retrospective view of these sketches of the education of women, it affords matter of astonishment, that a sex, who are the sharers of our nature, and destined to be the companions of our lives, should have been constantly either shamefully neglected, or perverted by what was meant to serve as instruction. In Europe, their education seems only calculated to inspire them with love of admiration, of trifling, and of amusement. In most other places of the globe, it goes a step farther ; it tends to eradicate every moral sentiment, and introduce vice dressed up in the garb of voluptuous refinement. Scarcely has there ever appeared in any period, or in any nation, a legislator who has made it the subject of his serious attention ; and the men, who are greatly interested that women should be sensible and virtuous, seem, by their conduct towards that sex, to have entered into a general conspiracy to render them otherwise.

ALEXANDER : *The History of Women*, 1769.

NOTHING is more neglected than the education of girls. In many cases it depends entirely upon the habits and the caprice of the mothers ; for the female sex it is felt that little instruction is needed. The education of boys is thought to be of great importance for the public interests, and, though in fact hardly fewer mistakes are made about it than about the education of girls, it is at least regarded as an affair which cannot be successfully undertaken without an



abundance of counsellors. Persons of the greatest ability have devoted themselves to formulating rules for the business. Schools and schoolmasters are seen everywhere. Enormous sums are spent on the printing of books, the conduct of scientific inquiries, the systematic teaching of languages, and the choice of professors. All this magnificent apparatus is often more of a show than of a reality ; it serves, nevertheless, to mark the importance attached to the education of boys. As for the girls—why, learning, it is said, is out of place in them ; their curiosity tends to make them conceited and pedantic ; it is quite enough that they should know in time how to manage their households, and to obey their husbands without asking reasons. No opportunity is lost of citing instances of women made ridiculous by their studies, and so the conclusion is reached that the proper course with girls is to leave them blindly to the care of ignorant and silly mothers.

There is no doubt substance in the fear of producing ridiculous female pedants. Women's minds are in general yet weaker and more inquisitive than those of men ; it is therefore altogether a mistake to engage them in studies which can serve only to make them conceited. Their business is not to govern the State, or to make war, or to become ministers of religion. Therefore they can dispense with various large branches of study—relating to political and to military science, to jurisprudence, to metaphysics, and to theology. Most of the mechanical arts also are unsuitable for them. They are made for moderate exertions. Their body, no less than their mind, is far

weaker and far less robust than that of men. By way of compensation, nature has given them industry, orderliness, and frugality, to fit them for the peaceful occupations of their homes.

What deduction, however, are we to draw from the natural weakness of women? Is it not, that the weaker they are, the greater is the importance of making them strong? Have not they also duties to fulfil—nay, duties which lie at the base of all human life? Is it not they who can ruin or maintain families, who settle every detail of domestic life, and who consequently decide on the things that most nearly affect the whole human race? Through this they play the chief part in forming the characters—good or bad—of nearly all the world. A woman possessing judgment, diligence, and piety will be the soul of a great house and its guiding spirit in the affairs of this world and of the next. Men, though they absorb all public authority, cannot by all their deliberations bring about any real improvement in the world unless women help them to put it into practice.

Society is not an abstraction. It is an assemblage of all the families; and who can regulate it more accurately than women who, apart from their natural authority and continual presence in their homes, have the advantage of being born careful, attentive to details, industrious, insinuating and persuasive? Nay, how can men hope themselves to have pleasant lives, if their closest bond, that of marriage, is a galling one? And the children, the people of the future, what will they become, if their earliest years are spoiled by their mothers?

These then are women's occupations, no less important in the public interest than those of men, since they have a house to order, a husband to make happy, and children to bring up well. Add to this, that virtue is a concern of women as much as of men; even if nothing be said of the good or evil that they can do to the public interest, they are half of the human race, redeemed by the blood of Jesus Christ and destined to eternal life.

Finally, we must consider, apart from the good that can be done by women when well brought up, the harm that they cause in the world when they lack an education sufficient to inspire them with virtue. It is beyond controversy that lack of education among women does more harm than its lack among men, for the evil courses of men are often due, on the one hand, to the bad upbringing they have received from their mothers, and, on the other hand, to the passions inspired in them in later life by other women.

What intrigues does not history show us, what revolutions of law and of morals, what sanguinary wars, what irreligious innovations, what changes of government—all caused by lack of regulation among women? Herein lies the proof of the importance of giving a right upbringing to girls; let us consider the means to do so.

FÉNÉLON: *De l'Éducation des filles*, 1688.

THE search for abstract and speculative truths, for principles, for axioms in the sciences, and all that tends to the generalisation of ideas is beyond the sphere of women. Their studies must all concern the practical;

it is for them to apply the principles which man has discovered, and it is for them to make the observations which lead man to the establishment of principles. All the reflections of women on what does not immediately concern their duties, must be directed to the study of men, or to the agreeable accomplishments which have taste for their object. Works of genius are beyond their scope ; nor have they sufficient accuracy and application to succeed in the exact sciences ; and as for the knowledge of physical phenomena, that is for the active sex, which is going about most and seeing most things.

ROUSSEAU : *Émile*, 1762.

OBSERVE me, Sir Anthony. I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning ; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman ; for instance, I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or algebra, or simony, or fluxions, or paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, astronomical, diabolical instruments.—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice. Then, sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts ;—and as she grew up, I would have her instructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries ;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be mistress of orthodoxy, that she might not misspell and mispronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do ; and likewise that she might reprehend

the true meaning of what she is saying. This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know ;—and I don't think there is a superstitious article in it.

SHERIDAN: Mrs. Malaprop, in *The Rivals*, 1775.

. . . THERE is a lightness about the feminine mind—a touch and go—music, the fine arts, that kind of thing—they should study those up to a certain point, women should ; but in a light way, you know. A woman should be able to sit down and play you or sing you a good old English tune.

GEORGE ELIOT: Mr. Brooke, in  
*Middlemarch*, 1872.

MY mother, I believe, never went to any but a dancing school, and her state was the more gracious.

SOUTHEY: *Recollections of Early Life*, 1820.

I DO not think we need trouble ourselves with any plan of instruction for young females. They cannot be brought up better than by their mothers. Public education is not suitable for them, because they are never called upon to act in public. Manners are all in all to them, and marriage is all they look to.

NAPOLEON, 1769–1821.

I DANCED the polka and Cellarius,  
Spun glass, stuffed birds, and modelled flowers in wax,  
Because she liked accomplishments in girls.  
I read a score of books on womanhood  
To prove, if women do not think at all,  
They may teach thinking (to a maiden aunt  
Or else the author)—books demonstrating

Their right of comprehending husbands' talk  
 When not too deep, and even of answering  
 With pretty "may it please you," or "so it is,"—  
 Their rapid insight and fine aptitude,  
 Particular worth and general missionariness,  
 As long as they keep quiet by the fire  
 And never say "no" when the world says "ay,"  
 For that is fatal,—their angelic reach  
 Of virtue, chiefly used to sit and darn,  
 And fatten household sinners,—their, in brief,  
 Potential faculty in everything  
 Of abdicating power in it : she owned  
 She liked a woman to be womanly,  
 And English women, she thanked God and sighed,  
 (Some people always sigh in thanking God),  
 Were models to the universe.

E. B. BROWNING : *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

THERE is hardly a character in the world more  
 despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than  
 that of a learned woman.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU : *Letters*  
 (to Bishop Burnet, 1710).

ONE thinks of a learned woman as one does of a beautiful weapon : it is artistically engraved, wonderfully polished, and of a most elaborate workmanship ; it is a show-piece which one exhibits to connoisseurs, but which is not in use : it neither serves for warfare nor for the chase, any more than a performing horse which may nevertheless be the best trained in the world.

LA BRUYÈRE : *Caractères*, 1688.

AN over-'cute woman's no better nor a long-tailed sheep—she'll fetch none the bigger price for that.

GEORGE ELIOT: Mr. Tulliver, in *The Mill on the Floss*, 1860.

ON woman's modesty some doubt it brings  
To study and to understand too many things.  
To teach her children's minds no wrong to brook,  
To keep her house—her servants overlook,  
To spend her money with economy  
Must be her study and philosophy.  
Our fathers on this point were very wise,  
Who said a woman always plenty knows,  
Whose intellectuality can rise  
To tell a doublet from a pair of hose.

MOLIÈRE: *Les Femmes Savantes*,  
1672.

WOMEN are not formed for political eminence or literary refinement. The softness of their nature, the delicacy of their frame, the timidity of their disposition, and the modesty of their sex, absolutely disqualify them for such difficulties and exertions. . . . In that ardour of understanding which rouses emulation, she would lose that soothing manner which conciliates and endears. The world would be deprived of its fairest ornaments, life of its highest zest, and man of that gentle bosom, on which he can recline amidst the toils of labour and the agonies of disappointment.

J. BENNET: *Strictures on Female Education*, 1788.

BUT I will read your books, though,  
Said she : you'll leave me some, Philip ?

Not I, replied he, a volume.  
This is the way with you all, I perceive, high and low  
together.

Women must read, as if they didn't know all beforehand:  
Weary of plying the pump, we turn to the running  
water,

And the running spring will needs have a pump built  
upon it.

Weary and sick of our books, we come to repose in  
your eyelight,

As to the woodland and water, the freshness and  
beauty of nature.

Lo, you will talk, forsooth, of things we are sick to  
death of.

A. H. CLOUGH: *The Bothie of  
Tober-na-Vuolich*, 1848.

How amiable may a woman be, what a comfort and  
delight to her acquaintance, her friends, her relations,  
her lover, or her husband, in keeping strictly within  
her character ! She adorns all virtues with native  
female softness. Women, while untainted by affecta-  
tion, have a natural cheerfulness of mind, tenderness,  
and benignity of heart, which justly endears them to  
us, either to animate our joys, or soothe our sorrows ;  
but how are they changed, and how shocking do they  
become, when the rage of ambition, or the pride of  
learning, agitates and swells those breasts where only  
love, friendship, and tender care should dwell !

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *On Female  
Coxcombs*, 1737.



A WOMAN who is a wit is the scourge of her husband, her children, her friends, her servants, and everybody.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise  
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?

YOUNG: *The Love of Fame*, 1725-8.

I CANNOT but consider wit in a woman as a real misfortune.

MARIA EDGEWORTH: *Helen*, 1834.

BE even cautious in displaying your good sense. It will be thought that you assume a superiority over the rest of the company. But if you happen to have any learning, keep it a profound secret, especially from the men, who generally look with a jealous and malignant eye on a woman of great parts and a cultivated understanding.

DR. GREGORY: *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters*, 1774.

WHERE people wish to attach, they should always be ignorant. To come with a well-informed mind is to come with an inability of administering to the vanity of others, which a sensible person would always wish to avoid. A woman, especially, if she have the misfortune of knowing anything, should conceal it as well as she can.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*, 1818.

NAKED in nothing should a woman be,  
But veil her very wit with modesty :  
Let man discover, let not her display,  
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

YOUNG: *The Love of Fame*, 1725-8.

I WILL therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary [her grand-daughter] not only capable, but desirous of learning : in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. . . . No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. . . . To render this amusement extensive, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words : this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious : she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare. . . . There are two cautions to be given on this subject : first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or even Greek. . . . The second caution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary) is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness ; the parade of it can only serve to draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and she fools, which will certainly be at least three parts in four of all her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, besides the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effect of a studious life ; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves and will not suffer us to share.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU : *Letters*  
(to the Countess of Bute, 1753).

AT the same time I recommend books, I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it as scandalous

for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: *Letters*  
(to the Countess of Bute, 1753).

. . . WHATEVER training be imposed outside the home circle, it is desirable that from the beginning the two sexes should view its importance in different lights. It may be right to impress on boys that their first duty is to perform the tasks which have been placed upon them from exterior sources, that school must be attended, that lessons must be prepared, in spite of urgent calls from parents and near relatives. It is an attitude which will probably be essential to their success and utility in after life. But the same obligations do not apply in the case of girls; and, if we accept the fact that, for instance, one of the principal duties of womenkind is to mind babies, then it is useless to expect an intelligent girl of twelve to believe in the truth of our doctrine, if she knows that the baby goes unminded at home while she is committing to memory a list of the capes of China, or is experimenting in the incorrect use of the split infinitive.

WHETHAM: *Heredity and Society*, 1912.

THE days of blue-stockings are over: it is a notable fact that the best housekeepers, the neatest needlewomen, the most discreet managers of their own and others' affairs, are ladies whose names the world cons over in library lists and exhibition catalogues.

MRS. CRAIK: *A Woman's Thoughts*  
*about Woman*, 1858.

A GREAT many of the lesser and more obscure duties of life necessarily devolve upon the female sex. The arrangement of all household matters, and the care of children in their early infancy, must of course depend upon them. Now, there is a very general notion, that the moment you put the education of women upon a better footing than it is at present, at that moment there will be an end of domestic economy ; and that, if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aerial and unsatisfactory diet. These, and all such opinions, are referable to one great and common cause of error :—that man does everything, and that nature does nothing ; and that everything we see is referable to some positive institution, rather than to original feeling. Can anything, for example, be more perfectly absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother feels for her children, depends upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics ; and that she would desert an infant for a quadratic equation ? We seem to imagine that we can break in pieces the solemn institution of nature, by the little laws of a boarding-school ; and that the existence of the human race depends upon teaching women a little more or a little less—that Cimmerian ignorance can aid parental affection, or the circle of arts and sciences produce its destruction.

SYDNEY SMITH: *Female Education*, 1810.

THE chance and scattered evil that may here and there haunt, or hide itself in, a powerful book, never does any harm to a noble girl ; but the emptiness of

an author oppresses her, and his amiable folly degrades her. And if she can have access to a good library of old and classical books, there need be no choosing at all. Keep the modern magazine and novel out of your girl's way: turn her loose into the old library every wet day and let her alone. She will find what is good for her; you cannot: for there is just this difference between the making of a girl's character and a boy's—you may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. She grows as a flower does,—she will wither without sun; she will decay in her sheath, as a narcissus will, if you do not give her air enough; she may fall and defile her head in dust, if you leave her without help at some moments of her life; but you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair form and way, if she take any, and in mind as in body, must have always

“Her household motions light and free  
And steps of virgin liberty.”

Let her loose in the library, I say, as you do a fawn in a field.

RUSKIN: *Sesame and Lilies*, 1865.

FOR with you, Cleinias and Megillus, the common tables of men are, as I said, a heaven-born and admirable institution, but you are mistaken in leaving the women unregulated by law. They have no similar institution of public tables in the light of day, and just that part of the human race which is by nature prone to secrecy and stealth on account of their weakness—I mean the

female sex—has been left without regulation by the legislator, which is a great mistake. And in consequence of this neglect many things have grown lax among you, which might have been far better, if they had been only regulated by law; for the neglect of regulations about women may not only be regarded as a neglect of half the entire matter, but in proportion as woman's nature is inferior to that of man in capacity for virtue, in that degree the consequence of such neglect is more than twice as important. The careful consideration of this matter, and the arranging and ordering on a common principle of all our institutions relating both to men and women, greatly conduces to the happiness of the state. But at present, such is the unfortunate condition of mankind, that no man of sense will even venture to speak of common tables in places and cities in which they have never been established at all; and how can any one avoid being utterly ridiculous, who attempts to compel women to show in public how much they eat and drink? There is nothing at which the sex is more likely to take offence. For women are accustomed to creep into dark places, and when dragged out into the light they will exert their utmost powers of resistance, and be far too much for the legislator.

PLATO: *Laws*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

THEIR exemption from all the necessary business of life is one of the most powerful motives for the improvement of education in women. Lawyers and physicians have in their professions a constant motive

to exertion ; if you neglect their education, they must in a certain degree educate themselves by their commerce with the world : they must learn caution, accuracy, and judgment, because they must incur responsibility. But if you neglect to educate the mind of a woman by the speculative difficulties which occur in literature, it can never be educated at all : if you do not effectually rouse it by education, it must remain for ever languid. Uneducated men may escape intellectual degradation ; uneducated women cannot. They have nothing to do ; and if they come untaught from the schools of education, they will never be instructed in the school of events.

SYDNEY SMITH: *Female Education*, 1810.

THEIR sense is with their senses all mixed in,  
 Destroyed by subtleties these women are !  
 More brain, O Lord, more brain ! or we shall mar  
 Utterly this fair garden we might win.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *Modern Love*, 1862.

As a proof that education gives this appearance of weakness to females, we may instance the example of military men, who are, like them, sent into the world before their minds have been stored with knowledge, or fortified by principles. The consequences are similar ; soldiers acquire a little superficial knowledge, snatched from the muddy current of conversation, and from continually mixing with society, they gain what is termed a knowledge of the world ; and this acquaintance with manners and customs has frequently been confounded with a knowledge of the human

heart. . . . Soldiers, as well as women, practise the minor virtues with punctilious politeness. Where is then the sexual difference, when the education has been the same? All the difference that I can discern arises from the superior advantage of liberty which enables the former to see more of life.

. . . As for any depth of understanding, I will venture to affirm that it is as rarely to be found in the army as amongst women. And the cause, I maintain, is the same. It may be further observed that officers are also particularly attentive to their persons, fond of dancing, crowded rooms, adventures, and ridicule. Like the *fair sex*, the business of their lives is gallantry; they were taught to please, and they only live to please. Yet they do not lose their rank in the distinction of sexes, for they are still reckoned superior to women, though in what their superiority consists, beyond what I have just mentioned, it is difficult to discover.

The great misfortune is this, that they both acquire manners before morals, and a knowledge of life before they have from reflection any acquaintance with the grand ideal outline of human nature. The consequence is natural. Satisfied with common nature, they become a prey to prejudices, and taking all their opinions on credit, they blindly submit to authority.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT: *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman*, 1792.

A WOMAN who has studied geometry will be ashamed of dancing, and one who has felt the magic of Plato's or Xenophon's words will have no use for witchcrafts.

PLUTARCH: *Conjugal Precepts*, first or early second century.



. . . SHE will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses ; which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr. Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had a natural good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU : *Letters*  
(to the Countess of Bute, 1753).

MOTHERS, be specially careful to regulate your daughters well. . . . Be watchful over them, that they may be keepers at home. Above all instruct them to be pious, modest, despisers of wealth, indifferent to ornament. In this way dispose of them in marriage. For if you form them in this way, you will save not only them but the husband who is destined to marry them, and not the husband only, but the children, not the children only, but the grandchildren. For the root being made good, good branches will shoot forth, and still become

better, and for all these you will receive a reward. Let us do all things, therefore, as benefiting not only one soul, but many through one. For they ought to go from their father's house to marriage, as combatants from the school of exercise, furnished with all necessary knowledge, and to be as leaven able to transform the whole lump to its own virtue.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM: *Homilies*, about 400.

IF you educate women to attend to dignified and important subjects, you are multiplying, beyond measure, the chances of human improvement, by preparing and *medicating* those early impressions, which always come from the mother; and which, in a great majority of instances, are quite decisive of character and genius.

SYDNEY SMITH: *Female Education*, 1810.

IT is the mother who makes us—makes at least all that makes the nobler man; not his strength or powers of calculation, but his heart and power to love.

LAFCADIO HEARN: *Life and Letters*, 1850-1904.

A MOTHER exceeds in value a thousand fathers.

*Laws of Manu*: Date uncertain.

AND therefore women and children must be trained by education with an eye to the State, if the virtues of either of them are supposed to make any difference in the virtues of the State. And they must make a difference: for the children grow up to be citizens, and half the free persons in a State are women.

ARISTOTLE: *Politics*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

THERE shall be compulsory education, as the saying is, of all and sundry, as far as this is possible ; and the pupils shall be regarded as belonging to the State rather than to their parents. My law would apply to females as well as males ; they shall both go through the same exercises. I assert without fear of contradiction that gymnastic and horsemanship are as suitable to women as to men. Of the truth of this I am persuaded from ancient tradition, and at the present day there are said to be countless myriads of women in the neighbourhood of the Black Sea, called Sauromatides, who not only ride on horseback like men, but have enjoined upon them the use of bows and other weapons equally with the men. And I further affirm, that if these things are possible, nothing can be more absurd than the practice which prevails in our own country, of men and women not following the same pursuits with all their strength and with one mind, for thus the State, instead of being a whole, is reduced to a half, but has the same imposts to pay and the same toils to undergo ; and what can be a greater mistake for any legislator to make than this ?

PLATO: *Laws*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

WOMEN are therefore to philosophise equally with men, though the males are best at everything, unless they have become effeminate.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA: *The Miscellanies*, about 200.

THEN let the wives of our guardians strip [for public gymnastic exercises], for their virtue will be their

robe, and let them share in the toils of war and the defence of their country ; only in the distribution of labours the lighter are to be assigned to the women, who are the weaker natures, but in other respects their duties are to be the same. And as for the man who laughs at naked women exercising their bodies from the best of motives, in his laughter he is plucking

“ A fruit of unripe wisdom,”

and he himself is ignorant of what he is laughing at, or what he is about ;—for that is, and ever will be, the best of sayings, *That the useful is the noble and the hurtful is the base.*

PLATO: *Republic*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

*(still continued)*

#### CHAPTER XII

#### WOMAN'S LIFE

The Cruelty of Nature—The Cruelty of Man—The  
Comfort that is in Cirripeds.

I WOULD rather be a boy than a girl, because a boy's clothes button up in front, and a girl's clothes button up behind.

LUCY M.: 1908 (ætat. 7).

I HAVE known people who desired to be a girl, and a beautiful girl, between the ages of thirteen and twenty-two, and after that to be a man.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

*Duke.* For women are as roses, whose fair flower  
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

*Viola.* And so they are : alas, that they are so ;  
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth-Night*, 1600.

*Magistrate.* Men, I suppose, have their youth everlastingly.

*Lysistrata.* Nay, but it isn't the same with a man :  
Grey though he be when he comes from the battle-field,

Still if he wishes to marry, he can.

Brief is the spring and the flower of our womanhood,  
Once let it slip, and it comes not again ;  
Sit as we may with our spells and our auguries,  
Never a husband will marry us then.

ARISTOPHANES: *Lysistrata*, 411 B.C.

Trans. B. Rogers.

To sell thyself dost thou intend  
   By Candle's end,  
 And hold the contract thus in doubt,  
   Life's Taper out ?  
 Think but how soon the market fails,  
 Your Sex lives faster than the males ;  
 As if to measure Age's span,  
 The sober *Julian* were th' Account of Man  
 Whilst you live by the fleet *Gregorian*.

JOHN CLEVELAND: *To Julia, to expedite  
 her Promise*, 1613-58.

If e'er I grow to man's estate,  
 O give to me a woman's fate !  
 May I govern all, both great and small,  
 Have the last word, and take the wall.

BLAKE: *Ideas of Good and Evil*, 1794-1800.

ABROAD the labour, and at home the noise  
 (Man's double sufferings for domestic joys).

THOMAS PARNELL: *The Rise of Woman*,  
 early eighteenth century.

BUT as to women, who can penetrate  
 The real sufferings of their she condition ?  
 Man's very sympathy with their estate  
 Has much of selfishness, and more suspicion.  
 Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,  
 But form good housekeepers, to breed a nation.  
 All this were very well, and can't be better ;  
 But even this is difficult, Heaven knows,  
 So many troubles from her birth beset her  
 Such small distinction between friends and foes,

The gilding wears so soon from off her fetter,  
That—but ask any woman if she'd choose  
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been  
Female or male? a schoolboy or a queen?

BYRON: *Don Juan*, 1819-24.

*Medea.*

Oh,

Of all things upon earth that bleed and grow,  
A herb most bruised is woman. We must pay  
Our store of gold, hoarded for that one day,  
To buy us some man's love; and lo, they bring  
A master of our flesh! There comes the sting  
Of the whole shame. And then the jeopardy,  
For good or ill, what shall the master be;  
Reject she cannot: and if he but stays  
His suit, 'tis shame on all that woman's days.  
So thrown amid new laws, new places, why  
'Tis magic she must have, or prophecy—  
Home never taught her that—how best to guide  
Toward peace this thing that sleepeth at her  
side.

And she who, labouring long, shall find some way  
Whereby her lord may bear with her, nor fray  
His yoke too fiercely, blessed is the breath  
That woman draws! Else, let her pray for death.  
Her lord, if he be wearied of the face  
Withindoors, gets him forth; some merrier place  
Will ease his heart: but she waits on, her whole  
Vision enchained on a single soul.  
And then, forsooth, 'tis they that face the call  
Of war, while we sit sheltered, hid from all



## THE CRUELTY OF NATURE 197

Peril !—False mocking ! sooner would I stand  
Three times to face their battles, shield in hand,  
Than bear one child.

EURIPIDES: *Medea*, 431 B.C.  
Trans. Gilbert Murray.

*Eutrapelus*. But we Men alone fight for our Country.

*Fabulla*. And you Men often desert from your Colours, and run away like Cowards ; and it is not always for the Sake of your Country, that you leave your Wives and Children, but for the Sake of a little nasty Pay ; and, worse than the Fencers at the Bear-Garden, you deliver up your Bodies to a slavish Necessity of being killed, or yourselves killing others. And now after all your Boasting of your warlike Prowess, there is none of you all, but if you had once experienced what it is to bring a Child into the World, would rather be placed ten Times in the Front of a Battle, than undergo once what we must so often. An Army does not always fight, and when it does, the whole Army is not always engaged. Such as you are set in the main Body, others are kept for Bodies of Reserve, and some are safely posted in the Rear ; and lastly, many save themselves by surrendering, and some by running away. We are obliged to encounter Death, Hand to Hand.

*Eutrapelus*. I have heard these Stories before now ; but the Question is, Whether they are true or not ?

*Fabulla*. Too true.

ERASMUS: *Colloquies—The Lying-in Woman*,  
1522. Trans. N. Bailey.

## 198 THE CRUELTY OF NATURE

How immensely Nature seem to prefer men to women !

GEORGE MEREDITH: Diana, in *Diana of the Crossways*, 1885.

WOMAN is an invalid.

MICHELET: *L'Amour*, 1858.

IN all countries and in all ages, almost without exception, women will be found to be adored and oppressed. Man, who has never lost an opportunity of abusing his strength while rendering homage to beauty, has everywhere taken advantage of woman's weakness, and has become at once her tyrant and her slave. Nature herself, in forming creatures so sensitive and so gentle, seems to have taken thought far more for their charm than for their happiness. Unceasingly surrounded by pains and fears, women share all our ills and find themselves subjected to further ills reserved for them alone. . . . To the ills of Nature society adds others of its own.

THOMAS: *Essai sur le Caractère, les Mœurs et l'Esprit des Femmes*, 1772.

IN the history of humanity as written, the saddest part concerns the treatment of women ; and had we before us its unwritten history we should find this part still sadder. I say the saddest part because, though there have been many things more conspicuously dreadful—cannibalism, the torturings of prisoners, the sacrificings of victims to ghosts and gods—these have

been but occasional ; whereas the brutal treatment of woman has been universal and constant.

HERBERT SPENCER: *Principles of Ethics*, 1892-3.

HEREIN lies the inconsistency of all barbaric laws. Woman under them is handed about like a thing, but punished like a person.

MICHELET: *L'Amour*, 1858.

“ Now am I made a nothing—nay, how oft  
Have I in women seen that this is so,  
That we are nothings. In our youth, indeed,  
We live at home, the happiest of mankind,  
For always, always, ignorance is happiness.  
But when we reach our conscious womanhood,  
Forth we are driven—shipped like merchandise  
Far from our parents and our parents’ gods,  
To dwell with husbands, friends of our house or foes,  
Noble or base-born ; and for these we must,  
From the short commerce of a single night,  
Learn love and reverence, and to thank the gods.”

SOPHOCLES: *Tereus*, fifth century B.C.

. . . BUT we,  
We things call’d women, only made for show  
And pleasure ; created to bear children  
And play at shuttlecock ; . . .

JOHN MARSTON: *Zanthia*, in *The Wonder of Women*, 1606.

*Iphigenie*. I count no blame to heaven; yet, in truth,

The life of women is a theme for tears.  
At home and in the field of war man rules,  
And in far countries masters still his fate,  
And know's possession's joys, and victory's crown,  
And goes to his death with glory at the end.  
But woman's hope—how cramped and bound it is!  
To yield obedience to a sullen lord  
Must be her joy and duty.

GOETHE: *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, 1779.

BUT in this universal prevalence of tyranny over divine right and natural law, the liberty that was given to women is vetoed by the unjust laws of men, is made null by custom and convention, is quenched by education. From the earliest moment of her birth and life a woman is kept at home in idleness; and as though she lacked capacity for the other field, is forbidden a notion beyond her needle and thread. Then, when she is grown up, she is handed over to the jealous-struck rule of a husband, or shut up in the unopening prison of the monastery. The discharge of public functions is denied her by law. Be she wise as she may, she must not plead in court. She is shut out from all exercise of authority, all decision: she cannot adopt a child, nor stand as surety, nor administer an estate, nor act as guardian or overseer, nor make a will, nor tender evidence. She is shut out, too, from preaching God's word, in spite of that plain scripture and promise of the Holy Ghost made her by the mouth of Joel, "And

your daughters shall prophesy." . . . Such is the ruthlessness of modern legislators, making the commandment of God of none effect through their tradition, that they have declared women, sometimes of the highest natural distinction and the most exalted rank, to be of cheaper status than all men whatsoever. Thus do our laws compel woman to yield herself as prize of war to conqueror man; and this by no obligation or reason natural or divine, but by convention, training, accident and what one may call the despot's opportunity.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA: *The Nobility and Superiority of the Female Sex*, 1528.  
Trans. R. Warwick Bond.

IN struggles for political emancipation, everybody knows how often its champions are bought off by bribes, or daunted by terrors. In the case of women, each individual of the subject-class is in a chronic state of bribery and intimidation combined.

J. S. MILL: *The Subjection of Women*, 1869.

Mrs. KNOWLES affected to complain that men had much more liberty allowed them than women. JOHNSON. "Why, madam, women have all the liberty they should wish to have. We have all the labour and the danger, and the women all the advantage. We go to sea, we build houses, we do everything in short, to pay our court to the women." Mrs. KNOWLES. "The doctor reasons very wittingly, but not convincingly. Now take the instance of building; the mason's wife, if she is ever seen in liquor, is ruined; the mason

may get himself drunk as often as he pleases, with little loss of character; nay, may let his wife and children starve." JOHNSON. "Madam, you must consider, if the mason does himself get-drunk, and let his wife and children starve, the parish will oblige him to find security for their maintenance. We have different modes of restraining evil. Stocks for the men, a ducking-stool for women, and a pound for beasts. If we require more perfection from women than from ourselves, it is doing them honour. And women have not the same temptations that we have; they may always live in virtuous company; men must live in the world indiscriminately. If a woman has no inclination to do what is wrong, being secured from it is no restraint to her. I am at liberty to walk into the Thames; but if I were to try it, my friends would restrain me in Bedlam, and I should be obliged to them." MRS. KNOWLES. "Still, doctor, I cannot help thinking it a hardship that more indulgence is allowed to men than to women. It gives a superiority to men, to which I do not see how they are entitled." JOHNSON. "It is plain, madam, one or other must have the superiority. As Shakespeare says, 'If two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind.'" DILLY. "I suppose, sir, Mrs. Knowles would have them ride in panniers, one on each side." JOHNSON. "Then, sir, the horse would throw them both." MRS. KNOWLES. "Well, I hope that in another world the sexes will be equal." BOSWELL. "That is being too ambitious, madam. *We* might as well desire to be equal with the angels."

BOSWELL: *Life of Dr. Johnson*  
(1778).

## MADE SLAVES BY HONOUR 203

FETTERS of gold are still fetters, and the softest lining can never make 'em so easy as liberty.

MARY ASTEM: *A Serious Proposal to Ladies*, 1694.

Too much your sex is by their forms confined,  
Severe to all, but most to womankind.  
Custom, grown blind with age, must be your guide ;  
Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride.  
By nature yielding, stubborn but for fame,  
Made slaves by honour, and made fools by shame.  
Marriage may all those petty tyrants chase,  
But sets up one, a greater, in his place :  
Well might you wish for change, by those accurst ;  
But the last tyrant ever proves the worst.  
Still in constraint your suffering sex remains,  
Or bound in formal or in real chains :  
Whole years neglected, for some months adored,  
The fawning servant turns a haughty lord.  
Ah ! quit not the free innocence of life,  
For the dull glory of a virtuous wife ;  
Nor let false shows, nor empty titles please :  
Aim not at joy, but rest content with ease.

POPE: *Epistles* (to Miss Blount), 1717.

GUARDIAN of the honour of two people at once, it is not enough that she should be honest ; she must also be honoured. It is not enough that she should do nothing but what is right ; she must in addition do nothing that is not approved. A virtuous woman must not only merit the respect of her husband, but obtain it ; if he blames her, she is blameworthy ; and

should she be innocent, she is wrong in that she is suspected, for appearances even are among the number of her duties.

ROUSSEAU: Julie, in *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, 1760.

A MAN can defy public opinion; a woman must submit to it.

MADAME NECKER: *Mélanges*, 1739-94.

JOHNSON. "Your friend was in the right, Sir. Between a man and his Maker it is a different question; but between a man and his wife, a husband's infidelity is nothing. They are connected by children, by fortune, by serious considerations of community. Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands." BOSWELL. "To be sure, there is a great difference between the offence of infidelity in a man and that of his wife." JOHNSON. "The difference is boundless. The man imposes no bastards upon his wife."

BOSWELL: *Life of Dr. Johnson* (1779).

THE custom of the Persian kings was an excellent one, that at dinner they had their wedded wives to sit and eat beside them, but, when they wished to drink and be merry, they sent the wives away and called instead for courtesans and singing-girls. For they rightly objected to letting their wives take part in drunken revelry. So, in the case of any private citizen, a lover of pleasure and gay company, his wife should certainly not make a grievance of some indis-



cretion with a courtesan or a slave-girl, but should consider rather that it is his very respect for her which leads him to make others the companions of his drunken and lascivious hours.

PLUTARCH: *Conjugal Precepts*, first or early second century.

THE view of these difficulties [viz. the necessity of limiting population] presents us with a very natural reason, why the disgrace which attends a breach of chastity should be greater in a woman than in a man. It could not be expected that women should have resources sufficient to support their own children. When therefore a woman had lived with a man who had entered into no compact to maintain her children, and aware of the inconveniences that he might bring upon himself, had deserted her, these children must necessarily fall upon the society, or starve. And to prevent the frequent recurrence of such an inconvenience, as it would be highly unjust to punish so natural a fault by personal restraint or infliction, the men might agree to punish it with disgrace. The offence is besides more obvious and conspicuous in the woman, and less liable to any mistake. . . . Where the evidence of the offence was most complete, and the inconvenience to society at the same time the greatest, there it was agreed that the largest share of blame should fall. The obligation on every man to support his children, the society would enforce by positive laws: and the greater degree of inconvenience or labour to which a family would necessarily subject him, added to some portion of

disgrace which every human being must incur who leads another into unhappiness, might be considered as sufficient punishment for the man.

MALTHUS: *The Principle of Population*,  
1798.

*Emilia.* But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us ; or, say they strike us,  
And scant our former having in despite ;  
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them ; they see and smell,  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do ?  
When they change us for others ? Is it sport ?  
I think it is ; and doth affection breed it ?  
I think it doth ; is't frailty that thus errs ?  
It is so too ; and have not we affections,  
Desire for sport, and frailty, as men have ?  
Then, let them use us well ; else let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

SHAKESPEARE: *Othello*, 1604.

THERE is, perhaps, no joy comparable to that of the mother as she looks on her first-born ; but the moment is dearly bought. The father transfers to a hired tutor the care of the sons ; the mother remains charged with the care of the daughters. Time advances, beauty passes ; then come the years of neglect, of

spleen, of weariness. 'Tis in pain that Nature disposes them for maternity; in pain and illness, dangerous and prolonged, she brings maternity to its close. What is a woman after that? Neglected by her husband, left by her children, a nullity in society, then piety becomes her one and last resource. In nearly every part of the world, the cruelty of the civil laws against women is added to the cruelty of Nature. They have been treated like weak-minded children. There is no sort of vexation which, among civilised peoples, man cannot inflict upon woman with impunity. . . . There is no sort of vexation which the savage does not inflict upon his wife. Listen to the words of an Indian woman on the banks of the Orinoco; listen to them, if you can, without emotion. The Jesuit missionary, Gumilla, was reproaching this woman for causing the death of a girl baby to whom she had just given birth: "Would to God, Father," she replied, "would to God that at the moment when my mother brought me into the world, she had had sufficient love and compassion to spare her child all that I have undergone, and all that I shall yet undergo to the end of my days! If my mother had choked me at birth, I should have been dead, but I would not have felt death and I would have escaped the greatest miseries of life. How much have I suffered! who knows how much I have still to suffer till I die? Picture to yourself, Father, the pains reserved for an Indian woman among these Indian men. They accompany us in the fields with their bow and arrows; *we* go there burdened with a baby at our breasts and another in a basket on our backs. *They* go to kill a

bird or catch a fish ; *we* dig the soil, and after enduring the fatigues of tillage endure that of the harvest. *They* return at night unburdened ; *we* come carrying roots for their eating and maize for their drinking. Returned home, they entertain themselves with their friends ; *we* go to collect wood and water to prepare their supper. Having eaten, they sleep ; *we* spend most of the night grinding maize to make their *chica*—and what is the reward of our watching ? They drink their *chica* : they become drunk ; and when they are drunk, they drag us by the hair and kick us with their feet. Oh Father, would to God my mother had choked me at birth ! You know yourself that my complaints are just ; what I am telling you, you see every day. But our greatest sorrow of all, you cannot know. It is wretched for the poor Indian woman to serve her husband like a slave, crushed with labours in the fields and robbed of repose at home ; but it is yet more horrible to see him, after twenty years, take another wife, younger and without judgment. He attaches himself to her. She strikes us, strikes our children, gives orders, treats us as servants, and, if a single murmur escapes, a heavy cudgel above our heads. . . . Oh Father, how can you wish that we should endure such a life ? What better can an Indian mother do than remove her child from a slavery that is a thousand times worse than death ? Would to God, Father, I repeat, that my mother had loved me enough to bury me when I was born. My heart would have been saved from much suffering and my eyes from many tears ! ”

WHEN the centuries of slavery and dishonour, of torture and death, of biting injustice and slow, suffocating repression, seem long to women, let them remember the geologic ages, the millions and millions of years when puny, pygmy, parasitic males struggled for existence, and were used or not, as it happened, like a half-tried patent medicine. What train of wives and concubines was ever so ignominiously placed as the extra husbands carried among the scales of the careful female cirriped, lest she lose one or two! What neglect of faded wives can compare with the scorned, unnoticed death of the drone bee, starved, stung, shut out, walled up in wax, kept only for his momentary sex-function, and not absolutely necessary for that! What Bluebeard tragedy or cruelty of bride-murdering Eastern king can emulate the ruthless slaughter of the hapless little male spider, used by his ferocious mate "to coldly furnish forth a marriage breakfast"! Never once in the history of humanity has any outrage upon women compared with these sweeping sacrifices of helpless males in earlier species. The female has been dominant for the main duration of life on earth.

C. P. GILMAN: *Women and Economics*, 1899.

. . . LIFE begins with the female organism and is carried on a long distance by means of females alone. . . . In a word, life begins as female.

The further development of life serves to strengthen this gynæcocratic point of view. It consists, as we might say, exclusively in the history of the subsequent origin and development of the male sex. The female

sex, which existed from the beginning, continues unchanged, but the male sex, which did not exist at the beginning, makes its appearance at a certain stage, and has a certain history and development, but never became universal, so but that, as already remarked, there are probably many more living beings without it than with it, even in the present life of the globe. The female is not only the primary and original sex, but continues throughout as the main trunk, while to it a male element is afterwards added for the purposes above explained. The male is therefore, as it were, a mere afterthought of nature. Moreover, the male sex was at first and for a long period, and still throughout many of the lower orders of beings, devoted exclusively to the function for which it was created, viz. that of fertilisation. Among millions of humble creatures the male is simply and solely a fertiliser.

LESTER F. WARD: *Pure Sociology*, 1903.

### III. THE CONVERSATIONS

*(an end in sight)*

#### CHAPTER XIII

##### WOMAN IN RELATION TO MAN

That Woman cannot stand alone—She must get a Man  
—And having got him must honour and obey  
him—Be his Crown, Mirror, and Moon—Without  
Religion, Friends, or Property of her own (herein  
of Wife-beating and how to bear it).

That yet she may and does get Empire over her Man  
—By Subtlety and the Arts of Pleasing.

That some Women desire not Empire over Man but  
Equality and Friendship with him.

EVERY reader of Wordsworth will recollect, if he does not know by heart, the poem entitled "The Happy Warrior." It has been quoted often as an epitome of every manly, soldierly, and elevated quality. I have heard it applied to the Duke of Wellington. Those who make the experiment of merely substituting the word *woman* for the word *warrior*, and changing the feminine for the masculine pronoun, will find that it reads equally well; that almost from beginning to end it is literally as applicable to the one sex as to the other. As thus:

#### CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WOMAN

Who is the happy *woman*? Who is she  
That every *woman* born should wish to be?

In all these fifty-six lines there is only one line which cannot be feminised in its significance . . . and which is totally at variance with our ideal of A HAPPY WOMAN. It is the line

"And in himself possess his own desire."

No woman could exist happily or virtuously in such complete independence of all external affections as these words express. "Her desire is to her husband"—this is the sort of subjection prophesied for the daughters of Eve.

Mrs. JAMESON: *Commonplace Book*, 1854.



IN childhood must a female be dependent on her father; in youth, on her husband; her lord being dead, on her sons; if she have no sons, on the near kinsmen of her husband; if he left no kinsmen, on those of her father; if she have no paternal kinsmen, on the sovereign: a woman must never seek independence.

*Laws of Manu*: Date uncertain.

No woman is ever entirely mistress of herself. As a child she is subject to her parents. As a wife she is subject to her husband. As a widow she is subject to the opinions and the conventions of the world.

ALBERGATI CAPACELLI: Clorinda, in  
*Il Ciarlatore Maldicente*, 1728-1804.

A WOMAN is always in subjection so long as her men-kind are alive. Women themselves detest that liberty which they gain as widows and orphans.

LIVY: *Histories* (Speech of  
L. Valerius, 195 B.C.).

“NOT to herself the woman must belong,  
Annex'd and bound to alien destinies.  
But she performs the best part, she the wisest  
Who can transmute the alien into self,  
Meet and disarm necessity by choice;  
And what must be, take freely to her heart,  
And bear and foster it with mother's love.”

SCHILLER: *Die Piccolomini*, 1799.  
Trans. S. T. Coleridge.

THAT woman is by nature intended to obey is shown by the fact that every woman who is placed in the

unnatural position of absolute independence at once attaches herself to some kind of man, by whom she is controlled and governed ; this is because she requires a master. If she is young, the man is a lover ; if she is old, a priest.

SCHOPENHAUER : *Über die Weiber*, 1851.  
Trans. Mrs. R. Dircks.

WOMEN are ships and must be manned.

Proverbial.

WOMAN like ivy is,  
Which clinging firmly to the tree does well,  
But isolated cannot thrive at all.

MOLIÈRE : *La Suivante*, in *Sganarelle*, 1660.

HER pulse beats matrimony.

Proverbial.

A MAN's life is of more value than a woman's. It has larger issues, wider scope, greater ambitions. A woman's life revolves in curves of emotions. It is upon lines of intellect that a man's life progresses. . . . A woman who can keep a man's love, and love him in return, has done all the world wants of women, or should want of them.

OSCAR WILDE : Lord Goring, in  
*An Ideal Husband*, 1895.

MAN's dear companion in life's pilgrimage  
Woman was born to be ; when she in this  
Obeys her nature, she serves Heaven best.

SCHILLER : Archbishop, in *Die Jung-  
frau von Orleans*, 1802.

IN short, the market is so overstocked with accomplished young ladies on the one hand, and on the other, men find wives and establishments so expensive, clubs so cheap and so much more luxurious than any home, liberty not only so sweet but so fashionable, that their policy, their maxim is, "Marry not at all, or if marriage be ultimately necessary to pay debts and leave heirs to good names, marry as late as possible" : and thus the two parties with their opposite interests stand at bay, and try to outwit and outbargain each other. And if you wish for the moral of the whole affair, here it is : from the vulgar nursery-maids with their broad sense and bad English, and the good or bad French of the governess, to the elegant innuendo of the drawing-room, all is working to the same effect : dancing-masters, music-masters, and all the tribe, what is it all for but to prepare young ladies for the great event, and to raise in them, besides the natural, a factitious, an abstract idea of good in being married.

MARIA EDGEWORTH: *Helen*, 1834.

NEXT to the making matches for herself,  
And daughters, brothers, kith or kin,  
Arranging them like books on the same shelf,  
There's nothing women love to dabble in  
More (like a stock-holder in growing pelf)  
Than match-making in general.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, 1819-24.

AND here let me ask the Government of the day (1910) a question with regard to the Labour Exchanges it has very wisely established throughout the

country. What do these Exchanges do when a woman enters and states that her occupation is that of a wife and mother ; that she is out of a job ; and that she wants an employer ?

BERNARD SHAW: *Getting Married*  
(1910 Preface).

. . . LABOUR Exchange managers have been instructed from the first not to deal with resident vacancies for domestic servants in private houses.

Answer given by Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON (President  
of the Board of Trade) to a Question in Parlia-  
ment, 18th March 1912.

MARRIAGE is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life, and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, that, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit. It is true, however, that some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids ; and that those old maids, and wives who are unhappily married, have often most of the true motherly touch. And this would seem to show, even for women, some narrowing influence in comfortable married life. But the rule is none the less certain : if you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife.

R. L. STEVENSON: *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

FOR women first were made for men,  
Not men for them.—It follows, then,  
That men have right to every one,  
And they no freedom of their own :  
And therefore men have power to choose,  
But they no charter to refuse.

BUTLER: *Epistle of Hudibras to his Lady*, 1678.

LIFE or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her own sorrow, and hatch the egg which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness.

JEREMY TAYLOR: *Sermons—The Marriage Ring*, 1651.

WIVES, be in subjection unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord. For the husband is the head of the wife, as Christ also is the head of the Church, being himself the saviour of the body. But as the Church is subject to Christ, so let the wives also be subject to their husbands in everything.

ST. PAUL: *Epistle to the Ephesians* (R.V.), 63.

*Katharina.* A woman moved is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;  
And while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.  
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,  
And for thy maintenance commits his body  
To painful labour both by sea and land;  
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;  
And craves no other tribute at thy hands

But love, fair looks, and true obedience ;  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband :  
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will,  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—  
 I am ashamed that women are so simple  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace,  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts  
 Should well agree with our external parts ?

SHAKESPEARE : *Taming of the Shrew*,  
 1595.

THE first and most important quality in a woman is gentleness : created to obey a being so imperfect as man, often so full of vices, and always so full of faults, she must learn early to suffer injustice even, and to bear the wrongs of a husband without complaining.

ROUSSEAU : *Émile*, 1762.

THOUGH inobservant of approved usages, or enamoured of another woman, or devoid of good qualities, yet a husband must constantly be revered as a god by a virtuous wife.

*Laws of Manu* : Date uncertain.

THERE is something so indescribably sweet and satisfying, to a man, in the knowledge that he has forgiven his wife—forgiven her freely and with all his heart.

IBSEN : Helmer, in *The Doll's House*, 1879.  
Trans. R. F. Sharp.

MEN should be governed by the laws of their State ; women by the habits of the men with whom they live.

SOCRATES : fifth century B.C.

A HUSBAND and father rules over wife and children, both free, but the rule differs, the rule over the children being a royal, over his wife a constitutional rule.

ARISTOTLE : *Politics*, fourth century B.C.  
Trans. B. Jowett.

A WOMAN dictates before marriage in order that she may have an appetite for submission afterwards.

GEOURGE ELIOT : *Middlemarch*, 1872.

O ! you are novices : 'tis a world to see,  
How tame, when men and women are alone,  
A meacock wretch can make the curstest shrew.

SHAKESPEARE : Petruchio, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1595.

AT the first, the man and the woman were equal. But after that she had given credit to the serpent, she had an injunction set upon her : *Subdita eris sub potestate viri*, "Thou shalt be subject under the power of thy husband." And as for one part of her injunction she taketh ; and she taketh one part of her

penance, because she cannot avoid it, and that is, *In dolore paries*, "Thou shalt bring forth children with pain and travail." . . . But as it is a part of your penance, ye women, to travail in bearing your children ; so it is a part of your penance to be subjects unto your husbands : ye are underlings, underlings, and must be obedient. But this is now made a trifle and a small matter : and yet it is a sad matter, a godly matter, a ghostly matter, a matter of damnation and salvation.

BISHOP LATIMER: *Sermons* (1550).

A VIRTUOUS woman is a crown to her husband :  
But she that maketh ashamed is as rottenness in his  
bones.

*Book of Proverbs*, probably third century B.C.

*Lyngstrand*. I think marriage must be counted a sort of miracle ;—that a woman should gradually change till she is like her husband.

*Bolette*. You mean has like interests ?

*Lyngstrand*. Yes, that's it.

*Bolette*. Well, but his abilities,—his talents,—and his skill ?

*Lyngstrand*. Hm—well—I should like to know if all that too——

*Bolette*. Then, perhaps, you also believe that everything a man has read for himself, and thought out for himself, that this, too, can grow upon his wife ?

*Lyngstrand*. Yes, I think it can. Little by little ; as by a sort of miracle. But, of course, I know such things can only happen in a marriage that is faithful and loving, and really happy.



*Bolette.* Has it never occurred to you that a man, too, might perhaps be thus drawn over to his wife? Grow like her, I mean.

*Lyngstrand.* A man? No, I never thought of that.

IBSEN: *The Lady from the Sea*, 1888.  
Trans. Mrs. Marx Aveling.

FOR as a looking-glass, if it be a true one, represents the Face of the Person that looks into it, so a Wife ought to frame herself to the Temper of her Husband, not to be cheerful when he is melancholy, nor to be merry when he is in a Passion.

ERASMUS: *Colloquies—The Uneasy Wife*,  
1522. Trans. N. Bailey.

THE moon when farthest from the sun is a conspicuous and brilliant object, but fades and disappears when near him. A virtuous woman, on the contrary, should shine most in her husband's presence, and should be hidden and invisible when he is not by.

PLUTARCH: *Conjugal Precepts*, first or  
early second century.

WE women are the verbs passive of the alliance, we have to learn, and if we take to activity, with the best intentions, we conjugate a frightful disturbance. We are to run on lines, like the steam-trains, or we come to no station, dash to fragments.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *Diana*, in *Diana of the Crossways*, 1885.

It is not merely all the honour and respect she enjoys through him ; . . . but it is this—that she can help him to create, that she can lighten his work for him, be about him and see to his comfort, and tend him well, and make his life thoroughly pleasant. I should think that must be perfectly delightful to a woman.

IBSEN: Lyngstrand, in *The Lady from the Sea*, 1888.  
Trans. Mrs. Marx Aveling.

It is always permitted to woman to use her intellects so far as to comprehend what man says ; her knowledge, of whatever sort, never comes amiss when it serves only to illustrate what is said by one of the lords of creation.

MARIA EDGEWORTH: *Helen*, 1834.

In Madagascar, women pay homage to their husbands by licking their feet.

BUCKLE: *Fragments*, 1821-62.

EVERY daughter ought to have the religion of her mother, and every woman that of her husband. Even where this religion is false, the docility which subjects the mother and the family to the order of nature effaces before God the sin of the error.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

FOR contemplation he and valour formed,  
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace,  
He for God only, she for God in him.

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, 1667.

SHE is called a good woman, and a woman of pure descent . . . who serves him to whom her father and

mother have given her; and it is written in the scriptures that a woman who in the lifetime of her husband, becoming a devotee, engages in fasting, and in austere devotion, shortens his days, and hereafter falls into the fire.

SIR R. F. BURTON: *Vikram and the Vampire*,  
1893.

LET the women keep silent in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but let them be in subjection, as also saith the law. And if they would learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home: for it is shameful for a woman to speak in the church.

ST. PAUL: *First Epistle to the Corinthians*  
(R.V.), 57.

THERE is one dangerous science for women—one which they must indeed beware how they profanely touch—that of theology. . . .

RUSKIN: *Sesame and Lilies*, 1865.

A WIFE should not have her own friends, but only those of her husband. The first and greatest of friends, however, are the gods, whence it follows that a married woman should reverence and recognise no gods save those of her husband, and should shut the door on idle worships and foreign creeds. For with none of the gods do a woman's stolen and secret rites find favour.

PLUTARCH: *Conjugal Precepts*, first or  
early second century.

A WOMAN can have no house of her own in the Three Universes.

Proverbial—Japanese.

As a mixture of wine and water is called wine even when it is three parts water, so the common house and possessions are called the husband's even when the wife's contribution has been the greater.

PLUTARCH: *Conjugal Precepts*,  
first or early second century.

As the earth, the mother, the mother of all creatures here below, sends up all its vapours and proper emissions at the command of the sun, and yet requires them again to refresh her own needs, and they are deposited between them both in the bosom of a cloud, that they may cool his flames, and yet descend to make her fruitful : so are the proprieties of a wife to be disposed of by her lord ; and yet all are for her provisions, it being a part of his need to refresh and supply hers ; and it serves the interests of both while it serves the necessities of either.

JEREMY TAYLOR: *Sermons—The Marriage Ring*, 1651.

WOMEN must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.

Proverbial.

*Shepherd.* Echo, I ween, will in the woods reply,  
And quaintly answer questions : shall I try ?

*Echo.* Try.

*Shepherd.* What must we do our passion to express ?

*Echo.* Press.

*Shepherd.* How shall I please her who ne'er loved  
before ?

*Echo.* Before.

*Shepherd.* What most moves women when we  
them address?

*Echo.* A dress.

*Shepherd.* Say, what can keep her chaste whom  
I adore?

*Echo.* A door.

. . . . .

*Shepherd.* What must I do, when woman will be  
kind?

*Echo.* Be kind.

*Shepherd.* What must I do, when woman will be  
cross?

*Echo.* Be cross.

*Shepherd.* Lord, what is she that can so turn and  
wind?

*Echo.* Wind.

*Shepherd.* If she be wind, what stills her when she  
blows?

*Echo.* Blows.

*Shepherd.* But, if she bang again, still should I  
bang her?

*Echo.* Bang her.

*Shepherd.* Is there no way to moderate her  
anger?

*Echo.* Hang her.

*Shepherd.* Thanks, gentle Echo! right thy answers  
tell

What woman is, and how to guard her well.

*Echo.* Guard her well.

MEN shall have the pre-eminence above women, because of those advantages wherein God hath caused the one of them to excel the other, and for that which they expend of their substance in maintaining their wives. The honest women are obedient, careful in the absence of their husbands, for that God preserveth them, by committing them to the care and protection of the men. But those whose perverseness ye shall be apprehensive of, rebuke ; and remove them into separate apartments, and chastise them.

MAHOMET : *Koran*, about 630.

A WIFE, a son, a servant, a pupil, and a younger brother, may be corrected when they commit faults, with a rope, or the small thong of a cane.

*Laws of Manu* : Date uncertain.

STRIKE not, even with a blossom, a wife guilty of a hundred faults.

Hindu saying quoted by TOD : *Annals of Rajasthan*, 1829.

FOR my own pleasure, as the man said when he struck his wife.

Proverbial.

AMONG the Hottentots, the women bring up the male children till puberty. Then the boys pass from this guardianship, and their admission to the ranks of the men is celebrated with much ceremony. As soon as the initiation is over, the young Hottentot takes the first opportunity of returning to his mother's hut, where he beats her in the most barbarous manner,

so as to demonstrate to her by this treatment that he is no longer in her power. He boasts proudly of his action, and if his mother were to make any complaint to the tribe, the savages would unanimously applaud the vigour of their young companion, and the clear proof that he has given of his contempt for women.

SÉGUR: *Les Femmes*, 1801.

EVERY husband has the right to beat his wife when she will not obey his orders, or when she speaks ill of him, or when she lies to him, provided that he does this in moderation and that death does not ensue.

BEAUMANOIR: thirteenth century.

THE king's court would protect the life and limb of the married woman against her husband's savagery by punishing him if he killed or maimed her. If she went in fear of any violence exceeding a reasonable chastisement, he could be bound with sureties to keep the peace; but she had no action against him, nor had he against her. If she killed him, that was petty treason.

POLLOCK AND MAITLAND: *History of English Law Before the Time of Edward I.*, 1895.

THOUGH our Law makes the Woman subject to the Husband, yet he may not kill her but it is murder; he may not beat her, but she may pray the peace, 1 Ed. IV 1. So he may not starve her, but must provide maintenance for her.

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A Feme Covert is a favourite of the law.

ANON: *Baron et Feme*, 1700.

THE husband also (by the old law) might give his wife moderate correction. For, as he is to answer for her misbehaviour, the law thought it reasonable to intrust him with this power of restraining her, by domestic chastisement, in the same moderation that a man is allowed to correct his apprentices or children ; for whom the master is also liable in some cases to answer. But this power of correction was confined within reasonable bounds, and the husband was prohibited from using any violence to his wife, *aliter quam ad virum, ex causa regiminis et castigationis uxoris suae, licite et rationabiliter pertinet* [beyond what legitimately and reasonably is permitted to a man for the better regulation and chastisement of his wife]. The civil law gave the husband the same, or a larger, authority over his wife : allowing him for some misdemeanours, *flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem* [to beat his wife sharply with whips and cudgels] ; for others, only *modicam castigationem adhibere* [to apply moderate chastisement]. But with us, in the politer reign of Charles the Second, this power of correction began to be doubted : and a wife may now have security of the peace against her husband ; or, in return, a husband against his wife. Yet the lower rank of people, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim, and exert their ancient privilege : and the courts of law will still permit a husband to restrain a wife of her liberty, in case of any gross misbehaviour.

These are the chief legal effects of marriage during the coverture ; upon which we may observe, that even the disabilities which the wife lies under, are for



the most part intended for her protection and benefit. So great a favourite is the female sex of the laws of England.

BLACKSTONE: *Commentaries on the  
Laws of England*, 1765.

THE question raised in this case, is, simply, whether, by the common law, the husband, in order to prevent his wife from eloping, has a right to confine her in his own dwelling-house, and restrain her from her liberty, for an indefinite time, using no cruelty, nor imposing any hardship or unnecessary restraint upon his part; and on hers, there being no reason from her past conduct, to apprehend that she will avail herself of her absence from his control, to injure either his honour or his property. . . . There can be no doubt of the general dominion which the law of England attributes to the husband over the wife; in *Bac. Abr. tit. "Baron and Feme (B.)"*, it is stated thus: "The husband hath by law power and dominion over his wife, and may keep her by force, within the bounds of duty, and may beat her, but not in a violent or cruel manner." . . . Although expressed in terms simple almost to rudeness, the principle on which it proceeds is broad and comprehensive, it has respect to the terms of the marriage contract, and the infirmity of the sex. For the happiness and the honour of both parties it places the wife under the guardianship of the husband, and entitles him, for the sake of both, to protect her from the danger of unrestrained intercourse with the world by enforcing cohabitation and a common residence. Mrs. Cochrane has lived apart from her husband for nearly four years, without loss

of character, but she must allow me to say, that her husband, with the highest opinion of her virtue, might yet be excused, even by her, if he felt uneasy when he learned, as stated in the return, that she had gone to masked balls at Paris with persons whom he did not know. He may well be desirous, and he has a right to restrain her from the power to frequent such amusements, unprotected by his presence and without his permission. . . . Let her be restored to Mr. Cochrane.

COLERIDGE, J.: Judgment in *The Matter of Cochrane*, 1840.

WHERE a wife absents herself from her husband, on account of no misconduct on his part, and he afterwards, by stratagem, obtains possession of her person, and she declares her intention of leaving him again whenever she can, he has a right to restrain her of her liberty, until she is willing to return to a performance of her conjugal duties.

Decision in *The Matter of Cochrane*, 1840.

A HUSBAND has no right, where his wife refuses to live with him, to take her person by force and restrain her of her liberty until she is willing to render him conjugal rights.

Cochrane's case (8 Dowl. 630) overruled.

Decision of Court of Appeal in *The Queen versus Jackson*, 1891.

YE may ding the deil into a wife, but ye'll ne'er ding him out o' her.

Proverbial—Scottish.

*Eulalia.* I will add one more, and then I'll have done with Examples. A next Door Neighbour of ours is a very honest, good Man, but a little too subject to Passion. One Day he beat his Wife, a Woman of commendable Prudence. She immediately withdrew into a private Room, and there gave Vent to her Grief by Tears and Sighs. Soon after upon some Occasion her Husband came into the Room, and found his Wife all in Tears. What's the Matter, says he, that your crying and sobbing like a Child? To which she prudently reply'd, Why, says she, is it not much better to lament my Misfortune here, than if I should make a Bawling in the Street as other Women do? The Man's Mind was so overcome and mollified by this Answer, so like a Wife, that giving her his Hand, he made a solemn Promise to his Wife, he would never lay his Hand upon her after, as long as he liv'd. Nor did he ever do it.

*Xanthippe.* I have obtained as much from my Husband, but by a different Conduct.

*Eulalia.* But in the mean Time there are perpetual Wars between you.

ERASMUS: *Colloquies—The Uneasy Wife*,  
1522. Trans. N. Bailey.

“GIE her her will, or she'll burst,” quoth the gude-man when his wife was dinging him.

Proverbial—Scottish.

O BITTER lie of law, O falsest dogma of society,  
That woman is controlled by man, and subject to his  
will :

Custom maketh Vashti stronger than her lord ;  
His hands are bound, his mouth is stopped ; how can  
he force obedience ?

MARTIN TUPPER : *Proverbial Philosophy*, 1867.

No man is a match for a woman, except with a poker  
and a pair of hobnailed boots. Not always even then.

BERNARD SHAW : Tanner, in *Man  
and Superman*, 1903.

THOUGH women first were made for men,  
Yet men were made for them again :  
For when (out-witted by his wife)  
Man first turned tenant but for life,  
If women had not intervened,  
How soon had mankind had an end !  
And that it is in being yet,  
To us alone you are in debt,  
And where's your liberty of choice,  
And our unnatural no-voice ?  
Since all the privilege you boast,  
And falsely usurp'd, or vainly lost,  
Is now our right, to whose creation  
You owe your happy restoration.  
And if we had not weighty cause  
To not appear in making laws,  
We could, in spite of all your tricks,  
And shallow formal politics  
Force you our managements to obey,

As we to yours (in shew) give way.  
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly strive  
T' advance your high prerogative,  
You basely, after all your braves,  
Submit, and own yourselves our slaves ;  
And 'cause we do not make it known,  
Nor publicly our interests own,  
Like sots, suppose we have no shares  
In ordering you and your affairs :  
When all your empire and command  
You have from us, at second-hand.  
As if a pilot, that appears  
To sit still only, while he steers,  
And does not make a noise or stir,  
Like every common mariner,  
Knew nothing of the card, nor star  
And did not guide the man of war :  
Nor we, because we don't appear  
In councils, do not govern there :  
While, like the mighty Prester John,  
Whose person none dares look upon,  
But is preserv'd in close disguise,  
From being made cheap to vulgar eyes,  
W' enjoy as large a power unseen,  
To govern him, as he does men.

SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras—The Lady's  
Answer to the Knight*, 1678.

DISGUISE our bondage how we will,  
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still.

T. MOORE: *Sovereign Woman*,  
1779-1852.

## 234 THE PARADISE OF WOMEN

SHE commandeth her husband, in any equal matter, by constant obeying him.

Dr. FULLER: *Holy State*, 1642.

HE provides and she dispenses; he gives commandments and she rules by them; he rules her by authority, and she rules him by love; she ought by all means to please him, and he must by no means displease her.

JEREMY TAYLOR: *Sermons—The Marriage Ring*, 1651.

HOWEVER much it may offend our ideas, we must admit that among the most civilised peoples the women have always had authority over their husbands; this authority was established in Egypt by law, in honour of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honour of Semiramis, while of the Romans it used to be said that they ruled all nations but were ruled by their wives.

MONTESQUIEU: *Lettres Persanes*, 1721.

“ENGLAND’s the paradise of women.”

And well it might be called so, as might easily be demonstrated in many particulars, were not all the world already therein satisfied. Hence it hath been said that if a bridge were made over the narrow seas, all the women in Europe would come over hither. Yet it is worth the noting that though in no country of the world the men are so fond of, so much governed by, so wedded to their wives, yet hath no language so many proverbial invectives against women.

JOHN RAY: *Collection of English Proverbs*, 1670.

WHEN the husband drinks to the wife, all would be well; when the wife drinks to the husband, all is well.

Proverbial.

IN men we various passions find,  
In women two almost divide the kind;  
Those only fixed, they first or last obey,  
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That, nature gives; and when the lesson taught  
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?  
Experience this; by man's oppression curst,  
They seek the second, not to lose the first.

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take,  
But every woman is at heart a rake:  
Men some to quiet, some to public strife,  
But every woman would be queen for life.

POPE: *Moral Essays* (1735).

"My ligè lady, generally," quod he,  
"Wommen desiren to have sovereynetee,  
As well over hir housbond, as hir love,  
And for to been in maistrie him above.  
This is your mooste desir, thogh ye me kille.  
Dooth as your list, I am heer at your wille."

In all the court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde,  
Ne wydwè, that contraried that he sayde.

CHAUCER: *Wife of Bath's Tale*,  
about 1386-89.

SWINE, women, and bees are not to be turned.

Proverbial—English.

WHAT a woman wills, God wills.

Proverbial—French.

AH ! evil luck be the women's portion !—they govern us at every turn, Stephen, and at every age. When they are young, they bribe us with fair looks and sugared words, sweet kisses and love tokens ; and when they are of middle age they work us to their will by presents and courtesies, red wine and red gold ; and when they are old, we are fain to run their errands to get out of sight of their leathern visages.

SCOTT : Genvil, in *The Betrothed*, 1825.

THE great advantage which women have in the world is that most women understand men a vast deal better than any man understands women. Since knowledge is power, woman has a control over man which man never has over her. To man she is always, in the last resort, untamable and unintelligible, whereas to her man is a simple, if massive, creature, whose subtleties, when occasionally he is subtle, are much more intelligible to her than to other men. There is no complexity of the male character which the woman does not understand, and there is scarcely any complication of the feminine character which the man can really unravel. This accounts for the good humour with which the vast majority of women accept the crude mechanical power which man exercises by his laws and political devices.

J. A. SPENDER : *The Comments of Bagshot*  
(First Series), 1908.



THE world is woman's book: when she reads it badly it is her fault; or some passion blinds her.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

ALL those things which women cannot do for themselves, and which they either need or like, they must have the art of making us wish to do; woman therefore must make a thorough study of the mind of man, not in the abstract, the mind of man in general, but the minds of the men she comes in contact with, the minds of the men to whom she is subject either by law or opinion.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

*Xanthippe*. But prithee tell me by what Arts you brought your Husband to your Humour?

*Eulalia*. I'll tell you for this End, that you may copy after me.

It was my first Care that I might please my Husband in every Respect, that nothing might give him Offence. I diligently observed his Inclinations and Temper, and also observed what were his easiest Moments, what Things pleased him, and what vexed him, as they used to do who tame Elephants and Lions, or such Sort of Creatures, that can't be mastered by downright Strength.

*Xanthippe*. And such an Animal have I at Home.

*Eulalia*. Those that go near Elephants, wear no Garment that is white; nor those who manage Bulls, red; because it is found by Experience, that these Creatures are made fierce by these Colours, just as

Tygers are made so raging mad by the Sound of a Drum, that they will tear their own selves; and Jockies have particular Sounds, and Whistles, and Stroakings, and other Methods to sooth Horses that are mettlesome: How much more does it become us to use these Acts towards our Husbands, with whom, whether we will or no, we must live all our Lives at Bed and Board?

ERASMUS: *Colloquies—The Uneasy Wife*,  
1522. Trans. N. Bailey.

MEN do not want solely the obedience of women, they want their sentiments.

J. S. MILL: *The Subjection of Women*, 1869.

WOMAN has a stronger weapon in sentiment than man has in force.

BALZAC: *Les Employés*, 1837.

WHEN maidens sue,  
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,  
All their petitions are as freely theirs  
As they themselves would owe them.

SHAKESPEARE: Lucio, in *Measure  
for Measure*, 1604.

WHEN a man is thus liable to be vanquished by the charms of her he loves, the safest way is to determine what is proper to be done; but to avoid all expostulation with her before he executes what he has resolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty; and one must consider how senseless a thing it is to argue

with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you, than your reasons and arguments can be with her.

STEELE: *Spectator* (1712).

ONE hair of a woman draws more than a bell-rope.

Proverbial—German.

HERE then is a third consequence of the constitution of the sexes—that the stronger is the master to all appearances, but as a matter of fact is dependent upon the weaker ; and that not by any frivolous observance of gallantry nor by the proud generosity of the protector, but by an unchangeable law of nature, which, giving woman a greater facility to excite desires than she gives man to satisfy them, makes man dependent, in spite of himself, on the good pleasure of the woman and forces him to try in his turn to earn her favour in order that she may consent to let him be the stronger. . . . This sovereignty belongs to women, and cannot be taken from them even when they abuse it.

ROUSSEAU: *Émile*, 1762.

IT is by the arts of pleasing only, that women can attain to any degree of consequence or of power.

ALEXANDER: *History of Woman*, 1769.

NOR blush, my fair, to own you copy these ;  
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

MRS. BARBAULD: *Lines to a Lady with  
some Painted Flowers*, second half  
of eighteenth century.

THE object of woman's existence is not to war with man or allow man to war with her, but simply to conquer him and hold him in subservience without so much as a threat or a blow . . . It is only stupid women who cannot command men.

One never sees any pretty women among those who clamour for their rights.

MARIE CORELLI: *Woman or—Suffragette?*  
1907.

It is not empire but equality and friendship which women want.

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT: *A Vindication of  
the Rights of Woman*, 1792

WOMAN was not taken from the head of man, for she was not meant to be his ruler ; nor from his feet, for she was not meant to be his slave ; but from his side, for she was to be his companion and his comfort.

PETER LOMBARD: *Sententiæ*, 1160.

I CANNOT think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and so delightful to mankind ; with souls capable of the same accomplish-

ments with men ; and all to be only stewards of our Houses, Cooks, and Slaves. Not that I am for exalting the female government in the least, but, in short, *I would have men take women to be companions, and educate them to be fit for it.*

DEFOE: *Essay on Projects*, 1698.

BUT alas ! the creature grows degenerate. In her heart also there are springing up strange desires. She too is enamoured of heavy winds and vast panoramas and green expanses of the sea. She has marked the kingdoms of this world, how full it is of wealth and beauty and war—a radiant crust, built around the central fires, spinning towards the receding heavens. Men, declaring that she inspires them to it, move joyfully over the surface, having the most delightful meetings with other men, happy, not because they are masculine, but because they are alive. Before the show breaks up, she would like to drop the august title of the Eternal Woman and go there as her transitory self.

E. M. FORSTER: *A Room with a View*, 1908.

I'M well off, married to you, I know. You do make me forget I'm a female occasionally.

GRANVILLE BARKER: Jessica to Philip, in *The Madras House*, 1910.

THE Mosaic Bible has declared : *God created Man, and Woman from Man* ; but your Bible, the Bible of the Future, will proclaim, that *God created Humanity, made manifest in the Woman and the Man.*

MAZZINI: *The Duties of Man*, 1858.

OR rather let me *love*, than *be in love*,  
 So let me chuse, as *wife* and *friend* to find,  
 Let me forget her *sex*, when I approve :  
*Beasts* likeness lies in *shape*, but ours in *mind* :  
 Our *soules no sexes* have, their love is cleane,  
 No *sex*, both in *better part* are men.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY: *A Wife*, 1614.

THE men think us incapable of real friendship, you know.

JANE AUSTEN: Isabella Morland, in  
*Northanger Abbey*, 1818.

SEEING (to speake truly) that the ordinary sufficiency of women cannot answer this conference and communication, the nurse of this sacred bond [friendship]: nor seeme their mindes strong enough to endure the pulling of a knot so hard, so fast and durable. And truly, if without that, such a genuine and voluntarie acquaintance might be contracted, where not only mindes had this entire jovissance, but also bodies, a share of the alliance, and where a man might be wholly engaged: It is certaine, that friendship would thereby be more compleat and full: But this sex could never yet by any example attaine unto it, and is by ancient schooles rejected thence.

MONTAIGNE: *Essays*, 1580. Trans.  
 J. Florio, 1603.

WOMEN carry their love farther than most men; but men outdo them in friendship.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

THE reason why friendship touches most women so little is that it appears dull when one has felt love.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD: *Maximes*,  
1665.

Two women placed together make cold weather.

SHAKESPEARE: Lord Chamberlain, in  
*King Henry the Eighth*, 1613.

MEN are the reason why women do not love one another.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

OF the FRIENDSHIP of woman, little that is favourable, I believe, can be said. . . .

I frankly confess that the only kind of women with whom I formed anything like friendship were ugly and clever old maids, women whom it was impossible to love, women who more resembled men, because the absence of all erotic feeling had enabled them to employ what brain they had in a masculine way. I never could have dreamt of choosing, as a mere friend, a being with great sensitive and small reasoning faculties, and still less with vastly developed vital organs.

WALKER: *Woman*, 1840.

No friend like to a woman earth discovers,  
So that you have not been, nor will be lovers.

BYRON: *Don Juan*, 1819-24.

To me it is one of the most odious things in a girl's life, that there must always be some supposition of falling in love coming between her and any man who is kind to her, and to whom she is grateful.

GEORGE ELIOT: Mary Garth, in  
*Middlemarch*, 1872.

BETWEEN men and women there is no friendship possible. There is passion, enmity, worship, love, but no friendship.

OSCAR WILDE: Lord Darlington, in *Lady Windermere's Fan*, 1892.

THERE can be no perfect friendship except between a man and a woman, because that is the only friendship which is free from any possible or actual rivalry.

COMTE: *Politique Positive*, 1851-54.

FRIENDSHIP can exist between people of different sexes, free even from all grossness; a woman, however, always looks upon a man as a man, and reciprocally a man looks upon a woman as a woman: this bond is neither love nor friendship pure and simple; it forms a class apart.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

It is in the hospitable soul of a woman that a man forgets he is a stranger, and so becomes natural and truthful, at the same time that he is mesmerised by all those divine differences which make her a mystery and a bewilderment. . . .

O. W. HOLMES: *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, 1872.



It is often said of those who lead in this attempt at the re-adaptation of woman's relation to life, that they are "New Women"; and they are at times spoken of as though they were a something unheard-of and portentous in the order of human life.

But the truth is, we are not new. We who lead in this movement to-day are of that old, old Teutonic womanhood, which twenty centuries ago ploughed its march through European forests and morasses beside its male companion; which marched with the Cimbri to Italy, and with the Franks across the Rhine, with the Varagians into Russia, and the Alamani into Switzerland; which peopled Scandinavia, and penetrated to Britain; whose priestesses had their shrines in German forests, and gave out the oracle for peace or war. . . .

If it be to-day on no physical battlefield that we stand beside our men, and on no march through no external forest or marsh that we have to lead; it is yet the old spirit which, undimmed by two thousand years, stirs within us in deeper and subtler ways; it is yet the cry of the old, free Northern woman which makes the world to-day. Though the battlefield be now for us all, in the laboratory or the workshop, in the forum or the study, in the assembly, in the mart and the political arena, with the pen and not the sword, of the head and not the arm, we still stand side by side with the men we love, "to dare with them in war and to suffer with them in peace," as the Roman wrote of our old Northern womanhood.

OLIVE SCHREINER: *Woman and Labour*,  
1911.

CAN man be free if woman be a slave ?

SHELLEY: *The Revolt of Islam*, 1818.

THE woman's cause is man's ; they rise or sink  
Together, dwarfed or god-like, bond or free ;  
For she that out of Lethe scales with man  
The shining steps of Nature, shares with man  
His nights, his days, moves with him to one goal,  
Stays all the fair young planet in her hands—  
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall men grow ? but work no more alone !  
Our place is much : as far as in us lies,  
We two will serve them both in aiding her—  
Will clear away the parasitic forms  
That seem to keep her up but drag her down—  
Will leave her space to burgeon out of all  
Within her—let her make herself her own  
To give or keep, to live and learn and be  
All that not harms distinctive womanhood.  
For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse ; could we make her as the man,  
Sweet love were slain : his dearest bond is this,  
Not like to like, but like in difference.  
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;  
The man be more of woman, she of man ;  
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;  
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care ;  
Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind.  
Till at the last she set herself to man  
Like perfect music unto noble words. . . .

TENNYSON: *The Princess*, 1847.

## IV. THE QUARREL

### CHAPTER XIV

#### THE REVOLT OF WOMEN

Against Husbands.

Against Children.

Against Dependence.

. . . THE interesting class of women, unmarried upon scruples of sexual honour.

DE QUINCEY: *Essay on Style*, 1840.

IMPENETRABLE in their dissimulation, cruel in their vengeance, unswerving in their purposes, without scruples as to the means to obtain their objects, animated by a profound and secret hate against man's despotism, there seems to be among them a natural conspiracy for domination, a sort of league, such as exists among the priests of all nations. They know all its articles without ever having these communicated to them.

DIDEROT: *Sur les Femmes*, 1772.

*Johnson.* Sir, it is so far from being natural for a man and a woman to live in a state of marriage, that we find all the motives which they have for remaining in that connection, and the restraints which civilised societies impose to prevent the separation are hardly sufficient to keep them together.

BOSWELL: *Life of Dr. Johnson*, 1772.

WILL no one ever discover the art of making oneself loved by one's wife?

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

QUOTH she, there are no bargains driven  
Nor marriages clap'd up in heaven ;  
And that's the reason, as some guess,  
There is no heav'n in marriages ;

Two things that naturally press  
Too narrowly to be at ease :  
Their business there is only love  
Which marriage is not like t' improve.  
Love, that's too generous t' abide  
To be against its nature ty'd :

And therefore never can comply  
T' endure the matrimonial tie,  
That binds the female and the male,  
Where th' one is but the other's bail ;  
Like Roman gaolers, when they slept,  
Chain'd to the prisoners they kept,  
Of which the true and faithfull'st lover  
Gives best security to suffer.

SAMUEL BUTLER: *Hudibras* (Part III), 1678.

LET us follow the indications of nature, let us consult the good of society : we shall find that the two sexes ought to be together sometimes, but ought usually to live apart. I said so a moment ago with regard to women, I repeat it now with regard to men. Men feel the effects of a too intimate commerce with women as much and more than they do : *they* only lose their moral tone, whereas we lose not only that but our constitution as well : for the weaker sex, incapable of adopting our way of life, which is too strenuous for them, force us to adopt their way, which is too lax for us ; and since they refuse to suffer any separation and cannot make themselves men, they end by making us women.

ROUSSEAU : *Lettre à M. d'Alembert*, 1758.

My own experience of discussing this question leads me to believe that the one point on which all women are in furious secret rebellion against the existing law is the saddling of the right to a child with the obligation to become the servant of a man.

The right to bear a child, perhaps the most sacred of all women's rights, is not one that should have any conditions attached to it except in the interests of race welfare. There are many women of admirable character, strong, capable, independent, who dislike the domestic habits of men; have no natural turn for mothering and coddling them; and find the concession of conjugal rights to any person under any conditions intolerable to their self-respect. Yet the general sense of the community recognises in these very women the fittest people to have charge of children, and trusts them, as schoolmistresses and matrons of institutions, more than women of any other type when it is possible to secure them for such work. Why should the taking of a husband be imposed on these women as the price of their right to maternity? I am quite unable to answer that question. . . . The best mothers are not those who are so enslaved by their primitive instincts that they will bear children no matter how hard the conditions are, but precisely those who place a very high price on their services, and are quite prepared to become old maids if the price is refused, and even to feel relieved at their escape. Our democratic and matrimonial institutions may have their merits; at all events they are mostly reforms of something worse; but they put a premium on want

of self-respect in certain very important matters ; and the consequence is that we are very badly governed and are, on the whole, an ugly, mean, ill-bred race.

BERNARD SHAW :  
*Getting Married* (1910 Preface).

EVERYTHING in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman hath one answer : its name is child-bearing.

Man is for woman a means ; the end is always the child.

NIETZSCHE : *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, 1883.

THE great mystery of God's providence is the permitted crushing out of flowering instincts. Life is maintained by the respiration of oxygen and of sentiments. In the long catalogue of scientific cruelties there is hardly anything quite so painful to think of as that experiment of putting an animal under the bell of an air-pump and exhausting the air from it. (I never saw the accursed trick performed. *Laus Deo !*) There comes a time when the souls of human beings, women, perhaps, more even than men, begin to faint for the atmosphere of the affections they were made to breathe. Then it is that Society places its transparent bell-glass over the young woman who is to be the subject of one of its fatal experiments. The element by which only the heart lives is sucked out of her crystalline prison. Watch her through its transparent walls ;—her bosom is heaving ; but it is in a vacuum. Death is no riddle, compared to this. I remember a poor girl's story in the *Book of Martyrs*. The "dry-pan and the gradual fire" were the images that

frightened her most. How many have withered and wasted under as slow a torment in the walls of that larger Inquisition which we call civilisation.

O. W. HOLMES: *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, 1858.

. . . SHE shall be saved through the child-bearing.

ST. PAUL: *First Epistle to Timothy* (R.V.), 65.

WHAT my masters ! ought a lady, who has borne a noble son,  
One who in your fleets and armies great heroic deeds has done,  
Ought she to remain unhonoured ? ought she not, I ask you, I,  
In our Stenia and our Scira still to take precedence high ?  
Whoso breeds a cowardly soldier, or a seaman cold and tame,  
Crop her hair and seat her lowly ; brand her with the marks of shame ;  
Set the nobler dame above her.

ARISTOPHANES: Chorus of Athenian Matrons, in *Thesmophoriazusæ*, 410 B.C. Trans. B. B. Rogers.



IF a woman becomes weary or at last dead from bearing, that matters not; let her only die from bearing, she is there to do it.

MARTIN LUTHER: 1483-1546.

MADAME DE STAËL once asked Napoleon who in his opinion was the greatest woman in the world, dead or alive? "She who has borne the greatest number of children," was the reply.

NAPOLEON: 1769-1821.

I TAKE no interest in childless women.

W. E. HENLEY (attributed to, in *Marriage as a Trade*, by Cicely Hamilton), nineteenth century.

APART from the fact that four children to each fertile marriage is the least that will maintain the number and quality of the race unaltered, a woman who has given birth to only two children is very obviously a person of insufficient occupation, who has not fulfilled her legitimate functions.

WHETHAM: *Heredity and Society*,  
1912.

MOTHER, what sort of a thing is marriage? Daughter, it is spinning, bearing children, and weeping.

Proverbial—Spanish.

WOMAN then must be regarded, under positivism, simply and above all as the companion of man, without any present reference to the maternal function.

Such, in the positivist theory, is the main object of marriage : to complete and consolidate the education of the affections by developing the purest and liveliest of human feelings. . . .

The true object of marriage, as a matter altogether independent of maternity, having thus been explained, the social theory of woman must be completed by an account of the maternal function as a necessary extension of the moral mission of the wife.

COMTE : *Politique Positive*, 1851-54.

IN love, a woman sees love, her lover, her husband. The child comes later. It is the man who is concerned in the first instance for the perpetuation of the race.

A young lady of austere principles (Madame de Gasparin) has had the courage to touch on this delicate question and to reveal the secret of woman : "The end of marriage is marriage : the child takes only the second place. Conjugal love requires more self-sacrifice and more virtue than maternal love ; for the child is still the mother ; it is herself that she loves in him."

There is the thought of woman, set forth without hypocrisy, with holy seriousness, as against the ideas of the Middle Ages, which thought that the only end of marriage was the child, and forgot that the

mother, before she is a mother, is the wife and companion of man.

The mission of woman is (even more than that of child-bearing) to refresh and remake the heart of man. Protected, nourished by him, she nourishes him with love.

MICHELET: *L'Amour*, 1858.

. . . I do not advocate celibacy except for persons whom it suits; but I do not see why persons whom it does suit should be ashamed of acknowledging the fact. I am inclined to think that they are more numerous than is commonly supposed, and I will admit frankly that I am exceedingly glad that it seems, in these latter days, to suit so many women. I am glad, not because the single life appears to me essentially better than the married, but because I believe that the conditions of marriage, as they affect women, can only be improved by the women who do without marriage—and do without it gladly.

CICELY HAMILTON: *Marriage as a Trade*, 1909.

IF only the devastating torrent of children could be arrested for a few years, it would bring untold relief.

J. C. MORISON: *The Service of Man*, 1887.

THE commandment to the modern woman is now not simply "Thou shalt bear," but rather, "Thou shalt not bear in excess of thy power to rear and train satisfactorily."

OLIVE SCHREINER: *Woman and Labour*, 1911.

THE year 1877 is one of the most memorable in the history of England. It did not witness any Constitutional crisis. There was no General Election, no change of Government, no shifting of the centre of political power. The domestic legislation of the year was singularly uneventful. The country had only a second's interest in European wars. The course of commerce and industry was equally free from critical events ; it was not a time of great mechanical inventions. The world was not smitten by pestilence or famine. No great man was cut off by death in the fulness of his power ; if any leader of revolutions was born at that season he has now reached his thirtieth year without sign. Yet a single fact, hardly noticed then, barely understood even now, makes the year 1877 rank as one of the turning-points of national history, as the dramatic close of a revolutionary era.

Between 1876 and 1877 the number of births per thousand of the total population of England and Wales fell from 36.3 to 36. For every ten thousand of the population three fewer children were born in 1877 than in 1876. The birth-rate had often varied more than this, upwards or downwards, in previous years, and has varied as much again and again in succeeding years. The fact recorded might well seem utterly trivial and accidental. Subsequent history has proved it to be neither. . . . Up to 1876 the birth-rate, though subject to continual variations, rose on the whole steadily throughout the period for which statistics are available ; from an average of 32 per thousand in the years 1841-45 it had reached an average of 35.5 per thousand in the years 1871-75. It attained its highest

point in 1876, and then fell with catastrophic swiftness. In less than ten years the increase of the previous thirty-five years had disappeared; in less than thirty the birth-rate has come from 36.3 in 1876 to 27.9 in 1904—a fall of 23 per cent. Few things in the vital history of the nation are so dramatic as this slow rise and rapid decline of its fertility. Hardly any involves more important consequences or gives rise to more serious speculations.

ANON: *The Growth of the English People.*  
(*Morning Post* of 25th April 1906.)

THIS decline in the birth-rate is not merely the result of an alteration in the ages of the population, or in the number or proportion of married women, or in the ages of these.

SIDNEY WEBB: *The Decline in  
the Birth-Rate*, 1906.

THE birth-rate [in 1910] was 25.1 per 1000. This is again the lowest rate on record, and is no less than 2.5 below the average in the preceding decennium, and 0.7 below the rate in 1909. The provisional rate in 1911 shows a further fall of 0.7 per 1000.

REGISTRAR-GENERAL FOR ENGLAND AND WALES:  
*Report for 1910.*

*Man must feed woman*: this is the natural law of our species, agreeing with the essentially domestic existence of the emotional sex.

COMTE: *Politique Positive*, 1851-54.

WE are the only animal species in which the female depends on the male for food, the only animal species in which the sex-relation is also an economic relation.

C. P. GILMAN: *Women and Economics*, 1899.

THE only way for a woman to provide for herself decently is for her to be good to some man that can afford to be good to her. If she's in his own station of life, let her make him marry her; but if she's far beneath him she can't expect it—why should she? It wouldn't be for her own happiness. Ask any lady in London society that has daughters; and she'll tell you the same, except that I tell you straight and she'll tell you crooked. That's all the difference.

BERNARD SHAW: Mrs. Warren, in  
*Mrs. Warren's Profession*, 1898.

WOMEN must take the fate of market fruit till they earn their own pennies, and then they'll regulate the market. It is a tussle for money with them as with us, meaning power. They'll do it as little by oratory as they have done by millinery, for their oratory, just like their millinery, appeals to a sentiment and to a weaker; and nothing solid comes of a sentiment. Power is built on work.

GEORGE MEREDITH: *Celt and Saxon*, 1910.

MAN, in supporting woman, has become her economic environment. Under natural selection, every creature is modified to its environment, developing perforce the qualities needed to obtain its livelihood under that environment. Man, as the feeder of woman, becomes the strongest modifying force in her economic condition. Under sexual selection the human creature is of course modified to its mate, as with all creatures. When the mate becomes also the master, when economic necessity is added to sex-attraction, we have the two great evolutionary forces acting together to the same end; namely, to develop sex-distinction in the human female. For, in her position of economic dependence in the sex-relation, sex-distinction is with her not only a means of attracting a mate, as with all creatures, but a means of getting her livelihood, as is the case with no other creature under heaven. Because of the economic dependence of the human female on her mate, she is modified to sex to an excessive degree.

C. P. GILMAN: *Women and Economics*,  
1899.

THE contemporary woman of fashion who sets the tone of occidental intercourse is a stimulant rather than a companion for man. Too commonly she is an unwholesome stimulant turning a man from wisdom to appearance, from beauty to beautiful pleasures, from form to colour, from persistent aims to brief and stirring triumphs. Arrayed in what she distinctively calls "dress," scented, adorned, displayed, she achieves

by artifice a sexual differentiation profounder than that of any other vertebrated animal. She outshines the peacock's excess above his mate. . . .

H. G. WELLS: *A Modern Utopia*, 1905.

THEIR *leysure* 'tis corrupteth woman-kind.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY: *A Wife*, 1614.

THE European lady, strictly speaking, is a creature who should not exist at all.

SCHOPENHAUER: *Über die Weiber*, 1851.  
Trans. Mrs. R. Dircks.

THE denial of woman's rights does not consist in her disqualification to vote, to sit upon the bench, to take part in the conduct of these or those affairs, but in her inferiority to man in all those social acts and functions which are based on the relations of the sexes.

TOLSTOI: *Kreutzer Sonata*, 1890.



## IV. THE QUARREL

*(continued)*

### CHAPTER XV

#### IN DISPRAISE OF WOMAN

That she is Knavish, Senseless, and Soulless—A kind of Animal—And a bad kind (herein of Serpents and other odious comparisons).

That she does much Harm—And no Good—And why, oh why was she made?

That though there may be (one or two) Redeeming Features—In (one or two) Women—These are too few and far to seek.

That, therefore, she should be Avoided—As a Disturber of Peace—And as the Compendium and the Root of all Evil.

*Philaster.* Now you may take that little right I  
have

To this poor kingdom : give it to your joy ;  
For I have no joy in it. Some far place,  
Where never womankind durst set her foot  
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,  
And live to curse you :  
There dig a cave, and preach to birds and beasts  
What woman is, and help to save them from you ;  
How heaven is in your eyes, but in your hearts  
More hell than hell has ; how your tongues, like  
scorpions,  
Both heal and poison ; how your thoughts are woven  
With thousand changes in one subtle web,  
And worn so by you ; how that foolish man,  
That reads the story of a woman's face  
And dies believing it, is lost for ever ;  
How all the good you have is but a shadow,  
I' the morning with you, and at night behind you  
Past and forgotten ; how your vows are frosts,  
Fast for a night, and with the next sun gone ;  
How you are, being taken all together,  
A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,  
That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,  
Till my last hour, I am bound to utter of you.  
So farewell all my woe, all my delight !

DIOGENES, on seeing some women who had been hanged on the boughs of an olive-tree, said, "I wish all trees bore that kind of fruit."

DIOGENES : fourth century B.C.

"I stood," said the Prophet, "at the gate of Paradise ; and lo, most of its inmates were the poor : and I stood at the gate of Hell ; and lo, most of its inmates were women."

ALI BIN 'UMAR IBN AL-BATANUNI: *On the Stratagems of Women*. FL. c. 1494.  
(Cited in Lane's *Arabian Nights*.)

BEHOLD, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one, to find out the account :

Which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not ; one man among a thousand have I found ; but a woman among all those have I not found.

*Ecclesiastes*, probably about 200 B.C.

*Megadorus*. O best of women, let me have your hand.

*Eunomia*. Where is she ? who's that best—?

*Meg.* Why, you yourself.

*Eun.* Do you say this ?

*Meg.* Well, if I mayn't, I won't.

*Eun.* I think you'd better not, for in this world

There is no best of women ; simply some  
Are worse than others, brother.

PLAUTUS: *Aulularia*, about 200 B.C.

AND more or less, woman is always a Delilah.

ALFRED DE VIGNY: *La Colère de Samson*, 1867.

ONE thing alone about a woman's sure—  
When she is dead, her life will not endure.  
Till then distrust her every word and deed.

ANTIPHANES: fourth century B.C.

Do not trust a woman, even when she is dead.

DIOGENES: fourth century B.C.

WOMAN is an immortal necessary evil.

PHILEMON: c. 360-261 B.C.

GIVE me any plague but the plague of the heart ;  
And any wickedness but the wickedness of a woman.

*Ecclesiasticus* (R.V.), about 200 B.C.

NATURE, I say, doth paint them furthe to be weake,  
fraile, impatient, feble, and foolishe ; and experience  
hath declared them to be unconstant, variable, cruell,  
and lacking the spirit of council and regiment.

JOHN KNOX: *The First Blast of the Trumpet  
against the Monstruous Regiment of  
Women*, 1558.

A SET of phrases learned by rote ;  
A passion for a scarlet coat ;  
When at a play, to laugh or cry,  
Yet cannot tell the reason why ;

Never to hold her tongue a minute,  
While all she prates has nothing in it ;  
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,  
And take his nonsense all for wit ;

In choosing lace a critic nice,  
Knows to a groat the lowest price ;  
Can in her female clubs dispute  
What linen best the silk will suit,  
What colours each complexion match  
And where with art to place a patch.

By frequent practice learns the trick,  
At proper seasons to be sick ;  
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,  
At once creating love and pity.

Admires how modest women can  
Be so robustious like a man.  
In party, furious to her power ;  
A bitter Whig or Tory sour.

SWIFT: *The Furniture of a  
Woman's Mind*, 1727.

WHEN an ass climbs a ladder, we may find wisdom  
in women.

Proverbial.

WOMEN . . . are only children of a larger growth ;  
they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit ;  
but for solid reasoning, good sense, I never in my life  
knew one that had it, or who reasoned or acted  
consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together.

Some little passion or humour always breaks in upon their best resolutions. . . . A man of sense only trifles with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child ; but he neither consults them about nor trusts them with serious matters, though he often makes them believe that he does both, which is the thing in the world that they are proud of, for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which, by-the-way, they always spoil), and being justly distrustful, that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult and trust them.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *Letters to his Son* (1748).

WOMEN are directly adapted to act as the nurses and educators of our early childhood, for the simple reason that they themselves are childish, foolish, and short-sighted—in a word, are big children all their lives, something intermediate between the child and the man.

SCHOPENHAUER: *Über die Weiber*, 1851.  
Trans. Mrs. R. Dircks.

*L. Gaspar*.—Yet this I saye unto you, that most wise men have left in writinge, that nature, bicause she is alwaies set and bent to make thinges most perfect, if she coulde, woulde continuallye bring furth men, and whan a woman is borne, it is a slacknes or default of nature, and contrary to what she would do. As it is also scene in one borne blinde, lame, or with some other impediment, and in trees manye frutes

that never ripen : even so may a woman be said to be a creature brought furth at a chaunce and by happe.

CASTIGLIONE: *Il Cortegiano*, 1528.  
Trans. Sir T. Hoby, 1561.

FOR females are the weaker and colder in nature, and we must consider femaleness as a kind of physical defect.

ARISTOTLE: *On the Generation of Animals*,  
fourth century B.C.

OF the men who came into the world, those who were cowards or led unrighteous lives may with reason be supposed to have changed into the nature of women in the second generation.

PLATO: *Timæus*, fourth century B.C.

GOD said to Adam : Thou shalt have dominion over all beasts ; and herein would seem to consist his advantage and superiority. Now, since man has dominion also over woman, who can be so mad as to deny that woman is rather a beast than a Man ?

I think I have shown by fifty irrefragable testimonies from Holy Writ that woman does not belong to the same species as man, and is therefore incapable of eternal life.

HORATIO PLATA: *Che le Donne non  
siano della spetie degli Huomini*,  
1647.

THIS opinion . . . whatever votaries it may have had in the East, has had but few in Europe ; a few, however, have maintained it, and assigned various and sometimes laughable reasons for so doing : among these, a

story we have heard of a Scots clergyman is not the least particular. This peaceable son of Levi . . . in going through a course of lectures on the Revelation of St. John, first took up the opinion, that the sex had no souls, and were incapable of future rewards and punishments. It was no sooner known in the country that he maintained such a doctrine, than he was summoned before a presbytery of his brethren, to be dealt with according to his delinquency. When he appeared at their bar, they asked him, If he really held so heretical an opinion ? He told them plainly, that he did. On desiring to be informed of his reasons for so doing, "In the Revelation of St. John the Divine," said he, "you will find this passage : 'And there was silence in heaven for about the space of half an hour.' And I appeal to all of you, to tell me, whether that could possibly have happened had there been any women there ? And since there are none there, charity forbids us to imagine that they are all in a worse place ; therefore it follows, that they have no immortal part ; and happy is it for them, as they are thereby exempted from being accountable for all the noise and disturbance they have raised in this world."

ALEXANDER : *The History of Women*, 1769.

AT this Council a certain bishop got up and maintained that a woman could not be called a human being. After argument, however, the point was settled against him by the bishops.

Proceedings of Council of Macon, 585. (Reported by  
GREGORY OF TOURS : *History of the Franks*.)



LET women consider their origin and not boast too much of their delicacy ; let them remember that they are after all only a supernumerary bone, in which there is no beauty but that which God wished to put into it.

BOSSUET : *Élévations sur les Mysteres*, 1627-1704.

BE careful in your handling of woman ; for she was made out of a crooked bone, and even the best in her bears traces thereof. If you try to bend her straight she will break ; if you leave her alone, she will remain crooked. Be careful in your handling of woman.

MAHOMET : c. 569-632.

IT semeth wel my ladies ye were gendred in puddels as before is mencioned of the Egiptians : ye puddels have no cleare water to drincke, nor fruite to eate, nor fish to be taken, nor shyppe to sayle in.

I meane, that in your lyves ye be fylthy, your personnes wythout shame, in adversiteye weake and feble, in prosperity ful of deceite and guyle, false in your woordes, and doubtful in your doynge, in hatynge without measure, in love extreame, in giftes covetous, in takyng unshamefast : and finally, I say ye are the ground of feare, in whom the wise men find peril, and the simple men suffer injury. In you, the wise men hold their renoume slaundered, and the simple men their lyfe in penury. Let us omit the opinion of the Egiptians, and come to ye Grekes, which say, that in the desertes of Arabia, the sonne shineth hottest : and at the beginning ther was found one womā, with one bird called the Phenix, which

bird was created on the water, and the woman engendred by the great heat of the sonne, and of the powder of trees in this wise. There was a tree sore eaten w<sup>th</sup> wormes & upon a time a blast of lightning set it on fier, & burnt it, so as amongst the ashes of that rotten tre, the first woman was made & found. . . . Of trouth ye amorous dames, ye have your tongues of the nature of fire, and your condicions like the powder of a rotten tre. . . . To conclude, the serpent hath not so much poison in his taile : as ye have in your tongues.

SIR THOMAS NORTH: *The Diall of Princes*, 1557.  
(Translated through the French from GUEVARA:  
*Libro del Emperador Marco Aurelio*, 1529.)

DIOGENES seeing two women talking, said : There was two serpents, an Aspe and a Viper, who communicated to one another their Poison.

DIOGENES: fourth century B.C.

FLY the fair sex, if bliss you prize,  
The snake's beneath the flower :  
Whoever gazed on beauteous eyes  
That tasted quiet more ?

SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE, 1675

BUT some exclaim : what frenzy rules your mind ?  
Would you increase the craft of womankind ?  
Teach them new wiles and arts ? as well you may  
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.

OVID : *Ars Amatoria*, about 2 B.C.  
Trans. Congreve, 1700.

*Andromache*. Indeed, I think so. For a serpent's sting

Men may—though hardly—with a god to aid  
Find antidotes ; but for that curse, than flame  
Fiercer, than vipers far more venomous,  
An evil woman, medicine never yet  
Was found. A cureless woe are we to men.

EURIPIDES: *Andromache*, 419 B.C.

“THE worst poison  
Is that of serpents of the female sex.”

J. B. ROUSSEAU: *Le Flatteur*, 1696.

I HAVE harde saye of them that cum owte of ffraunce  
that the ffrencemen describe a womann thus : A  
woman is a furre and an hurtful Spyrite in the howse,  
an angell in the Churche, an ape in the bedd, a mule  
unbrideled in the ffeelde, and a gote in the garden.

W. BERCHER: *The Nobyltye off Wymen*, 1559.

You are pictures out of doors,  
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your  
beds.

SHAKESPEARE: *Iago*, in *Othello*, 1604.

MAN is the moon, women are clouds,  
And clouds the splendour of the moon do blind ;  
Therefore for man 'tis best to live  
Far from the commerce of all womankind.

ANWARI: twelfth century.

MAN is fire, woman tow, and the devil comes and blows.

Proverbial—Spanish.

YOU'RE a woman—one to whom Heaven gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are a reflection of Heaven in a pond, and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely, spotless paper, when you first are born ; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill.

CONGREVE: Valentine, in *Love for Love*, 1695.

"No reliance can be placed on woman. She is straw and carried about by every wind. If a woman sees gold, she turns her head hither and thither like a trembling balance. When a pomegranate ripens it becomes beautiful, and a pearl improves with age, but woman is without substance, and like a child or a grape, is pleasant while young, but black when mature. Women in a house are like cucumbers, ripe when raw, raw when ripe."

NIZAMI: *The Seven Beauties*, 1197.

As divines say, that some people take more pains to be damned than it would cost them to be saved ; so your sex employ more thought, memory and application to be fools than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a certain sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey ; who has more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time

be a tolerable critic in velvet and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

SWIFT: *Letter to a Very Young Lady on her Marriage*, early eighteenth century.

“FOR is it not, let me ask you—to take, for instance, a man’s sublime faculty of reasoning and logical comprehension—far more wonderful that a reasoning man should have the same parents as a woman, than that they should both have the same parents as a monkey?”

W. H. MALLOCK: *The New Republic*, 1877.

WOMAN was born from the left side of a man, and nothing that comes from the left can be right.

NIZAMI: *The Story of Khusroo and Shirin*, twelfth century.

THOU goest to women! Remember thy whip.

NIETZSCHE: *Also Sprach Zarathustra*, 1883.

MOREOVER, we are women, powerless for good  
But cunningest artificers of every ill.

EURIPIDES: *Medea*, in *Medea*, 431 B.C.

TRUST a woman,  
 If she has any mischief to promote,  
 I warrant she'll remember ; in that point  
 Her memory is immortal, everlasting.  
 If anything is to be done by them  
 Of good or honest, so it happens straight,  
 They grow forgetful, and they can't remember.

PLAUTUS: Acroteleutium, in *Miles Gloriosus*,  
 206 B.C. Trans. Bonnell Thornton.

IF all the harm that women have done  
 Were put in a bundle and rolled into one,  
     Earth would not hold it,  
     The sky could not enfold it,  
 It could not be lighted or warmed by the sun ;  
     Such masses of evil  
     Would puzzle the devil,  
 And keep him in fuel while Time's wheels run.

BUT if all the harm that's been done by men  
 Were doubled and doubled and doubled again,  
 And melted and fused into vapour, and then  
 Were squared and raised to the power of ten,  
 There wouldn't be nearly enough, not near,  
 To keep a small girl for the tenth of a year.

J. K. STEPHEN: *Lapsus Calami*, 1891.

ALL the trade in the luxuries of life is called into existence and sustained by the requirements of women. Count up all the factories : by far the greatest number of them turn out useless ornaments, equipages, furniture, toys—for women. Millions of people, generations of slaves, perish in this penal servitude of the

factories merely in order to satisfy the whim of woman. Women, like empresses, condemn to imprisonment and hard labour nine-tenths of mankind.

TOLSTOI: *Kreutzer Sonata*, 1890.

DREAD is the might of ocean billows ; dread  
The rush of rivers and the fire's hot blast ;  
Dread poverty, and thousand things beside.  
But never yet was known so dread a plague  
As woman ; what she is no pen can write,  
And no tongue utter. If this thing, indeed,  
Be some god's handiwork, that god I call  
The master-craftsman of our miseries,  
The bitterest foe of all mankind.

EURIPIDES: fifth century B.C.

NONSENSE ! it's the silliest lie a sensible man like you ever believed, to say a woman makes a house comfortable. It's a story got up, because the women are there, and something must be found for 'em to do. I tell you there isn't a thing under the sun that needs to be done at all, but what a man can do better than a woman, unless it's bearing children, and they do that in a poor makeshift way ; it had better ha' been left to the men—it had better ha' been left to the men. I tell you, a woman 'ull bake you a pie every week of her life, and never come to see that the hotter th' oven the shorter the time. I tell you, a woman 'ull make your porridge every day for twenty years, and never think of measuring the proportion between the meal and the milk—a little more or less, she'll think, doesn't signify : the porridge *will* be awk'ard now

and then ; if it's wrong, it's summat in the meal, or it's summat in the milk, or it's summat in the water. Look at me ! I make my own bread, and there's no difference between one batch and another from year's end to year's end ; but if I'd got any other woman besides Vixen in the house, I must pray to the Lord every baking to give me patience if the bread turned out heavy. And as for cleanliness, my house is cleaner than any other house on the Common, though the half of 'em swarm with women. Will Baker's lad comes to help me in a morning, and we get as much cleaning done in one hour without any fuss, as a woman 'ud get done in three, and all the while be sending buckets o' water after your ankles, and let the fender and the fire-irons stand in the middle o' the floor half the day, for you to break your shins against 'em. Don't tell me about God having made such creatures to be companions for us ! I don't say but He might make Eve to be a companion to Adam in Paradise—there was no cooking to be spoilt there, and no other woman to cackle with and make mischief ; though you see what mischief she did as soon as she'd an opportunity. But it's an impious, unscriptural opinion to say a woman's a blessing to a man now ; you might as well say adders and wasps, and foxes and wild beasts, are a blessing, when they're only the evils that belong to this state o' probation, which it's lawful for a man to keep as clear of as he can in this life, hoping to get quit of 'em for ever in another—hoping to get quit of 'em for ever in another.

GEORGE ELIOT: *Bartle Massey*, in  
*Adam Bede*, 1859.



HE that loseth his wife and a farthing hath a great loss of his farthing.

Proverbial—Italian.

I CONFESS one has read of ladies, such as Semiramis, Thalestris, and others, who have made very considerable figures in the most heroic and manly parts of life ; but, considering the great antiquity of these histories, and how much they are mixed up with fables, one is at liberty to question either the facts or the sex.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *On  
Female Coxcombs*, 1737.

*Posthumus*. Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? . . .

. . . Could I find out  
The woman's part in me ! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part ; be it lying, note it,  
The woman's ; flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;  
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that man may name, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all ; but rather, all ;  
For even to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice but of a minute old for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them.

SHAKESPEARE: *Cymbeline*, 1610.

*Hippolytus.* O God, why hast thou made this gleaming  
    snare,

Woman, to dog us on the happy earth ?  
Was it Thy will to make man, why his birth  
Through Love and Woman ? Could we not have rolled  
Our store of prayer and offering, royal gold,  
Silver and weight of bronze before Thy feet,  
And bought of God new child-souls, as were meet  
For each man's sacrifice, and dwelt in homes  
Free, where nor Love nor Woman goes and comes ?

How, is that daughter not a bane confessed,  
Whom her own sire sends forth—(He knows her  
    best !)—

And, will some man but take her, pays a dower !  
And he, poor fool, takes home the poison-flower,  
Laughs to hang jewels on the deadly thing  
He joys in ; labours for her robe-wearing,  
Till wealth and peace are dead. He smarts the less  
In whose high seat is set a Nothingness,  
A woman naught availing. Worst of all  
The wise deep-thoughted ! Never in my hall  
May she sit throned who thinks and waits and sighs !  
For Cypris breeds most evil in the wise,  
And least in her whose heart has naught within ;  
For puny wit can work but puny sin.

EURIPIDES: *Hippolytus*, 428 B.C.  
Trans. Gilbert Murray.

“OH, why did God,  
Creator wise, that peopled highest Heaven  
With Spirits masculine, create at last  
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect

Of Nature, and not fill the world at once  
With men as Angels, without feminine ;  
Or find some other way to generate  
Mankind ? This mischief had not then befallen,  
And more that shall befall—innumerable  
Disturbances on Earth through female snares,  
And straight conjunction with this sex. For either  
He never shall find out fit mate, but such  
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake ;  
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,  
Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained  
By a far worse, or, if she love, withheld  
By parents ; or his happiest choice too late  
Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound  
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame :  
Which infinite calamity shall cause  
To human life, and household peace confound."

MILTON: *Paradise Lost*, 1667.

A *very woman* is a dow-bakt man, or a she meant well towards man but fell two bowes short, *strength* and *understanding*. Her virtue is the hedge, *modesty*, that keeps a man from climbing over into her faults. She simpers as if she had no teeth but lips : and she

divides her eyes and keeps half for her selfe, and gives the other to her neat *youth*. Being set down she casts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, and is taken away with the voider. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirst, and it is a part of their mystery not to profess hunger ; but *Nature* takes her in private and stretcheth her upon meat. She is *marriageable* and *foureteene* at once ; and after that she doth not live, but tarry. She reads over her face every morning, and sometimes blots out pale and writes red. She thinks she is *faire*, though many times her opinion goes alone, and she loves her glasse, and the Knight of the Sun for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and devices, like the signe of a taverne to draw *strangers*. . . . Her chiefe commendation is, she brings a man to repentance.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY: *Characters*, about 1610.

Two days of happines a wife supplies—  
The day you wed her, and the day she dies.

HIPPONAX: sixth century B.C.

DEMOCRITUS being asked why he—a very tall man—had chosen a very small wife, said, “that when we are obliged to choose, and when there is nothing good to be taken, the Least is always the Best.”

DEMOCRITUS: fifth century B.C.

NEXT to no wife, a good wife is best.

Proverbial.

You mean to marry, Postumus ?

What snake-wreathed Fury drives you to these pains—

To choose a mistress, while a rope remains ?

Do no dark upper windows open stand ?

Are not the river and the bridge at hand ?

JUVENAL: *Sixth Satire*, about 110.

“GOD curse mine enemy with a wicked wife !”

EURIPIDES: *Œdipus*.

My knight-errantry is at an end, and I believe I shall, henceforth, think freeing of galley-slaves, and knocking down windmills, more laudable undertakings than the defence of any woman's reputation whatever. To say truth, I have never had any great esteem for the generality of the fair sex, and my only consolation for being of that gender is the assurance it gave me of never being married to any one among them.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU: *Letters*  
(to Miss Calthorpe, 1723).

He that loves Glass without a G,

Take away L and that is he.

Proverbial.

MEN born to labour, all with pains provide ;

Women have time to sacrifice to pride :

They want the care of man, their want they know,

And dress to please with heart-alluring show ;

The show prevailing, for the sway contend,

And make a servant where they meet a friend.

Thus in a thousand wax-erected forts

A loitering race the painful bee supports ;

From sun to sun, from bank to bank he flies,  
 With honey loads his bag, with wax his thighs ;  
 Fly where he will, at home the race remain,  
 Prune the silk dress, and murmuring eat the gain.

Yet here and there we grant a gentle bride,  
 Whose temper betters by the father's side ;  
 Unlike the rest that double human care,  
 Fond to relieve, or resolute to share :  
 Happy the man whom thus his stars advance !  
 The curse is general, but the blessing chance.

THOMAS PARNELL: *The Rise of Woman*,  
 early eighteenth century.

GREAT Zeus, shall I at any time speak ill  
 Of womankind ? Nay, curse me if I will !  
 They are the best of treasures ; if, maybe,  
 Once Phædra sinned, was not Penelope  
 A jewel ? "Bad Medea" next you name ?  
 Alcestis' virtue shall outweigh her shame.  
 "Bad Clytemnestra" then ? Why, then, I say,  
 There's — h'm — there's virtuous — "Who is there,  
 pray ?"

Oh me unhappy ! spent is all my store  
 Of noble womankind, while more and more  
 Of bad ones come — and more — and more — and more !

EUBULUS: *Chrysilla*, fourth century B.C.

*Clown.*

WAS this fair face the cause, quoth she,  
 Why the Grecians sacked Troy ?  
 Fond done, done fond,  
 Was this King Priam's joy ?

With that she sighed as she stood,  
 With that she sighed as she stood,  
 And gave this sentence then :  
 Among nine bad if one be good,  
 Among nine bad if one be good,  
 There's yet one good in ten.

*Countess.* What ! one good in ten ? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

*Clown.* One good woman in ten, madam ; which is a purifying o' the song. Would God would serve the world so all the year ! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman if I were the parson. One in ten, quoth a' ! An we might have a good woman born but for every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well : a man may draw his heart out e'er a' pluck one.

SHAKESPEARE : *All's Well that Ends Well*,  
 1595.

THERE are only two good women in the world : one of them is dead, and the other is not to be found.

Proverbial—German.

BEWARE of a bad woman and put no trust in a good one.

Proverbial—Spanish.

A FAIR-SPEAKING woman is a terror beyond words.

MENANDER : late fourth century B.C.

WHOEVER is free from wrangling, is a bachelor.

ST. JEROME : about 400.

A CONTINUAL dropping in a very rainy day  
 And a contentious woman are alike :  
 He that would restrain her restraineth the wind,  
 And his right hand encountereth oil.

---

IT is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top,  
 Than with a contentious woman in a wide house.

*Book of Proverbs* (R.V.), probably third century B.C.

AT first the creature man was framed alone,  
 Lord of himself, and all the world his own.

No wars were known, no females heard to rage,  
 And poets tell us, 'twas a golden age.

THOMAS PARNELL: *The Rise of Woman*,  
 early eighteenth century.

WHEREFORE this is an old maxim of the Fathers that is still current,—though I cannot produce it without shame on my own part, since I could not avoid my own sister, or escape the hands of the bishop,—viz. that a monk ought by all means to fly from women and bishops. For neither of them will allow him who has once been joined in close intercourse any longer to care for the quiet of his cell, or to continue with pure eyes in divine contemplation through his insight into holy things.

CASSIAN: *Institutes*, about 420.

THERE'S no mischief done in the world but there's a woman or a priest at the bottom of it.

Proverbial.

“O CORMAC, grandson of Conn,” said Carbery,  
 “how do you distinguish women?”



“Not hard to tell,” said Cormac. “I distinguish them, but I make no difference among them.

They are crabbed as constant companions,  
haughty when visited,  
lewd when neglected,  
silly counsellors,  
greedy of increase ;  
they have tell-tale faces,  
they are quarrelsome in company,  
steadfast in hate,  
forgetful of love,  
anxious for alliance,  
accustomed to slander,  
stubborn in a quarrel,  
not to be trusted with a secret,  
ever intent on pilfering,  
boisterous in their jealousy,  
ever ready for an excuse,  
on the pursuit of folly,  
slanderers of worth,  
scamping their work,  
stiff when paying a visit,  
disdainful of good men,  
gloomy and stubborn,  
viragoes in strife,  
sorrowful in an ale-house,  
tearful during music,  
lustful in bed,  
arrogant and disingenuous.  
abettors of strife,  
niggardly with food,  
rejecting wisdom,

eager to make appointments,  
sulky on a journey,  
troublesome bedfellows,  
deaf to instruction,  
blind to good advice,  
fatuous in society,  
craving for delicacies,  
chary in their presents,  
languid when solicited,  
exceeding all bounds in keeping others waiting,  
tedious talkers,  
close practitioners,  
dumb on useful matters,  
eloquent on trifles.

Happy he who does not yield to them !

They should be dreaded like fire,

they should be feared like wild beasts.

Woe to him who humours them !

Better to beware of them than to trust them,

better to trample upon them than to fondle them,

better to crush them than to cherish them.

They are waves that drown you,

they are fire that burns you,

they are two-edged weapons that cut you,

they are moths for tenacity,

they are serpents for cunning,

they are darkness in light,

they are bad among the good,

they are worse among the bad."

*The Instructions of King Cormac, early ninth century. Trans. in Kuno Meyer's Ancient Irish Poetry.*

THE philosopher Secundus, being asked what a bad woman is, replied : "Woman is a beast that eats with you ; a care that wakes with you ; a shame that abides with you ; a lion to watch ; a viper clothed ; a self-sought battle ; a wanton by night ; a penance by day ; a disturber of quiet ; a storm in the house ; a rock of shipwreck to the weak ; a fair-seeming Fury ; a painted Scylla ; faithless in love ; destructive of wealth ; a costly warfare ; an evil creature ; a necessary plague."

SECUNDUS : second century.

"O VILE ! O woman ! for in this one name  
All wickedness is compassed."

EURIPIDES : *Bellerophon*, fifth century B.C.

WHAT means did the devil find out, or what instruments did his own subtilty present him, as fittest and aptest to work his mischief by ? Even the unquiet vanity of the woman ; so as by Adam's hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to the express commandment of the living God, mankind by that her incantation became the subject of labour, sorrow, and death : the woman being given to man for a comforter and companion, but not for a counsellor. It is also to be noted by whom the woman was tempted : even by the most ugly and unworthy of all beasts, into whom the devil entered and persuaded. Secondly, what was the move of her disobedience ? Even a desire to know what was most unfitting her knowledge ; an affection which has ever since remained in all the

posterity of her sex. Thirdly, what was it that moved the man to yield to her persuasions? Even the same cause which hath moved all men since to the like consent, namely, an unwillingness to grieve her, or make her sad, lest she should pine, and be overcome with sorrow.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (?): 1552-1618 (letter attributed to by STEELE: *Spectator*, 1712).

THOU art half of my host, and thou art the depository of my secret, and thou art my arrow with which I shoot, and miss not.

THE DEVIL (as reported by JALAL AL-DIN AL-SUYUTI, *fl. c.* 1500).

No woman may enter the room of a bishop, except in the presence of two priests or deacons.

Decree of Council of Macon,  
581.

No woman may receive the Eucharist with naked hands.

Decree of Council of Auxerre,  
578.

WOMAN, to whom it brings shame even to reflect of what nature she is.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA: *The Instructor*,  
about 200.

IF there dwelt upon earth a faith as great as is the reward of faith which is expected in the heavens, no one of you at all, beloved sisters, from the time that she had first "known the Lord," and learned the truth concerning her own (that is woman's) condition, would have desired too gladsome (not to say too ostentatious) a way of dress; so as not rather to go about in humble garb, and rather to affect meanness of appearance, walking about as Eve mourning and repentant, in order that by every garb of penitence she might the more fully expiate that which she derives from Eve,—the ignominy, I mean, of the first sin, and the odium attaching to her as the cause of human perdition. "In pains and anxieties dost thou bear children, woman; and toward thine husband is thy inclination, and he lords it over thee." And do you not know that each one of you is an Eve? The sentence of God on this sex of yours lives in this age: the guilt must of necessity live too. *You* are the devil's gateway: *you* are the unsealer of that forbidden tree: *you* are the first deserter of the divine law: *you* are she who persuaded him whom the devil was not valiant enough to attack. *You* destroyed so easily *God's* image, man. On account of *your* desert—that is, death—even the Son of God had to die. And do you think of adorning yourself over and above your tunics of skins?

TERTULLIAN: *On Female Dress*, about 200,

THE angel of God showed me that for ever do women bear rule over king and beggar alike: and from the

king they take away his glory, and from the valiant man his strength, and from the beggar even that little which is the stay of his poverty.

*Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs—Judah,*  
? late first century.

WOMAN is the cause of dishonour ; woman is the cause of enmity ; woman is the cause of existence in the world. Therefore must woman be avoided.

*Laws of Manu : Date uncertain.*

## V. CONVALESCENCE

### CHAPTER XVI

#### THE LAST

After all, Man must Marry for the sake of the Race.

After all, Man may Console himself—All Women are  
Alike—Some are Different—Advice on Marrying  
—Of Eastern and Western Love.

After all, Romance once more.

DEAR BOY,—Before it is very long, I am of opinion, that you will both think and speak more favourably of women than you do now. You seem to think, that, from Eve downwards, they have done a great deal of mischief. As for that Lady, I give her up to you; but, since her time, history will inform you, that men have done much more mischief in the world than women; and, to say the truth, I would not advise you to trust either, more than is absolutely necessary. But this I will advise you to, which is, never to attack whole bodies of any kind; for, besides that all general rules have their exceptions, you unnecessarily make yourself a great number of enemies, by attacking a *corps* collectively. Among women, as among men, there are good as well as bad, and it may be full as many, or more, good than among men. This rule holds as to lawyers, soldiers, parsons, courtiers, citizens, &c. They are all men, subject to the same passions and sentiments, differing only in manner according to their several educations; and it would be as imprudent as unjust to attack any of them by the lump. Individuals forgive sometimes; but bodies and societies never do. . . . All general reflections, upon nations and societies, are the trite threadbare jokes of those who set up for wit without having any, and so have recourse to commonplace. Judge of individuals from your own knowledge of them, and not from their sex, profession, or denomination.

LORD CHESTERFIELD: *Letters to his Son* (1746).



Now let us turn to the people, our own panegyric to render.

Men never speak a good word, never one, for the feminine gender,

Every one says we're a Plague, the source of all evils to man,

War, dissension, and strife. Come, answer me this, if you can :

Why, if we're *really* a Plague, you're so anxious to have us for wives ;

And charge us not to be peeping, nor to stir out of doors for our lives.

Isn't it silly to guard a Plague with such scrupulous care ?

Zounds ! how you rave, coming home, if your poor little wife isn't there.

Should you not rather be glad, and rejoice all the days of your life,

Rid of a *Plague*, you know, the source of dissension and strife ?

If on a visit we sport, and sleep when the sporting is over,

O, how you rummage about ; what a fuss, your lost Plague to discover.

Everyone stares at your Plague if she happens to look on the street :

Stares all the more if your Plague thinks proper to blush and retreat.

Is it not plain then, I ask, that women are really the best ?

ARISTOPHANES: Chorus of Athenian  
Matrons, in *Thesmophoriazuse*,  
410 B.C. Trans. B. B. Rogers.

IF, O Quirites, we could do without wives, we should all dispense with that subject of care ; but, since nature has so managed it that we cannot live with women comfortably, nor without them at all, let us rather provide for the human race than for our own temporary felicity.

Q. METELLUS NUMIDICUS : about 100 B.C.

HEARKEN, ye people ! 'tis Susarion speaks :  
 Woman's a plague, but, O my countrymen,  
 No house from plagues escapeth ; for a plague  
 Is wedlock and a plague 'tis not to wed.

SUSARION (?) : early sixth century B.C.

*Ana.* You see you have to confess that marriage is necessary, though, according to you, love is the slightest of all the relations.

*Don Juan.* How do you know that it is not the greatest of all the relations? far too great to be a personal matter. Could your father have served his country if he had refused to kill any enemy of Spain unless he personally hated him? Can a woman serve her country if she refuses to marry any man she does not personally love? You know it is not so : the woman of noble birth marries as the man of noble birth fights, on political and family grounds, not on personal ones.

BERNARD SHAW : *Man and Superman*, 1903.

PLAINLY, then, it is the business of a philosopher to concern himself to marry and bring up a family.

MUSONIUS RUFUS, first century.

NOTWITHSTANDING your Happiness and your recommendation I hope I shall never marry. . . . The mighty abstract Idea I have of beauty in all things stifles the more divided and minute domestic happiness—an amiable wife and sweet children I contemplate as a part of that Beauty, but I must have a thousand of these beautiful particles to fill up my heart. I feel more and more every day, as my imagination strengthens, that I do not live in this world alone but in a thousand worlds. No sooner am I alone than shapes of epic greatness are stationed around me, and serve my Spirit the office which is equivalent to a King's bodyguard—then “Tragedy with sceptred pall comes sweeping by.” According to my state of mind I am with Achilles shouting in the Trenches or with Theocritus in the Vales of Sicily. Or I throw my whole being into Troilus, and repeating those lines, “I wander like a lost Soul upon the Stygian banks staying for waftage,” I melt into the air with a voluptuousness so delicate that I am content to be alone. These things, combined with the opinion I have of the generality of women—who appear to me as children to whom I would rather give a sugar Plum than my time—form a barrier against matrimony which I rejoice in.

KEATS: *Letter to George and  
Georgiana Keats* (1818).

HE that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have pro-

ceeded from the unmarried or childless men ; which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public.

FRANCIS BACON: *Essays*, 1597.

WINTER and wedlock tame man and beast.

Proverbial.

SOCRATES being asked whether it were better to marry or not to marry, replied, "Whichever you do, you will regret it."

SOCRATES : fifth century B.C.

MARRIAGE is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities, and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity ; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

JEREMY TAYLOR: *Sermons—The Marriage Ring*, 1651.

FOR man is a pairing animal more than a political one, in so far as a house is prior to and more natural than a State, and as reproduction is a general characteristic of all living things.

ARISTOTLE: *Ethics*, fourth century B.C.

A MAN flashes out against a woman who has ceased to love him, and consoles himself; a woman makes less noise when she is deserted, and is long inconsolable.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

“THE man’s need of the woman, here,  
Is greater than the woman’s of the man,  
And easier served; for where the man discerns  
A sex (ah, ah, the man can generalise,  
Said he) we see but one, ideally  
And really: where we yearn to lose ourselves  
And melt like white pearls in another’s wine,  
He seeks to double himself by what he loves,  
And make his drink more costly by our pearls.  
At board, at bed, at work, and holiday,  
It is not good for man to be alone.”

E. B. BROWNING: *Aurora Leigh*, 1856.

ISN’T the hunger for the eternal feminine much like the other hunger?—to be completely exorcised in the same way. Marriage seems to me the certain destruction of all that emotion and suffering,—so that one afterwards looks back at the old times with wonder. One cannot dream or desire anything more after love is transmuted into the friendship of marriage. It is like a haven from which you can see the dangerous sea-currents, running like violet bands beyond you out of sight. It seems to me (though I’m a poor judge of such matters) that it doesn’t make a man any happier to have an intellectual wife—unless he marries for society. The less intellectual, the more lovable; so long as there is neither coarseness, nor foolishness.

For intellectual converse a man *can't* have really with women; womanhood is antagonistic to it. And emotional truth is quite as plain to the childish mind as to the mind of Herbert Spencer or of Clifford. The child and the god come equally near to the eternal truth.

LAFCADIO HEARN: *Life and Letters*  
(to Ellwood Hendrick, 1892).

*Boswell.* "Pray, Sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy, as with any one woman in particular?"

*Johnson.* "Ay, Sir, fifty thousand . . . I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if all were made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

BOSWELL: *Life of Dr. Johnson* (1776).

WOMEN differ from one another far less than men do. Who knows one, knows all, save for a few exceptions. Their thoughts, their feelings, even their outer forms are similar. . . . That is why a woman adapts herself so readily to any social position. The groom who, by favour of the empress, is made duke of Curlandia will smell of the stable all his life, but the sergeant's daughter become countess and mistress of a royal heart, will, after a few months or sometimes after a few weeks, differ in no respect from the grand lady born to figure in the almanack of Gotha. Between the princess and the washerwoman there

is little difference; the essential feature common to each is the nature of their sex, that is to say the involuntary repetition of the racial type.

MAX NORDAU : *Paradoxe*, 1885.

JOAN is as good as my lady in the dark.

Proverbial—English.

WHEN the light's out every woman is the same.

PLUTARCH : *Conjugal Precepts*, first or early second century.

"LOCKED up or at large," said Mr. Glowry, "the result is the same : their minds are always locked up, and vanity and interest keep the key. I speak feelingly, Scythrop."

"I am sorry for it, sir," said Scythrop. "But how is it that their minds are locked up? The fault is in their artificial education, which studiously models them into mere musical dolls, to be set out for sale in the great toyshop of society."

"To be sure," said Mr. Glowry, "their education is not so well finished as yours has been; and your idea of a musical doll is good. I bought one myself, but it was confoundedly out of tune; but, whatever be the cause, Scythrop, the effect is certainly this, that one is pretty nearly as good as another, as far as any judgment can be formed of them before marriage. . . . Marriage is, therefore, a lottery, and the less choice and selection a man bestows on his ticket the better; for, if he has incurred considerable pains and expense to obtain a lucky number, and his lucky

number proves a blank, he experiences not a single but a complicated disappointment; the loss of labour and money being superadded to the disappointment of drawing a blank. . . .

T. L. PEACOCK: *Nightmare Abbey*, 1817.

IN buying horses and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.

Proverbial—Italian.

“WIMMIN’s a toss up,” said Uncle Pentstemon. “Prize packets they are, and you can’t tell what’s in ’em till you took ’em ’ome and undone ’em. Never was a bachelor married yet that didn’t buy a pig in a poke. Never! Marriage seems to change the very natures in ’em through and through. You can’t tell what they won’t turn into—nohow?”

H. G. WELLS: *The History of Mr. Polly*, 1910.

It is commonly a weak man who marries for love.

BOSWELL: *Life of Dr. Johnson* (1776).

CHOOSE a wife rather by your ear than your eye.

Proverbial.

IF you want a wife, choose her on Saturday, not on Sunday.

Proverbial—Spanish.

NEVER marry a widow unless her first husband was hanged.

Proverbial—English.

A MAN had better have a dule than a dawkin [a shrew than a slut].

Proverbial.



THERE are few women so perfect as to prevent a husband from regretting at least once a day that he has a wife or from envying those who haven't.

LA BRUYÈRE: *Caractères*, 1688.

A CERTAIN sort of talent is almost indispensable for people who would spend years together and not bore themselves to death. But the talent, like the agreement, must be for and about life. To dwell happily together, they should be versed in the niceties of the heart, and born with a faculty for willing compromise. The woman must be talented as a woman, and it will not much matter although she is talented in nothing else. She must know her *métier de femme*, and have a fine touch for the affections. And it is more important that a person should be a good gossip, and talk pleasantly and smartly of common friends and the thousand and one nothings of the day and hour, than that she should speak with the tongues of men and angels; for a while together by the fire, happens more frequently in marriage than the presence of a distinguished foreigner to dinner . . . You can forgive people who do not follow you through a philosophical disquisition; but to find your wife laughing when you had tears in your eyes, or staring when you were in a fit of laughter, would go some way towards a dissolution of the marriage.

R. L. STEVENSON: *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

CHOOSE a horse made and a wife to make.

Proverbial.

Go down the ladder when thou choosest a wife ;  
go up when thou choosest a friend.

Proverbial.

WOMEN should marry when they are about eighteen years of age, and men at seven-and-thirty ; then they are in the prime of life, and the decay of the powers of both will coincide.

ARISTOTLE : *Politics*, fourth century B.C.

Trans. B. Jowett.

THE probability is that as most of our people marry without romance, so they marry without illusion. The woman accepts wifehood and motherhood as a man accepts his profession, knowing that life is not a rose-garden. The man accepts his wife without supposing that he is going to be mated with an angel. Somewhat less is expected in the marriage of arrangement than in the marriage of passion, and, therefore, in the great majority of cases, somewhat more is obtained. Into the marriage of passion the man and woman rush with blind eyes, to recover sight afterwards, and with sight, too often, disillusion. Into the marriage of arrangement they go with eyes very widely opened, and are therefore all the better able to close them afterwards when closing is necessary for domestic peace.

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM : *The Lighter Side of Irish Life*, 1912.

MY students say to me, "Dear Teacher, why are your English novels all filled with nonsense about love and women?—we do not like such things." Then I tell them partly why. "You must know, my dear young gentlemen, that in England and America,

marriage is a most important matter,—though it is something you never even speak about in Japan. For in Japan it is as easy to get married as it is to eat a bowl of rice. But for educated young men in the West, it is very difficult and dangerous to marry. It is necessary to be rich to marry well,—or to be, at least, what *you* would call rich. And the struggle for life is very bitter and very terrible—so bitter and terrible that you cannot possibly imagine what it means. It is hard to live at all,—made harder to marry. . . .”

But that was not all the truth. The whole truth is always suggested to me by the Sunday paper. We live in the musky atmosphere of desire in the West;—an erotic perfume emanates from all that artificial life of ours;—we keep the senses perpetually stimulated with a million ideas of the eternal feminine; and our very language reflects the strain. The Western civilisation is using all its arts, its sciences, its philosophy in stimulating and exacerbating the thought of sex. . . .

Yet what does it mean? Certainly it pollutes literature, creates and fosters a hundred vices, accentuates the misery of those devoted by the law of life as the victims of lust. It turns art from Nature to sex. It cultivates one æsthetic faculty at the expense of all the rest. And yet—perhaps its working is divine behind all that veil of vulgarity and lustfulness. It is cultivating also, beyond any question, a capacity for tenderness the Orient knows nothing of. Tenderness is not of the Orient *man*. He is without brutality, but he is also without that immense reserve force of deep love and forgiving power which even the rougher men of the West have. . . . His feeblest

passion is that of sex, because with him the natural need has never been starved or exasperated. He marries at sixteen or seventeen perhaps,—is a father of two or three children at twenty. . . . Well, his nature may lose something by this. It loses certainly in capacities that mean everything for us—tenderness, deep sympathy, a world of sensations not indeed sexual with us, yet surely developed out of sexualism to no small extent,—just as the sense of moral beauty developed out of the sense of physical beauty. . . .

LAFCADIO HEARN: *Life and Letters*  
(to Ellwood Hendrick, 1893).

To marry is to domesticate the Recording Angel. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good.

R. L. STEVENSON: *Virginibus Puerisque*, 1881.

AND such is your definition of matrimony and dancing. . . . You will allow that in both man has the advantage of choice, woman only the power of refusal; that in both it is an engagement between man and woman, formed for the advantage of each; and that when once entered into, they belong exclusively to each other till the moment of its dissolution; that it is their duty each to endeavour to give the other no cause for wishing that he or she had bestowed themselves elsewhere, and their best interest to keep their own imaginations from wandering towards the perfections of their neighbours, or fancying that they should have been better off with anyone else.

JANE AUSTEN: *Northanger Abbey*, 1818.

HANGING and wiving go by destiny.

Proverbial.

A HEARTH is no hearth unless a woman sits by it.

RICHARD JEFFERIES: *The Life of the Fields*, 1889.

SINCE nought is lovelier on the earth than this,  
When in the house one-minded to the last  
Dwell man and wife—a pain to foes, I wis,  
And joy to friends—but most themselves know their  
own bliss.

HOMER: *Odyssey*, ? 1000 B.C.  
Trans. P. S. Worsley.

A WIFE is half the man, his truest friend—  
A loving wife is a perpetual spring  
Of virtue, pleasure, wealth ; a faithful wife  
Is his best aid in seeking heavenly bliss ;  
A sweetly-speaking wife is a companion  
In solitude, a father in advice :  
A mother in all seasons of distress ;  
A rest in passing through life's wilderness.

*Maha-Bharata* : ? 500 B.C. Trans.  
Monier Williams.

IN sickness and in sorrow to her lord  
 Of all things sweetest is a noble wife,  
 That dwells with him, and tames his wrath, and  
     weans  
 His soul from bitterness. How sweet it is  
 To be beguiled by those we love !

EURIPIDES: *Phrixus*, fifth century B.C.

WHOSO findeth a wife findeth a good thing,  
 And obtaineth favour of the Lord.

*Book of Proverbs* (R.V.), probably  
 third century B.C.

ALL other loves and affections are like the mixing of  
 peas in a pot, but the love of a man and a woman is  
 a complete union, like the mingling of wine with  
 water.

ANTIPATER: second century B.C.

No thyng ys to man so dere  
 As wommanys love in gode manere,  
 A gode womman is mannys blys,  
 There her love right and stedfast ys.  
 There ys no solas under hevene  
 Of alle that a man may nevene  
 That shulde a man so moche glew  
 As a gode womman that loveth true.  
 Ne derer is none in Goddis hurde  
 Than a chaste womman with lovely worde.

ROBERT MANNYNG OF BRUNNE: about 1300.

A COURT without women is a year without Spring,  
 a Spring without roses.

FRANCIS I: 1494-1547.

"Now, by His name that I most reverence in Heaven," said the Christian, "and by hers whom I most worship on earth, thou art but a blinded and bewildered infidel!—That diamond signet, which thou wearest on thy finger, thou holdest it, doubtless, as of inestimable value?"

"Balsora and Bagdad cannot show the like," replied the Saracen; "but what avails it to our purpose?"

"Much," replied the Frank, "as thou shalt thyself confess. Take my war-axe, and dash the stone into twenty shivers;—would each fragment be as valuable as the original gem, or would they, all collected, bear the tenth part of its estimation?"

"That is a child's question," answered the Saracen; "the fragments of such a stone would not equal the entire jewel in the degree of hundreds to one."

"Saracen," replied the Christian warrior, "the love which a true knight binds on one only, fair and faithful, is the gem entire; the affection thou flingest among thy enslaved wives, and half-wedded slaves, is worthless, comparatively, as the sparkling shivers of the broken diamond."

"Now, by the Holy Cahba," said the Emir, "thou art a madman, who hugs his chain of iron as if it were of gold!—Look more closely. This ring of mine would lose half its beauty were not the signet encircled and enchased with these lesser brilliants, which grace it and set it off. The central diamond is man, firm and entire, his value depending on himself alone; and this circle of lesser jewels are women, borrowing his lustre, which he deals out to them as best suits his leisure or his convenience. Take the central

stone from the signet, and the diamond itself remains as valuable as ever, while the lesser gems are comparatively of little value. And this is the true reading of the parable ; for what sayeth the prophet Mansour : ‘It is the favour of man which giveth beauty and comeliness to woman, as the stream glittereth no longer when the sun ceaseth to shine.’”

“Saracen,” replied the Crusader, “thou speakest like one who never saw a woman worthy the affection of a soldier.”

SCOTT : *The Talisman*, 1832.

WHAT a curse and a delusion is that beautiful spectre ! How many lives she makes desolate ? How many crimes does she inspire, “the Woman thou shalt never know !”—the impossible ideal, not of love, but of artistic passion, pursued by warm hearts from youth till age, always in vain. As her pursuer grows more old, she becomes ever more young and fair. He waits for her through the years,—waits till his hair is grey. Then—wifeless, childless, *blasé*, *ennuyé*, cynical, misanthropic—he looks in the glass and finds that he has been cheated out of youth and life. But does he give up the chase ? No !—the hair of Lilith—just one—has been twisted round his heart—an ever tightening fine spider-line of gold. And he sees her smile just ere he passes into the Eternal darkness.

LAFCADIO HEARN : *Life and Letters*  
(to Ellwood Hendrick, 1893).



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